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THE

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

Revised and Corrected by the Author.

VOL. I.

'Οὐ χρὴ παννύχιον εὕδειν βουληφόρον ἄνδρα.

Homer.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Nutt*, and sold by the *Booksellers*
of *London* and *Westminster*. MDCCXIII

TO

Mr. *Maynwaring*.

SIR,

THE State of Converſation and Buſineſs in this Town having been long perplexed with Pretenders in both Kinds; in order to open Men's Eyes againſt ſuch Abuſes, it appeared no unprofitable Undertaking to publiſh a Paper which ſhould obſerve upon the Manners of the Pleaſurable, as well as the buſy Part of Mankind. To make this generally read, it ſeemed the moſt proper Method to form it by Way of a Letter of Intelligence, conſiſting of ſuch Parts as might gratify the Curioſity of Perſons of all Conditions, and of each Sex.

But a Work of this Nature requiring Time to grow into the Notice of the World, it happened very luckily, that a little before I had resolved upon this Design, a Gentleman had written Predictions, and Two or Three other Pieces in my Name, which had render'd it famous thro' all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit aud Humour, raised it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could possibly arrive at.

By this good Fortune, the Name of *Isaac Bickerstaff* gained an Audience of all who had any Taste of Wit, and the Addition of the ordinary Occurrences of common Journals of News brought in a Multitude of other Readers. I could not, I confess, long keep up the Opinion of the Town, that these Lucubrations

were

were written by the ſame Hand with the firſt Works which were publiſhed under my Name; but before I loſt the Participation of that Author's Fame, I had already found the Advantage of his Authority, to which I owe the ſudden Acceptance which my Labours met with in the World.

The general Purpoſe of this Paper, is to expoſe the falſe Arts of Life, to pull of the Diſguiſes of Cunning, Vanity, and Affectation, and to recommend a general Simplicity in our Dreſs, our Diſcourſe, and our Behaviour. No Man has a better Judgment for the Diſcovery, or a nobler Spirit for the Contempt of all Impoſture, than your ſelf; which Qualities render you the moſt proper Patron for the Author of theſe Eſſays. In the general, the Deſign,

ſign, however executed, has met with ſo great Succeſs, that there is hardly a Name now eminent among us for Power, Wit, Beauty, Valour, or Wiſdom, which is not ſubſcribed; for the Encouragement of the Two Volumes in *Octavo*, on a *Royal* or *Medium* Paper. This is indeed an Honour for which it is impoſſible to expreſs a ſuitable Gratitude; and there is nothing could be an Addition to the Pleaſure I take in it, but the Reflection, that it gives me the moſt conſpicuous Occaſion I can ever have, of ſubſcribing my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged, moſt Obedient and moſt Humble Servant,

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

THE

[N° 1.

THE TATLER:

BY

Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

Tuesday, April 12. 1709.

THO' *the other Papers which are published for the Use of the good People of* England *have certainly very wholesom Effects, and are laudable in their particular Kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main Design of such Narrations, which I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the Use of politick Persons, who are so publick-spirited as to neglect their own Affairs to look into Transactions of State. Now these Gentlemen, for the most Part, being Persons of strong Zeal, and weak Intellects, It is both a Charitable and Necessary Work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-affected Members of the Commonwealth may be instructed, after their Reading,* what to

 think;

think; *which shall be the End and Purpose of this my Paper: Wherein I shall from Time to Time Report and Consider all Matters of what Kind soever that shall occur to Me, and publish such my Advices and Reflections every* Tuesday, Thursday, *and* Saturday *in the Week, for the Convenience of the Post. I resolved also to have something which may be of Entertainment to the Fair Sex, in Honour of whom I have taken the Title of this Paper. I therefore earnestly desire all Persons, without Distinction, to take it in for the present* Gratis, *and hereafter at the Price of One Penny, forbidding all Hawkers to take more for it at their Peril. And I desire all Persons to consider, that I am at a very great Charge for proper Materials for this Work, as well as that before I resolved upon it, I had settled a Correspondence in all Parts of the Known and Knowing World. And forasmuch as this Globe is not trodden upon by meer Drudges of Business only, but that Men of Spirit and Genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable Agents in it, we shall not, upon a Dearth of News, present you with musty Foreign Edicts, or dull Proclamations, but shall divide our Relation of the Passages which occur in Action or Discourse throughout this Town, as well as elsewhere, under such Dates of Places as may prepare you for the Matter you are to expect, in the following Manner:*

All Accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure, *and* Entertainment, *shall be under the Article of* White's Chocolate-house: Poetry, *under that of* Will's Coffee-house; Learning, *under the Title of* Græcian; Foreign *and* Domestick News, *you will have from* St. James's Coffee-house; *and what else I have to offer on any other Subject, shall be dated from my own* Apartment.

I once more desire my Reader to consider, That as I cannot keep an ingenious Man to go daily to Will's,

Will's, *under Twopence each Day merely for his Charges*; *to* White's, *under Sixpence*; *nor to the* Græcian, *without allowing him ſome Plain* Spaniſh, *to be as able as others at the Learned Table*; *and that a good Obſerver cannot ſpeak with even* Kidney *at St.* James's *without clean Linnen. I ſay, theſe Conſiderations will, I hope, make all Perſons willing to comply with my Humble Requeſt (when my* Gratis *Stock is exhauſted) of a Penny a-piece; eſpecially ſince they are ſure of ſome proper Amuſement, and that it is impoſſible for me to want Means to entertain 'em, having, beſides the Force of my own Parts, the Power of Divination, and that I can, by caſting a Figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to paſs.*

But this laſt Faculty I ſhall uſe very ſparingly, and ſpeak but of few Things 'till they are paſſed, for fear of divulging Matters which may offend our Superiors.

White's *Chocolate-houſe, April* 7.

THE deplorable Condition of a very pretty Gentleman, who walks here at the Hours when Men of Quality firſt appear, is what is very much lamented. His Hiſtory is, That on the 9th of *September*, 1705. being in his One and twentieth Year, he was waſhing his Teeth at a Tavern Window in *Pall-mall*, when a fine Equipage paſſed by, and in it a young Lady who looked up at him; away goes the Coach, and the young Gentleman pulled off his Night-cap, and inſtead of rubbing his Gums, as he ought to do, out of the Window till about Four a Clock, ſits him down, and ſpoke not a Word till Twelve at Night; after which, he began to enquire, if any Body knew the Lady--The Company asked, What Lady? But he ſaid no

no more, 'till they broke up at Six in the Morning. All the ensuing Winter he went from Church to Church every Sunday, and from Playhouse to Playhouse every Night in the Week, but could never find the Original of the Picture which dwelt in his Bosom. In a Word, his Attention to any Thing but his Passion, was utterly gone. He has lost all the Money he ever played for, and been confuted in every Argument he has enter'd upon since the Moment he first saw her. He is of a Noble Family, has naturally a very good Air, and is of a frank honest Temper: But this Passion has so extremely mauled him, that his Features are set and uninformed, and his whole Visage is deaden'd by a long Absence of Thought. He never appears in any Alacrity, but when raised by Wine; at which Time he is sure to come hither and throw away a great deal of Wit on Fellows, who have no Sense further than just to observe, That our poor Lover has most Understanding when he is drunk, and is least in his Senses when he is sober.

Will's Coffee-house, April 8.

On *Thursday* last was acted, for the Benefit of Mr. *Betterton*, the Celebrated Comedy, called *Love for Love*. Those excellent Players, Mrs. *Barry*, Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, and Mr. *Dogget*, though not at present concerned in the House, acted on that Occasion. There has not been known so great a Concourse of Persons of Distinction as at that Time; the Stage it self was cover'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, and when the Curtain was drawn, it discovered even there a very splendid Audience. This unusual Encouragement, which was given to a Play for the Advantage of so great an Actor, gives an undeniable Instance, That the true Relish for manly Entertainments and Rational Pleasures

ſures is not wholly loſt. All the Parts were acted to Perfection: The Actors were careful of their Carriage, atd no one was guilty of the Affection to inſert Witticiſms of his own, but a due Reſpect was had to the Audience, for encouraging this accompliſh'd Player. It is not now doubted but Plays will revive, and take their uſual Place in the Opinion of Perſons of Wit and Merit, notwithſtanding their late Apoſtacy in Favour of Dreſs and Sound. This Place is very much altered ſince Mr. *Dryden* frequented it; where you uſed to ſee *Songs*, *Epigrams*, and *Satyrs*, in the Hands of every Man you met, you have now only a Pack of Cards; and inſtead of the Cavils about the Turn of the Expreſſion, the Elegance of the Style, and the like, the Learned now diſpute only about the Truth of the Game. But however, the Company is altered, all have ſhewn a great Reſpect for Mr. *Betterton*: And the very Gaming Part of this Houſe have been ſo much touched with a Senſe of the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs, (which alter with themſelves every Moment) that in this Gentleman, they pitied *Mark Anthony* of *Rome*, *Hamlet* of *Denmark*, *Mithridates* of *Pontus*, *Theodoſius* of *Greece*, and *Henry* the Eighth of *England*. It is well known, he has been in the Condition of each of thoſe illuſtrious Perſonages for ſeveral Hours together, and behaved himſelf in thoſe high Stations, in all the Changes of the Scene, with ſuitable Dignity. For theſe Reaſons, we intend to repeat this Favour to him on a proper Occaſion, leſt he who can inſtruct us ſo well in perſonating Feigned Sorrows, ſhould be loſt to us by ſuffering under Real Ones. The Town is at preſent in very great Expectation of ſeeing a Comedy now in Rehea-

ſal, which is the 25th Production of my Honoured Friend Mr. *Thomas D'Urfey*; who, beſides his great Abilities in the Dramatick, has a peculiar Talent in the Lyrick Way of Writing, and that with a Manner wholly new and unknown to the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, wherein he is but faintly imitated in the Tranſlations of the Modern *Italian* Opera's.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 11.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 16th ſay, That Major-General *Cadogan* was gone to *Bruſſels*, with Orders to diſperſe proper Inſtructions for aſſembling the whole Force of the Allies in *Flanders* in the Beginning of the next Month. The late Offers concerning Peace, were made in the Style of Perſons who think themſelves upon equal Terms: But the Allies have ſo juſt a Senſe of their preſent Advantages, that they will not admit of a Treaty, except *France* offers what is more ſuitable to her preſent Condition. At the ſame Time we make Preparations, as if we were alarmed by a greater Force than that which we are carrying into the Field. Thus this Point ſeems now to be argued Sword in Hand. This was what a Great General alluded to, when being asked the Names of thoſe who were to be Plenipotentiaries for the enſuing Peace; anſwered, with a ſerious Air, *There are about an Hundred Thouſand of us*. Mr. *Kidney*, who has the Ear of the greateſt Politicians that come hither, tells me, There is a Mail come in to Day with Letters dated *Hague, April* 19. *N. S.* which ſay, a Deſign of bringing Part of our Troops into the Field at the latter End of this Month, is now altered to a Reſolution of marching towards the Camp about the 20th of the next. There happen'd t'other Day, in the Road of *Scheveling*, an Engagement between

tween a Privateer of *Zealand*, and one of *Dunkirk*. The *Dunkirker*, carrying 33 Pieces of Cannon, was taken and brought into the *Texel*. It is ſaid, the Courier of Monſieur *Rouille* is returned to him from the Court of *France*. Monſieur *Vendoſme* being reinſtated in the Favour of the Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*, is to command in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Kidney* added, That there were Letters of the 17th from *Ghent*, which give an Account, That the Enemy had formed a Deſign to ſurprize two Battalions of the Allies which lay at *Aloſt*; but thoſe Battallions received Advice of their March, and retired to *Dendermond*. Lieutenant General *Wood* appeared on this Occaſion at the Head of 5000 Foot and 1000 Horſe, upon which the Enemy withdrew, without making any further Attempt.

From my own Apartment.

I am ſorry I am obliged to trouble the Publick with ſo much Diſcourſe upon a Matter which I at the very firſt mentioned as a Trifle, *viz.* the Death of Mr. *Partridge*, under whoſe Name there is an *Almanack* come out for the Year 1709. In one Page of which it is aſſerted by the ſaid *John Partridge*, That he is ſtill living, and not only ſo, but that he was alſo living ſome Time before, and even at the Inſtant when I writ of his Death. I have in another Place, and in a Paper by it ſelf, ſufficiently convinced this Man that he is dead, and if he has any Shame, I don't doubt but that by this Time he owns it to all his Acquaintance: For tho' the Legs and Arms, and whole Body, of that Man may ſtill appear and perform their animal Functions; yet ſince, as I have elſewhere obſerved, his Art is gone, the Man is gone. I am, as I ſaid, concerned, that this

little Matter ſhould make ſo much Noiſe; but ſince I am engaged, I take my ſelf obliged in Honour to go on in my Lucubrations, and by the Helps of theſe Arts of which I am Maſter, as well as my Skill in Aſtrological Speculations, I ſhall, as I ſee Occaſion, proceed to confute other dead Men, who pretend to be in Being, that they are actually deceaſed. I therefore give all Men fair Warning to Mend their Manners, for I ſhall from Time to Time print Bills of Mortality; and I beg Pardon of all ſuch who ſhall be named therein, if they who are good for nothing ſhall find themſelves in the Number of the Deceaſed.

The TATLER. [N° 2.

From *Tueſd. April* 12. to *Thurſd. April* 14. 1709.

Will's *Coffee-houſe, April* 13.

THere has lain all this Evening on the Table, the following Poem. The Subject of it being Matter very uſeful for Families, I thought it deſerved to be conſidered, and made more publick. The Turn the Poet gives it, is very happy; but the Foundation is from a real Accident which happened among my Acquaintance. A young Gentleman of a great Eſtate, fell deſperately in Love with a great Beauty, of very high Quality, but as ill-natured, as long Flattery and an habitual Self-will could make her. However, my young Spark ventures upon her, like a Man of Quality, without being acquainted with her, or having ever ſaluted

her,

her, till it was a Crime to kiſs any Woman elſe. Beauty is a Thing which palls with Poſſeſſion; and the Charms of this Lady ſoon wanted the Support of good Humour and Complaiſancy of Manners. Upon this my Spark flies to the Bottle for Relief from his Satiety. She diſdains him for being tired with that for which all Men envied him; and he never came Home, but it was—— Was there no Sot that would ſtay longer? Would any Man living but you? Did I leave all the World for this Uſage? To which he—— Madam, Split me, you are very impertinent! In a Word, this Match was Wedlock in its moſt terrible Appearances. She, at laſt weary of Railing to no Purpoſe, applies to a good Uncle, who gives her a Bottle of Water: The Vertue of this Powerful Liquor (ſaid he) is ſuch, that if the Woman you marry proves a Scold, (which, it ſeems, my dear Neece, is your Misfortune; as it was your good Mother's before you,) let her hold ſix Spoonfuls in her Mouth, for a full half Hour after you come Home—— But I find I am not in Humour for telling a Tale, and nothing in Nature is ſo ungrateful as Story-Telling againſt the Grain, therefore take it as the Author has given it you.

The MEDECIN.

A Tale ---for the Ladies.

Miſs *Molly*, a fam'd Toaſt, was Fair and Young,
Had Wealth and Charms,--- but then ſhe had a (Tongue!
From Morn' to Night, th'Eternal Larum run,
Which often loſt thoſe Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was ſmitten, and confeſs'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the uſual Time, then wed the Dame;
Poſſeſs'd he thought of every Joy of Life,
But his Dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.
Exceſs of Fondneſs did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd (Wine.
From whence ſome petty Diſcords would ariſe,
As, *You're a Fool*; --- and, *You are mighty Wiſe!*

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was ſhrill, and rather loud than (ſweet;
When ſhe began,---for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint Kiſs,--- cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*:
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Roſe*.
And, what, Sir *John*, You'l get your uſual Doſe!
Go, ſtink of Smoak, and guzzle naſty Wine,
Sure, never Virtuous Love was us'd like Mine!

Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his (Round,
At a freſh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By Four the *Knight* would get his Buſineſs done,
And only then reel'd off, becauſe alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durſt venture (Home.

My Lady with her Tongue was ſtill prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a ſweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.
Here I ſit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
Till Morn' ſends ſtagg'ring Home a Drunken (Beaſt,
Reſolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Reſt.

Hey!

(Spouse!
Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous
What, can't you find one Bed about the House!
Will that perpetual Clack lie never still!
That Rival to the Softness of a Mill!
Some Couch and distant Room must be my
(Choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,
With snarling Meals, and each a separate Bed.
To an old Uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain,
Old *Wisewood* smoak'd the Matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cause.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,
Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,
The best Elixir t'appease Man and Wife;
Strange are th'Effects, and Qualities Divine,
'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.
If in his sullen Airs Sir *John* should come,
Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth----
(then Mum:
Smile, and look Pleas'd, when he shall Rage and
(Scold,
Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold;
One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a Lover, you a Happy Bride.
But, dearest Neece, keep this Grand Secret close,
Or ev'ry prat'ling Hussy'll beg a Dose.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief:
Her busy Thoughts are on the Trial bent,
And, Female like, impatient for th'Event!

The Bonny Knight reels Home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domestick War.

Entring, he cries,---Hey! Where's our Thunder (fled!
No Hurricane! *Betty*'s your Lady dead?
Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,
Court'sys, looks Kind, but not a Word she speaks:
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.
Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet (now?
She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.
Then clasping her about--- Why, let me die!
These Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undress.
Nay, kiss me, *Molly*,---- for I'm much inclin'd.
Her Lace she cuts, to take him in the Mind.
Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight con- (tent.

For many Days these fond Endearments pass'd,
The reconciling Bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone,---- Then Midnight Storms (arose,
And Looks and Words the Union discompose.
Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,
To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies;
Transported does the strange Effects relate,
Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State!

Why, Neece, says he,--- I prithee apprehend
The Water's Water, --- Be thy self thy Friend;
Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,
But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:
Be silent, and complying,--- You'll soon find,
Sir *John*, without a Med'cin, will be kind.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.

Letters from *Venice* say, The Disappointment of their Expectation to see his *Danish* Majesty, has

has very much disquieted the Court of *Rome*. Our last Advices from *Germany* inform us, That the Minister of *Hanover* has urg'd the Council at *Ratisbonne* to exert themselves in Behalf of the Common Cause, and taken the Liberty to say, That the Dignity, the Virtue, the Prudence of his Electoral Highness, his Master, were called to the Head of their Affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper Means to make those Excellencies useful for the Honour and Safety of the Empire. They write from *Berlin* of the 13th, O. S. That the true Design of General *Fleming*'s Visit to that Court was, to Insinuate, that it will be for the mutual Interest of the King of *Prussia* and King *Augustus* to enter into a new Alliance; but that the Ministers of *Prussia* are not inclined to his Sentiments. We hear from *Vienna*, That his Imperial Majesty has expressed great Satisfaction in their High Mightinesses having communicated to him the Whole that has passed in the Affair of a Peace. Though there have been Practices used by the Agents of *France*, in all the Courts of *Europe*, to break the good Understanding of the Allies, they have had no other Effect, but to make all the Members concerned in the Alliance, more doubtful of their Safety from the great Offers of the Enemy. The Empire is rouzed by this Alarm, and the Frontiers of all the *French* Dominions are in Danger of being insulted the ensuing Campagne: Advices from all Parts confirm, That it is impossible for *France* to find a Way to obtain so much Credit, as to gain any one Potentate of the Allies, or conceive any Hope for Safety from other Prospects.

1884

From my own Apartment, April 13.

I find it of very great Uſe, now I am ſetting up for a Writer of News, that I am an Adept in Aſtrological Speculations; by which Means, I avoid ſpeaking of Things which may offend Great Perſons. But at the ſame Time, I muſt not proſtitute the Liberal Science ſo far, as not to utter the Truth in Caſes which do not immediately concern the Good of my Native Country. I muſt therefore contradict what has been ſo aſſuredly reported by the News-Writers of *England*, That *France* is in the moſt deplorable Condition, and that their People die in great Multitudes. I will therefore let the World know, that my Correſpondent, by the Way of *Bruſſels*, informs me, upon his Honour, That the Gentleman who writes the Gazette of *Paris*, and ought to know as well as any Man, has told him, That ever ſince the King has been paſt his 63d Year, or Grand Climacterick, there has not died one Man of the *French* Nation who was younger than his Majeſty, except a very few, who were taken ſuddenly near the Village of *Hockſtet* in *Germany*; and ſome more, who were ſtraitned for Lodging at a Place called *Ramelies*, and died on the Road to *Ghent* and *Burges*. There are alſo other Things given out by the Allies, which are Shifts below a Conquering Nation to make uſe of. Among others, 'tis ſaid, There is a general Murmuring among the People of *France*, tho' at the ſame Time all my Letters agree, That there is ſo good an Underſtanding among them, that there is not one Morſel carried out of any Market in the Kingdom, but what is delivered upon Credit.

The

The TATLER. [N° 3.

From *Thursd. April* 14. to *Saturd. April* 16. 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, April 14.

THis Evening, the Comedy, call'd *The Country Wife*, was acted in *Drury-Lane*, for the Benefit of Mrs. *Bignall.* The Part which gives Name to the Play was performed by her self. Through the whole Action, she made a very pretty Figure, and exactly entered into the Nature of the Part. Her Husband, in the *Drama*, is represented to be one of those Debauchees who run through the Vices of the Town, and believe when they think fit they can marry and settle at their Ease. His own Knowledge of the Iniquity of the Age, makes him chuse a Wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his Security in her Want of Skill how to abuse him. The Poet, on many Occasions, where the Propriety of the Character will admit of it, insinuates, That there is no Defence against Vice, but the Contempt of it: And has, in the natural Ideas of an untainted Innocent, shown the gradual Steps to Ruin and Destruction, which Persons of Condition run into, without the Help of a good Education how to form their Conduct. The Torment of a Jealous Coxcomb, which arises from his own False Maxims, and the Aggravation of his Pain, by the very Words in which he sees her Innocence, makes a very pleasant and instructive Satyr.

The

The Character of *Horner*, and the Design of it, is a good Representation of the Age in which that Comedy was written; at which Time Love and Wenching were the Business of Life, and the Gallant Manner of pursuing Women was the best Recommendation at Court. To which only it is to be imputed, that a Gentleman of Mr. *Wicherley*'s Character and Sense, condescends to represent the Insults done to the Honour of the Bed, without just Reproof; but to have drawn a Man of Probity with Regard to such Considerations, had been a Monster, and a Poet had at that Time discovered his Want of knowing the Manners of the Court he lived in, by a Virtuous Character in his fine Gentleman, as he would show his Ignorance, by drawing a Vicious one to please the present Audience. Mrs. *Bignall* did her Part very happily, and had a certain Grace in her Rusticity which gave us Hopes of seeing her a very Skilful Player, and in some Parts, supply our Loss of Mrs. *Verbruggen.* I cannot be of the same Opinion with my Friends and Fellow-Labourers, the *Reformers of Manners*, in their Severity towards Plays, but must allow, that a good Play acted before a well-bred Audience, must raise very proper Incitements to good Behaviour, and be the most quick and most prevailing Method of giving Young People a Turn of Sense and Breeding. But as I have set up for a Weekly Historian, I resolve to be a Faithful One; and therefore take this publick Occasion to admonish a Young Nobleman, who came flustered into the Box last Night, and let him know, how much all his Friends were out of Countenance for him. The Women sate in Terror of hearing something that should shock their Modesty, and all

the

the Gentlemen in as much Pain, out of Compassion to the Ladies, and perhaps Resentment for the Indignity which was offered in coming into their Presence in so disrespectful a Manner. Wine made him say nothing that was Rude, therefore he is forgiven, upon Condition he will never hazard his offending more in this Kind. As I just now hinted, I own my self of the Society for *Reformation of Manners.* We have lower Instruments than those of the Family of *Bickerstaff*, for punishing great Crimes, and exposing the Abandoned. Therefore, as I design to have Notice from all Publick Assemblies, I shall take upon me only Indecorums, Improprieties, and Negligences, in such as should give us better Examples. After this Declaration, if a Fine Lady thinks fit to giggle at Church, or a Great Beauty come in drunk to a Play, either shall be sure to hear of it in my ensuing Paper: For meerly as a well bred Man, I cannot bear these Enormities.

After the Play, we naturally stroll to this Coffee-house, in Hopes of meeting some new Poem, or other Entertainment, among the Men of Wit and Pleasure, where there is a Dearth at present. But it is wonderful there should be so few Writers, when the Art is become meerly Mechanick, and Men may make themselves Great that Way, by as certain and infallible Rules, as you may be a Joiner or a Mason. There happens a good Instance of this, in what the Hawker just now has offered to Sale, to wit, *Instructions to Vanderbank*; *A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets*; *A Poem, occasioned by the Glorious Success of Her Majesty's Arms, under the Command of the Duke of* Marlborough, *the last Year in* Flanders. Here you are to understand, that the Author finding the

Poets

Poets would not take his Advice, he troubles himself no more about 'em; but has met with one *Vanderbank*, who works in Arras, and makes very good Tapestry Hangings: Therefore, in order to celebrate the Hero of the Age, he claps me together all that can be said of a Man that makes Hangings: As,

Then, Artist, who dost Nature's Face express
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dress;
Dost figur'd Arras animated leave,
Spin a Bright Story, or a Passion weave
By mingling Threads; canst mingle Shade and
Delineate Triumphs, or describe a Fight? (*Light,*

Well, what shall this Workman do? Why? To show how great an Hero the Poet intends, he provides him a very good Horse:

Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain,
Arch his High Neck, and Graceful spread his Mane.

Now as to the Intrepidity, the calm Courage, the constant Application of the Hero, it is not necessary to take that upon your self; you may, in the Lump, bid him you employ raise him as High as he can, and if he does it not, let him answer for disobeying Orders.

Let Fame and Victory in inferior Sky,
Hover with ballanc'd Wings, and smiling fly
Above his Head, &c.

A whole Poem of this Kind may be ready against an ensuing Campaign, as well as a Space left in the Canvass of a Piece of Tapestry for the principal Figure, while the Under-Parts are working: So that in Effect, the Adviser copies after the Man he pretends to direct.

This

This Method should, methinks, encourage young Beginners: For the Invention is so fitted to all Capacities, that by the Help of it a Man may make a Receipt for a Poem. A young Man may observe that the Gigg of the Thing is, as I said, finding out all that can be said of his Way you employ to set forth your Worthy. *Waller* and *Denham* had worn out the Expedient of *Advice to a Painter*: This Author has transferred the Work, and sent his *Advice to the Poets*; that is to say, to the *Turners* of *Verse*, as he calls 'em. Well, that Thought is worn out also, therefore he directs his Genius to the Loom, and will have a new Set of Hangings in Honour of the last Year in *Flanders*. I must own to you, I approve extremely this Invention, and it might be improved for the Benefit of Manufactury: As, suppose an Ingenious Gentleman should write a Poem of Advice to a Callico-Printer; Do you think there is a Girl in *England*, that would wear any Thing but *The Taking of Lisle*, or *The Battle of Oudenarde*? They would certainly be all the Fashion, till the Heroes Abroad had cut out some more Patterns. I should fancy small Skirmishes might do for Under-Petticoats, provided they had a Siege for the Upper. If our Adviser were well imitated, many Industrious People might be put to Work. Little Mr. *Dactile*, now in the Room, who formerly writ a Song and a Half, is a Week gone in a very pretty Work, upon this Hint: He is writing an Epigram to a young Virgin who knits very well ('tis a Thousand Pities he is a *Jacobite*): But his Epigram is by Way of Advice to this Damsel, to knit all the Actions of the *Pretender* and the Duke of *Burgundy* last Campaign in the Clock of a Stocking. It were endless to enumerate the

the many Hands and Trades that may be employed by Poets, of ſo uſeful a Turn as this Adviſer's. I ſhall think of it; and in this Time of Taxes, ſhall conſult a great Critick employed in the Cuſtom-houſe, in order to propoſe what Tax may be proper to put upon Knives, Seals, Rings, Hangings, Wrought-Beds, Gowns and Petticoats, where any of thoſe Commodities bear Motto's, or are work'd upon Poetical Grounds.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 15.

Letters from *Turin* of the 3d Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That his Royal Highneſs employs all his Addreſs in alarming the Enemy, and perplexing their Speculations, concerning his real Deſigns the enſuing Campaign. Contracts are entered into with the Merchants of *Milan*, for a great Number of Mules to tranſport his Proviſions and Ammunition. His Royal Highneſs has ordered the Train of Artillery to be conveyed to *Suſa* before the 20th of the next Month. In the mean Time, all Accounts agree, That the Enemy are very backward in their Preparations, and almoſt incapable of defending themſelves againſt an Invaſion, by reaſon of the general Murmurs of their own People; which, they find, are no way to be quieted, but by giving them Hopes of a ſpeedy Peace. When theſe Letters were diſpatched, the Marſhal *de Theſſe* was arrived at *Genoa*, where he has taken much Pains to keep the Correſpondents of the Merchants of *France* in Hopes, that Meaſures will be found out to ſupport the Credit and Commerce between that State and *Lyons*: But the late Declaration of the Agents of Monſieur *Bernard*, that they cannot diſcharge the Demands made upon them,

them, has quite dispirited all those who are engaged in the Remittances of *France*.

From my own Apartment, April 15.

It is a very natural Passion in all good Members of the Commonwealth, to take what Care they can of their Families. Therefore I hope the Reader will forgive me, that I desire he would go to the Play, called the *Stratagem*, this Evening, which is to be acted for the Benefit of my near Kinsman Mr. *John Bickerstaff*. I protest to you, the Gentleman has not spoken to me to desire this Favour; but I have a Respect for him, as well in Regard to Consanguinity, as that he is an intimate Friend of that Famous and Heroick Actor, Mr. *George Powell*, who formerly played *Alexander the Great* in all Places, though he is lately grown so reserved, as to act it only on the Stage.

The TATLER. [N° 4.

From *Saturd. April* 16. to *Tuesd. April* 19. 1709.

IT is usual with Persons, who mount the Stage for the Cure or Information of the Crowd about 'em, to make solemn Professions of their being wholly disinterested in the Pains they take for the Publick Good. At the same Time, those very Men, who make Harangues in Plush Doublets, and extol their own Abilities and Generous Inclinations, tear their Lungs in vending a Drug, and show no Act of Bounty, except it be, that they lower a Demand of a Crown, to Six, nay, to One Penny. We have a Contempt for such Paultry Barterers, and have therefore all along

along informed the Publick, that we intend to give them our Advices for our own Sakes, and are labouring to make our Lucubrations come to ſome Price in Money, for our more convenient Support in the Service of the Publick. It is certain, that many other Schemes have been propoſed to me; as a Friend offered to ſhew me a Treatiſe he had writ, which he called, The whole Art of Life, *or,* The Introduction to Great Men, illuſtrated in a Pack of Cards. *But being a Novice at all Manner of Play, I declined the Offer. Another adviſed me, for want of Money, to ſet up my Coach and practiſe Phyſick, but having been bred a Scholar, I feared I ſhould not ſucceed that Way neither; therefore reſolved to go on in my preſent Project. But you are to underſtand, that I ſhall not pretend to raiſe a Credit to this Work upon the Weight of my Politick News only, but as my* Latin *Sentence in the Title Page informs you, ſhall take any Thing that offers for the Subject of my Diſcourſe. Thus, New Perſons, as well as New Things, are to come under my Conſideration; as, when a* Toaſt, *or a* Wit, *is firſt pronounced ſuch, You ſhall have the freſheſt Advice of their Preferment from me, with a Deſcription of the* Beauty's *Manner, and the* Wit's *Style, as alſo in whoſe Places they are advanced. For this Town is never good-natured enough to raiſe One, without depreſſing Another. But it is my Deſign, to avoid ſaying any Thing, of any Perſon, which ought juſtly to diſpleaſe; but ſhall endeavour, by the Variety of the Matter and Style, to give Entertainment for Men of Pleaſure, without Offence to thoſe of Buſineſs.*

White's

White's Chocolate-house, April 18.

ALL Hearts at present pant for Two Ladies only, who have for some Time engrossed the Dominion of the Town. They are indeed both exceeding Charming, but differ very much in their Excellencies. The Beauty of *Clarissa* is Soft, that of *Chloe* Piercing. When you look at *Clarissa*, you see the most exact Harmony of Feature, Complexion, and Shape; you find in *Chloe* nothing extraordinary in any one of those Particulars, but the whole Woman irresistible. *Clarissa* looks Languishing; *Chloe*, Killing. *Clarissa* never fails of gaining Admiration; *Chloe*, of moving Desire. The Gazers at *Clarissa* are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine Picture. They who behold *Chloe*, at the first Glance, discover Transport, as if they met their dearest Friend. These different Perfections are suitably represented by the last great Painter *Italy* has sent us, Mr. *Jervase*. *Clarissa* is, by that skilful Hand, placed in a Manner that looks artless, and innocent of the Torments she gives; *Chloe* drawn with a Liveliness that shows she is conscious, but not affected, of her Perfections. *Clarissa* is a Shepherdess; *Chloe* a Country Girl. I must own, the Design of *Chloe*'s Picture shows, to me, great Mastery in the Painter; for nothing could be better imagined than the Dress he has given her, of a Straw-Hat and Ribbon, to represent that Sort of Beauty which enters the Heart with a certain Familiarity, and cheats it into a Belief, that it has received a Lover as well as an Object of Love. The Force of their different Beauties is seen also in the Effects it makes on their Lovers. The Admirers of *Chloe* are eternally gay and well-pleased: Those of *Clarissa*, melancholy and thought-

thoughtful. And as this Paſſion always changes the natural Man into a quite different Creature from what he was before, the Love of *Chloe* makes Coxcombs; that of *Clariſſa*, Madmen. There were of each Kind juſt now in this Room. Here was one that whiſtles, laughs, ſings, and cuts Capers, for Love of *Chloe*. Another has juſt now writ Three Lines to *Clariſſa*, then taken a Turn in the Garden, then came back again, then tore his Fragment, then called for ſome Chocalate, then went away without it.

Chloe has ſo many Admirers in the Houſe at preſent, that there is too much Noiſe to proceed in my Narration: So that the Progreſs of the Loves of *Clariſſa* and *Chloe*, together with the Bottles that are drank each Night for the One, and the many Sighs which are uttered, and Songs written, on the Other, muſt be our Subject on future Occaſions.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 18.

Letters from the *Hay-market* inform us, That on *Saturday* Night laſt the Opera of *Pyrrhus* and *Demetrius* was performed with great Applauſe. This Intellegence is not very acceptable to us Friends of the Theatre; for the Stage being an Entertainment of the Reaſon and all our Faculties, this Way of being pleaſed with the Suſpence of 'em for Three Hours together, and being given up to the ſhallow Satisfaction of the Eyes and Ears only, ſeems to ariſe rather from the Degeneracy of our underſtanding, than an Improvement of our Diverſions. That the Underſtanding has no Part in the Pleaſure is evident, from what theſe Letters very poſitively aſſert, to wit, That a great Part of the Performance was done in *Italian*: And a great Critick fell into Fits in the Gallery, at ſeeing, not only Time and Place, but Languages

ges and Nations confused in the most incorrigible Manner. His Spleen is so extremely moved on this Occasion, that he is going to publish a Treatise against Opera's, which, he thinks, have already inclined us to Thoughts of Peace, and if tolerated, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on the War. He has communicated his Scheme to the whole Room, and declared in what Manner Things of this Kind were first introduced. He has upon this Occasion considered the Nature of Sounds in general, and made a very elaborate Digression upon the *London Cries*, wherein he has shown from Reason and Philosophy, why Oysters are cried, Card-matches sung, and Turneps and all other Vegetables neither cried, sung, nor said, but sold, with an Accent and Tone neither natural to Man or Beast. This Piece seems to be taken from the Model of that excellent Discourse of Mrs. *Manly* the School-Mistress, concerning Samplers. Advices from the upper End of *Piccadilly* say, That *May-Fair* is utterly abolished; and we hear, Mr. *Penkethman* has removed his ingenious Company of Strollers to *Greenwich*: But other Letters from *Deptford* say, the Company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several Heathen Gods and Goddesses, which are to descend in Machines, landed at the *Kings-Head Staires* last *Saturday*. *Venus* and *Cupid* went on Foot from thence to *Greenwich*; *Mars* got drunk in the Town, and broke his Landlord's Head, for which he sate in the Stocks the whole Evening; but Mr. *Penkethman* giving Security that he should do nothing this ensuing Summer, he was set at Liberty. The most melancholy Part of all, was, that *Diana* was taken in the Act of Fornication with a Boat man, and commit-

ted by Justice *Wrathful*, which has, it seems, put a Stop to the Diversions of the Theatre of *Black Heath*. But there goes down another *Diana* and a *Patient Grissel* next Tide from *Billingsgate*.

St. James's Coffee-house, April 18.

They write from *Saxony* of the 13th Instant, *N. S.* That the Grand General of the Crown of *Poland* was so far from entring into a Treaty with King *Stanislaus*, that he had written Circular Letters, wherein he exhorted the Palatinates to join against him; declaring, that this was the most favourable Conjuncture for asserting their Liberty.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, *N. S.* say, they have Advices from *Vienna*, which import, That his Electoral Highness of *Hannover* had signified to the Imperial Court, that he did not intend to put himself at the Head of the Troops of the Empire, except more effectual Measures were taken for acting vigorously against the Enemy the ensuing Campaign. Upon this Representation, the Emperor has given Orders to several Regiments to march towards the *Rhine*, and dispatched Expresses to the respective Princes of the Empire to desire an Augmentation of their Forces.

These Letters add, That an Express arrived at the *Hague* on the 20th Instant, with Advice, That the Enemy having made a Detachment from *Tournay* of 1500 Horse, each Trooper carrying a Foot-Soldier behind him, in order to surprise the Garrison of *Alost*; the Allies, upon Notice of their March, sent out a strong Body of Troops from *Ghent*, which engaged the Enemy at *Asche*, and took 200 of them Prisoners, obliging the rest to retire without making any further Attempt. On the 22d in the Morning,

a Fleet

a Fleet of Merchant Ships coming from *Scotland*, were attacked by Six *French* Privateers at the Entrance of the *Meuse*. We have yet no certain Advice of the Event: But Letters from *Rotterdam* say, That a *Dutch* Man of War of Forty Guns, which was Convoy to the said Fleet, was taken, as were also Eighteen of the Merchants. The *Swiss* Troops, in the Service of the States, have compleated the Augmentation of their respective Companies. Those of *Wirtemberg* and *Prussia* are expected on the Frontiers within few Days; and the Auxiliaries from *Saxony*, as also a Battalion of *Holstein*, and another of *Wolfembuttle*, are advancing thither with all Expedition. On the 21st Instant, the Deputies of the States had a Conference near *Woerden* with the President *Rouille*, but the Matter which was therein debated is not made publick. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* continue at the *Hague*.

From my own Apartment, April 18.

I have lately been very studious for Intelligence, and have just now, by my Astrological Flying-Post, received a Packet from *Felicia*, an Island in *America*, with an Account that gives me great Satisfaction, and lets me understand that the Island was never in greater Prosperity, or the Administration in so good Hands, since the Death of their late Glorious King. These Letters import, That the Chief Minister has entered into a firm League with the ablest and best Men of the Nation, to carry on the Cause of Liberty, to the Encouragement of Religion, Virtue, and Honour. Those Persons at the Helm are so useful, and in themselves of such Weight, that their strict Alliance must needs tend to the universal Prosperity of the People. *Camillo*, it seems, pre-

ſides over the Deliberations of State; and is ſo highly valued by all Men for his ſingular Probity, Courage, Affability, and Love of Mankind, that his being placed in that Station has diſſipated the Fears of that People, who of all the World are the moſt jealous of their Liberty and Happineſs. The next Member of their Society is *Horatio*, who makes all the Publick Diſpatches. This Miniſter is Maſter of all the Languages in Uſe to great Perfection. He is held in the higheſt Veneration imaginable for a ſevere Honeſty, and Love of his Country: He lives in a Court unſullied with any of its Artifices, the Refuge of the Oppreſſed, and Terror of Oppreſſors. *Martio* has joined himſelf to this Council; a Man of moſt undaunted Reſolution and great Knowledge in Maritime Affairs; famous for deſtroying the Navy of the *Franks*, and ſingularly Happy in one Particular, That he never preferred a Man who has not proved remarkably ſerviceable to his Country. *Philander* is mentioned with particular Diſtinction; a Nobleman who has the moſt refined Taſt of the true Pleaſures and Elegance of Life, joined to an indefatigable Induſtry in Buſineſs: A Man eloquent in Aſſemblies, agreeable in Converſation, and dextrous in all Manner of Publick Negotiations. Theſe Letters add, That *Verono*, who is alſo of this Council, has lately ſet Sail to his Government of *Patricia*, with Deſign to confirm the Affections of the People in the Intereſts of his Queen. This Miniſter is Maſter of great Abilities, and is as induſtrious and reſtleſs for the Preſervation of the Liberties of the People, as the greateſt Enemy can be to ſubvert them. The Influence of theſe Perſonages, who are Men of ſuch diſtinguiſhed Parts and Virtues,

makes

makes the People enjoy the utmoſt Tranquility in the midſt of a War, and gives them undoubted Hopes of a ſecure Peace from their Vigilance and Integrity.

The TATLER. [N° 5.

From *Tueſd. April* 19. to *Thurſd. April* 21. 1709.

White's *Chocolate-houſe, April* 20.

WHO names that loſt Thing, Love, without a Tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred Cuſtoms here.
To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action, Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

This was long ago a witty Author's Lamentation, but the Evil ſtill continues; and if a Man of any Delicacy were to attend the Diſcourſes of the young Fellows of this Age, they would believe there were none but Proſtitutes to make the Objects of Paſſion. So true it is what the Author of the above Verſes ſaid, a little before his Death, of the modern Pretenders to Gallantry: "They ſet up for Wits in this Age, by "ſaying when they are Sober, what they of the "laſt ſpoke only when they were Drunk. But *Cupid* is not only Blind at preſent, but Dead-drunk; he has loſt all his Faculties: Elſe how ſhould *Celia* be ſo long a Maid with that agreeable Behaviour? *Corinna*, with that ſprightly Wit? *Lesbia*, with that Heavenly Voice? And *Sachariſſa*, with all thoſe Excellencies in one Perſon, frequent the Park, the Play, and murder the poor Tits that drag her to publick Places, and not a Man turn pale at her Appearance? But ſuch is the fallen State of Love, that if it were not for honeſt *Cynthio*,

who is true to the Cauſe, we ſhould hardly have a Pattern left of the ancient Worthies that Way: And indeed he has but very little Encouragement to perſevere; but he has a Devotion, rather than Love, for his Miſtreſs; and ſays,

Only tell her that I love,
Leave the reſt to her, and Fate;
Some kind Planets from Above
May, perhaps, her Paſſion move:
Lovers on their Stars muſt wait.

But the Stars I am ſo intimately acquainted with, that I can aſſure him he will never have her: For would you believe it, tho' *Cynthio* has Wit, Good Senſe, Fortune, and his very Being depends upon her, the Termagant for whom he ſighs, is in Love with a Fellow, who ſtares in the Glaſs all the Time he is with her, and lets her plainly ſee, ſhe may poſſibly be his Rival, but never his Miſtreſs. Yet *Cynthio*, the ſame unhappy Man whom I mentioned in my firſt Narrative, pleaſes himſelf with a vain imagination, that with the Language of his Eyes, now he has found who ſhe is, he ſhall conquer her, though her Eyes are intent upon one who looks from her; which is ordinary with the Sex. It is certainly a Miſtake in the Ancients, to draw the little Gentleman, *Love*, as a blind Boy; for his real Character is a little Thief that ſquints. For ask Mrs. *Meddle*, who is a Confident, or Spy, upon all the Paſſions in Town, and ſhe'll tell you, that the Whole is a Game of Croſs Purpoſes. The Lover is generally purſuing one who is in Purſuit of another, and running from one that deſires to meet him. Nay, the Nature of this Paſſion is ſo juſtly repreſented in a ſquinting little Thief, (who is always in a Double Action) that do but obſerve *Clariſſa*

next

next Time you ſee her, and you'll find, when her Eyes have made their ſoft Tour round the Company, ſhe makes no Stay on him they ſay ſhe is to marry, but reſts Two Seconds of a Minute on *Wildair*, who neither looks nor thinks on her, or any Woman elſe. However, *Cynthio* had a Bow from her the t'other Day, upon which he is very much come to himſelf; and I heard him ſend his Man of an Errand Yeſterday without any Manner of Heſitation; a Quarter of an Hour after which he reckoned Twenty, remember'd he was to ſup with a Friend, and went exactly to his Appointment. I ſent to know how he did this Morning, and I find he hath not forgot that he ſpoke to me Yeſterday.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

This Week being Sacred to Holy Things, and no publick Diverſions allowed, there has been taken Notice of, even here, a little Treatiſe, called, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion: Dedicated to the Counteſs of* Berkeley. The Title was ſo uncommon, and promiſed ſo peculiar a Way of Thinking, that every Man here has read it, and as many as have done ſo, have approved it. It is written with the Spirit of one who has ſeen the World enough to undervalue it with good Breeding. The Author muſt certainly be a Man of Wiſdom, as well as Piety, and have ſpent as much Time in the Exerciſe of both. The real Cauſes of the Decay of the Intereſt of Religion, are ſet forth in a clear and lively Manner, without unſeaſonable Paſſions; and the whole Air of the Book, as to the Language, the Sentiments, and the Reaſonings, ſhow it was written by one whoſe Virtue ſits eaſie about him, and to whom Vice is throughly contemptible. It was ſaid by one of

this Company, alluding to that Knowledge of the World the Author ſeems to have, the Man writes much like a Gentleman, and goes to Heaven with a very good Mien.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 20.

Letters from *Italy* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie*, upon the Receipt of an Expreſs from the Court of *Vienna*, went immediately to the Palace of Cardinal *Paulucci*, Miniſter of State to his Holineſs, and demanded in the Name of his Imperial Majeſty, that King *Charles* ſhould be forthwith acknowledged King of *Spain*, by a ſolemn Act of the Congregation of Cardinals appointed for that Purpoſe: He declared at the ſame Time, That if the leaſt Heſitation were made in this moſt important Article of the late Treaty, he ſhould not only be obliged to leave *Rome* himſelf, but alſo tranſmit his Maſter's Orders to the Imperial Troops to face about, and return into the Eccleſiaſtical Dominions. When the Cardinal reported this Meſſage to the Pope, his Holineſs was ſtruck with ſo ſenſible an Affliction, that he burſt into Tears. His Sorrow was aggravated by Letters which immediately after arrived from the Court of *Madrid*, wherein his Nuncio acquainted him, That upon the News of his Accommodation with the Emperor, he had received a Meſſage to forbear coming to Court; and the People were ſo highly provoked, that they could hardly be reſtrain'd from inſulting his Palace. Theſe Letters add, That the King of *Denmark* was gone from *Florence* to *Piſa*, and from *Piſa* to *Leghorn*, where the Governour paid his Majeſty all imaginable Honours. The King deſigned to go from thence to *Lucca*, where a Magnificent Tournament was prepared for his Diverſion. An *Engliſh* Man of War, which came from *Port Mahon* to *Leghorn*

in

in 6 Days, brought Advice, That the Fleet commanded by Admiral *Whitaker* was ſafely arrived at *Barcelona*, with the Troops and Ammunition which he had taken in at *Naples*.

General *Boneval*, Governor of *Commacchio*, had ſummoned the Magiſtrates of all the Towns near that Place to appear before him, and take an Oath of Fidelity to his Imperial Majeſty, commanding alſo the Gentry to pay him Homage, on Pain of Death and Confiſcation of Goods. Advices from *Swiſſerland* inform us, That the Bankers of *Geneva* were utterly ruined by the Failure of Mr. *Bernard*. They add, That the Deputies of the *Swiſs* Cantons were returned from *Soleure*, where they were aſſembled at the Inſtance of the *French* Ambaſſador; but were very much diſſatisfied with the Reception they had from that Miniſter. 'Tis true, he omitted no Civilities, or Expreſſions of Freindſhip from his Maſter, but he took no Notice of their Penſions and Arrears; what further provoked their Indignation, was, That inſtead of 25 Piſtoles formerly allowed to each Member for their Charge in coming to the Diet, he had preſented them with 6 only. They write from *Dreſden*, That King *Auguſtus* was ſtill buſie in recruiting his Cavalry, and that the *Daniſh* Troops, which lately ſerved in *Hungary*, had Orders to be in *Saxony* in the Middle of *May*, and that his Majeſty of *Denmark* was expected at *Dreſden* in the Beginning of that Month. King *Auguſtus* makes great Preparations for his Reception, and has appointed Sixty Coaches, each drawn by Six Horſes, for that Purpoſe: The Interview of theſe Princes affords great Matter for Speculation. Letters from *Paris* of the 22d of this Month ſay, That Mareſchal *Harcourt* and the Duke of *Berwick*

were preparing to go into *Alsace* and *Dauphiné*, but that their Troops were in Want of all Manner of Necessaries. The Court of *France* had received Advices from *Madrid*, That on the 7th of this Month the States of *Spain* had with much Magnificence acknowledged the Prince of *Asturias* Presumptive Heir of the Crown. This was performed at *Buen Retiro*; the Deputies took the Oaths on that Occasion from the Hands of Cardinal *Portocarrero*. These Advices add, That it was signified to the Pope's Nuncio, by Order of Council, to depart from that Court in 24 Hours, and that a Guard was accordingly appointed to conduct him to *Bayonne*.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 26th Instant inform us, That Prince *Eugene* was to set out the next Day for *Brussels*, to put all Things in a Readiness for opening the Campaign. They add, That the Grand Pensioner having reported to the Duke of *Marlborough* what passed in the last Conference with Mr. *Rouille*, his Grace had taken a Resolution immediately to return to *Great Britain*, to communicate to Her Majesty all that has been transacted in that important Affair.

From my own Apartment, April 20.

The Nature of my Miscellaneous Work is such, that I shall always take the Liberty to tell for News such Things (let 'em have happened never so much before the Time of Writing) as have escaped publick Notice, or have been misrepresented to the World, provided that I am still within Rules, and trespass not as a Tatler any further than in an Incorrectness of Style, and writing in an Air of common Speech. Thus if any Thing that is said, even of old *Anchises* or *Æneas*, be set by me in a different Light than has hither-

hitherto been hit upon, in order to inſpire the Love and Admiration of worthy Actions, you will, Gentle Reader, I hope, accept of it for Intelligence you had not before. But I am going upon a Narrative, the Matter of which I know to be true: It is not only doing Juſtice to the deceas'd Merit of ſuch Perſons, as, had they lived, would not have had it in their Power to thank me, but alſo an Inſtance of the Greatneſs of Spirit in the loweſt of Her Majeſty's Subjects. Take it as follows:

At the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by Captain *Pincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton*'s Regiment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between theſe Two Men a Diſpute about a Matter of Love, which, upon ſome Aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable Hatred. *Unnion* being the Officer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to ſtrike his Rival, and profeſs the Spire and Revenge which moved him to it. The Centinel bore it without Reſiſtance, but frequently ſaid, He would die to be revenged ot that Tyrant. They had ſpent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the Midſt of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Caſtle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell; the *French* preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, Ah, *Valentine!* Can you leave me here? *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the Midſt of a thick Fire of the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him thro' all that Danger as far as the Abbey of *Salſine*, where a Cannon Ball took off his Head: His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying

off.

off. *Unnion* immediately forgot his Wound, roſe up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding Carcaſs, crying, Ah *Valentine!* Was it for me, who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee. He was not by any Means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dreſſed by Force; but the next Day, ſtill calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorſe and Deſpair.

It may be a Queſtion among Men of Noble Sentiments, Whether of theſe unfortunate Perſons had the greater Soul, he that was ſo generous as to venture his Life for his Enemy, or he who could not ſurvive the Man that died, in laying upon him ſuch an Obligation?

When we ſee Spirits like theſe in a People, to what Heights may we not ſuppoſe their Glory may ariſe, but (as it is excellently obſerved by *Salluſt*) it is not only to the general Bent of a Nation that great Revolutions are owing, but to the extraordinary Genio's that lead 'em. On which Occaſion he proceeds to ſay, That the *Roman* Greatneſs was neither to be attributed to their ſuperior Policy, for in that the *Carthaginians* excelled; nor to their Valour, for in that the *French* were preferable; but to particular Men, who were born for the Good of their Country, and formed for great Attempts. This he ſays to introduce the Characters of *Cæſar* and *Cato*. It would be entring into too weighty a Diſcourſe for this Place, if I attempted to ſhow, that our Nation has produced as great and able Men for

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publick Affairs as any other. But I believe, the Reader outruns me, and fixes his Imagination upon the Duke of *Marlborough.* It is, methinks, a pleasing Reflection to consider the Dispensations of Providence in the Fortune of this Illustrious Man, who, in the Space of Forty Years, has passed through all the Gradations of humane Life, till he has ascended to the Character of a Prince, and become the Scourge of a Tyrant, who sate in one of the greatest Thrones of *Europe*, before the Man who was to have the greatest Part in his Downfal had made one Step into the World. But such Elevations are the Natural Consequences of an exact Prudence, a calm Courage, a well governed Temper, a patient Ambition, and an affable Behaviour. These Arts, as they are the Steps to his Greatness, so they are the Pillars of it now it is raised. To this her Glorious Son, *Great Britain* is indebted for the happy Conduct of her Arms, in whom she can boast, She has produced a Man formed by Nature to lead a Nation of Heroes.

The TATLER. [Nº 6.

From *Thursd. April* 21. to *Saturd. April* 23. 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, April 22.

I AM just come from visiting *Sappho*, a fine Lady, who writes Verses, sings, dances, and can say and do whatever she pleases, without the Imputation of any Thing that can injure her Character; for she is so well known to have no Passion but Self-Love, or Folly but Affectation, that now upon any Occasion, they only cry, *'Tis her Way*, and, *That's so like her*

without

without further Reflection. As I came into the Room, ſhe cries, Oh! Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, I am utterly undone! I have broke that pretty *Italian* Fan I ſhowed you when you were here laſt, wherein were ſo admirably drawn our Firſt Parents in *Paradiſe* aſleep in each other's Arms. But there is ſuch an Affinity between Painting and Poetry, that I have been improving the Images which were raiſed by that Picture, by reading the ſame Repreſentation in Two of our greateſt Poets. Look you, here are the Paſſages in *Milton* and in *Dryden*. All *Milton*'s Thoughts are wonderfully juſt and natural, in this inimitable Deſcription which *Adam* makes of himſelf in the Eighth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. But there is none of them finer than that contained in the following Lines, where he tells us his Thoughts when he was falling aſleep a little after his Creation:

(ther,
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I know not whi-
From whence I firſt drew Air, and firſt beheld
This happy Light; when Anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady Bank, profuſe of Flowers,
Penſive I ſate me down, there gentle Sleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft Oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowned Senſe, untroubled, though I thought
I then was paſſing to my former State
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve.

But now I can't forgive this odious Thing: This *Dryden*, who, in his *State of Innocence*, has given my Great-Grandmother *Eve* the ſame Apprehenſion of Annihilation on a very different Occaſion: As *Adam* pronounces it of himſelf, when he was ſeized with a pleaſing Kind of Stupor and Deadneſs, *Eve* fancies her

ſelf

ſelf falling away, and diſſolved in the Hurry of a Rapture. However, the Verſes are very good, and I don't know but it may be natural what ſhe ſays. I'll read 'em:

When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join;
A doubtful Trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,
Th[illegible] Wiſhes and a Warmth unknown before;
What follow'd, was all Extaſie and Trance,
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did (dance;
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumults toſt,
I thought my Breath and my New Being loſt.

She went on, and ſaid a Thouſand good Things at Random, but ſo ſtrangely mixed, that you would be apt to ſay, All her Wit is meer good Luck, and not the Effect of Reaſon and Judgment. When I made my Eſcape hither, I found a Gentleman playing the Critick on Two other great Poets, even *Virgil* and *Homer*. He was obſerving, that *Virgil* is more judicious than the other in the Epithets he gives his Hero. *Homer*'s uſual Epithet, ſaid he, is Πόδας ὠκὺς, or Ποδάρκης, and his Indiſcretion has been often rallied by the Criticks, for mentioning the Nimbleneſs of Foot in *Achilles*, though he deſcribes him ſtanding, ſitting, lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other Circumſtance, however foreign or repugnant to Speed and Activity. *Virgil*'s common Epithet to *Æneas*, is *Pius*, or *Pater*. I have therefore conſidered, ſaid he, what Paſſage there is in any of his Hero's Actions, where either of theſe Appellations would have been moſt improper, to ſee if I could catch him at the ſame Fault with *Homer*: And this, I think, is his Meeting with *Dido* in the Cave, where *Pius*

Æneas

Æneas would have been Abſurd, and *Pater Æneas* a Burleſque: The Poet has therefore wiſely dropped 'em both for *Dux Trojanus.*

> *Speluncam Dido Dux & Trojanus eandem*
> *Deveniunt,*——

Which he has repeated twice in *Juno*'s Speech, and his own Narration: For he very well knew, a looſe Action might be conſiſtent enough with the uſual Manners of a Soldier, tho' it became neither the Chaſtity of a Pious Man, nor the Gravity of the Father of a People.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, April 22.

While other Parts of the Town are amuſed with the preſent Actions, we generally ſpend the Evening at this Table in Enquires into Antiquity, and think any Thing News which gives us new Knowledge. Thus we are making a very pleaſant Entertainment to our ſelves, in putting the Actions of *Homer*'s *Iliad* into an exact Journal.

This Poem is introduced by *Chryſes*, King of *Chryſeis*, and Prieſt of *Apollo*, who comes to redemand his Daughter, who was carried off at the Taking of that City, and given to *Agamemnon* for his Part of the Booty. The Refuſal he received enrages *Apollo*, who for Nine Days ſhowered down Darts upon them, which occaſioned the Peſtilence.

The 10th Day *Achilles* aſſembles the Council, and encourages *Calchas* to ſpeak for the Surrender of *Chryſeis* to appeaſe *Apollo*. *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* ſtorm at one another, notwithſtanding which *Agamemnon* will not releaſe his Priſoner, unleſs he has *Briſeis* in her Stead. After long Conteſtations, wherein *Agamemnon* gives a glorious Character of *Achilles*'s Valour, he determines to reſtore *Briſeis* to her

her Father, and ſends Two Heralds to fetch away *Chryſeis* from *Achilles*, who abandons himſelf to Sorrow and Deſpair. His Mother *Thetis* came to comfort him under his Affliction, and promiſes to repreſent his ſorrowful Lamentations to *Jupiter*: But he could not attend it; for the Evening before, he had appointed to divert himſelf for Two Days beyond the Seas with the harmleſs *Æthiopians*.

'Twas the 21ſt Day after *Chryſeis*'s Arrival to the Camp, that *Thetis* went very early to demand an Audience of *Jupiter*. The Means he uſes to ſatisfie her were, to perſwade the *Greeks* to attack the *Trojans*; that ſo they might perceive the Conſequence of contemning *Achilles*, and the Miſeries they ſuffer if he does not head them. The next Night he orders *Agamemnon*, in a Dream, to attack them; who was deceived with the Hopes of obtaining a Victory, and alſo taking the City without ſharing the Honour with *Achilles*.

On the 22d in the Morning, he aſſembles the Council, and having made a Feint of raiſing the Siege and retiring, he declares to them his Dream; and, together with *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes*, reſolves on an Engagement.

This was the 23d Day, which is full of Incidents, and which continues from almoſt the Beginning of the Second Canto to the Eighth. The Armies being then drawn up in View of one another, *Hector* brings it about, that *Menelaus* and *Paris*, the Two Perſons concerned in the Quarrel, ſhould decide it by a ſingle Combat; which tending to the Advantage of *Menelaus*, was interrupted by a Cowardice infuſed by *Minerva*: Then both Armies engage, where the *Trojans* have the Diſadvantage; but being afterwards animated by *Apollo*, they repulſe the

the Enemy, yet they are once again forced to give Ground, but their Affairs were retrieved by *Hector*, who has a ſingle Combat with *Ajax*. The Gods threw themſelves into the Battle, *Juno* and *Minerva* took the *Grecians* Part; and *Apollo* and *Mars* the *Trojans*: But *Mars* and *Venus* are both wounded by *Diomedes*.

The Truce for burying the Slain en[illegible] the 23d Day; after which the *Greeks* threw up a great Intrenchment to ſecure their Navy from Danger. Councils are held on both Sides. On the Morning of the 24th Day, the Battle is renewed, but in a very diſadvantagious Manner to the *Greeks*, who were beaten back to their Retrenchments. *Agamemnon* being in Deſpair at this ill Succeſs, propoſes to the Counſel to quit the Enterprize and retire from *Troy*. But by the Advice of *Neſtor*, he is perſwaded to regain *Achilles*, by returning *Chryſeis*, and ſending him conſiderable Preſents. Hereupon, *Ulyſſes* and *Ajax* are ſent to that Hero, who continues inflexible in his Anger. *Ulyſſes*, at his Return, joins himſelf with *Diomedes*, and goes in the Night to gain Intelligence of the Enemy: They enter into their very Camp, where, finding the Centinals aſleep, they made a great Slaughter. *Rheſus*, who was juſt then arrived with Recruits from *Thrace* for the *Trojans*, was killed in that Action. Here ends the 10th Canto. The Sequel of this Journal will be inſerted in the next Article from this Place.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 22.

We hear from *Italy*, That notwithſtanding the Pope has received a Letter from the Duke of *Anjou*, demanding of him to explain himſelf upon the Affair of acknowledging King *Charles*, his Holineſs has not yet thought fit to ſend any Anſwer to that Prince. The Court of *Rome*

appears

appears very much mortified, that they are not to ſee his Majeſty of *Denmark* in that City, having perhaps given themſelves vain Hopes from a Viſit made by a Proteſtant Prince to that See. The Pope has diſpatched a Gentleman to compliment his Majeſty, and ſent the King a Preſent of all the Curioſities and Antiquities of *Rome*, repreſented in Seventeen Volumes, very richly bound, which were taken out of the *Vatican* Library. Letters from *Genoa* of the 14th Inſtant ſay, A *Felucca* was arrived there in Five Days from *Marſeilles*, with an Account, That the People of that City had made an Inſurrection, by reaſon of the Scarcity of Proviſions; and that the Intendant had ordered ſome Companies of Marines, and the Men belonging to the Gallies, to ſtand to their Arms to protect him from Violence; but that he began to be in as much Apprehenſion of his Guards, as thoſe from whom they were to defend him. When that Veſſel came away, the Soldiers murmured publickly for Want of Pay; and it was generally believed, they would pillage the Magazines, as the Garriſons of *Grenoble*, and other Towns of *France*, had already done. A Veſſel which lately came into *Leghorn* brought Advice, That the *Britiſh* Squadron was arrived at *Port Mahon*, where they were taking in more Troops, in order to attempt the Relief of *Alicant*, which ſtill made a very vigorous Defence. 'Tis ſaid, Admiral *Bing* will be at the Head of that Expedition. The King of *Denmark* was gone from *Leghorn* towards *Lucca*.

They write from *Vienna*, That in caſe the Allies ſhould enter into a Treaty of Peace with *France*, Count *Zinzendorf* will be appointed Firſt Plenipotentiary, the Count *de Goes* the Second,

cond, and Monſieur *Van Konsbruch* a Third. Major-General *Palmes*, Envoy Extraordinary from Her *Britannick* Majeſty, has been very urgent with that Court to make their utmoſt Efforts againſt *France* the enſuing Campaign, in order to oblige it to ſuch a Peace, as may eſtabliſh the Tranquility of *Europe* for the future.

We are alſo informed, That the Pope uſes all imaginable Shifts to elude the Treaty concluded with the Emperor, and that he demanded the immediate Reſtitution of *Commacchio*; inſiſting alſo, That his Imperial Majeſty ſhould ask Pardon, and deſire Abſolution for what as formerly paſſed, before he would ſolemnly acknowledge King *Charles*: But this was utterly refuſed.

They hear at *Vienna*, by Letters from *Conſtantinople*, dated the 22d of *February* laſt, That on the 12th of that Month the Grand Signior took Occaſion, at the Celebration of the Feſtivals of the *Muſſelmen*, to ſet all the Chriſtian Slaves which were in the Galleys at Liberty.

Advices from *Swiſſerland* import, That the Preachers of the County of *Tockenburg* continue to create new Jealouſies of the Proteſtants, and ſome Diſturbances lately happened there on that Account. The Proteſtants and Papiſts in the Town of *Hamman* go to Divine Service one after another in the ſame Church, as is uſual in many other Parts of *Swiſſerland*; but on *Sunday* the 10th Inſtant, the Popiſh Curate having ended his Service, attempted to hinder the Proteſtants from entring into the Church according to Cuſtom; but the Proteſtants briskly attacked him and his Party, and broke into it by Force.

Laſt

Laſt Night, between Seven and Eight, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at Court.

From my own Apartment, April 22.

The preſent great Captains of the Age, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*, having been the Subject of the Diſcourſe of the laſt Company I was in, it has naturally led me into a Conſideration of *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, the Two greateſt Names which ever appeared before this Century. In order to enter into their Characters, there needs no more but examining their Behaviour in Parallel Circumſtances. It muſt be allowed, That they had an equal Greatneſs of Soul; but *Cæſar*'s was more corrected and allayed by a Mixture of Prudence and Circumſpection. This is ſeen conſpicuouſly in one Particular in their Hiſtories, wherein they ſeem to have ſhown exactly the Difference of their Tempers. When *Alexander*, after a long Courſe of Victories, would ſtill have led his Soldiers farther from Home, they unanimouſly refuſed to follow him. We meet with the like Behaviour in *Cæſar*'s Army in the Midſt of his March againſt *Arioviſtus*. Let us therefore obſerve the Conduct of our Two Generals in ſo nice an Affair: And here we find *Alexander* at the Head of his Army, upbraiding them with their Cowardice, and Meaneſs of Spirit; and in the End, telling them plainly, He would go forward himſelf, though not a Man followed him. This ſhowed indeed an exceſſive Bravery; but how would the Commander have come off, if the Speech had not ſucceeded, and the Soldiers had taken him at his Word? The Project ſeems of a Piece with Mr. *Bays*'s in the *Rehearſal*, who, to gain a Clap in his Prologue, comes out, with a terrible Fellow in a Fur-Cap following him, and

tells

tells his Audience, If they would not like his Play, he would lie down and have his Head ſtruck off. If this gained a Clap, all was well; but if not, there was nothing left but for the Executioner to do his Office. But *Cæſar* would not leave the Succeſs of his Speech to ſuch uncertain Events: He ſhews his Men the Unreaſonableneſs of their Fears in an obliging Manner, and concludes, That if none elſe would march along with them, he would go himſelf with the Tenth Legion, for he was aſſured of their Fidelity and Valour, though all the reſt forſook him; not but that in all Probability they were as much againſt the March as the reſt. The Reſult of all was very natural: The Tenth Legion fired with the Praiſes of their General, ſend Thanks to him for the juſt Opinion he entertains of 'em; and the reſt, aſhamed to be outdone, aſſure him, That they are as ready to follow where he pleaſes to lead them, as any other Part of the Army.

The TATLER. [N° 7.

From *Saturd. April* 23. to *Tueſd. April* 26. 1709.

IT *is ſo juſt an Obſervation, That* Mocking is Catching, *that I am become an unhappy Inſtance of it, and am (in the ſame Manner that I have repreſented Mr.* Partridge) *my ſelf a dying Man in Compariſon of the Vigour with which I firſt ſet out in the World. Had it been otherwiſe, you may be ſure I would not have pretended to have given for News, as I did laſt* Saturday, *a Diary of the Siege of* Troy. *But Man is a Creature very inconſiſtent with himſelf: The Greateſt*

Heroes

Heroes are sometimes Fearful; the Spriteliest Wits at some Hours Dull; and the Greatest Politicians on some Occasions Whimsical. *But I shall not pretend to palliate, or excuse the Matter; for I find, by a Calculation of my own Nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable Wit longer than Two Minutes after Twelve a Clock at Night, between the* 18*th and* 19*th of the next Month. For which Space of Time, you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer, except you will transmit to me the Occurrences you meet with relating to your Amours, or any other Subject within the Rules by which I have proposed to walk. If any Gentleman or Lady sends to* Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq; at Mr.* Morphew's *near* Stationers-Hall, *by the Penny-Post, the Grief or Joy of their Soul, what they think fit of the Matter shall be related in Colours as much to their Advantage, as those in which* Gervase *has drawn the Agreeable* Chloe. *But since, without such Assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a Month's Wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound Health and Senses, to make my Will and Testament; which I do in Manner and Form following:*

Imprimis, *I give to the Stock-jobbers about the Exchange of* London, *as a Security for the Trusts daily reposed in them, all my real Estate; which I do hereby vest in the said Body of worthy Citizens for ever.*

Item, *For as much as it is very hard to keep Land in repair without ready Cash, I do, out of my Personal Estate, bestow the Bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several Societies about this Town, to supply their Necessities. I say, I give also the said Bear-skin, as an immediate Fund to the said Citizens for ever.*

Item, *I do hereby appoint a certain Number of the*

the ſaid Citizens to take all the Cuſtom-houſe or Cuſtomary Oaths, concerning all Goods imported by the whole City, ſtrictly directing, That ſome ſelect Members, and not the whole Number of a Body Corporate, ſhould be perjured.

Item, *I forbid all N----s and Perſons of Q.-ty, to watch Bargains near and about the Exchange, to the Diminution and Wrong of the ſaid Stock-jobbers.*

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a Manner as any Will can appear, till it is explained by the Learned, I have diſpoſed of my Real and Perſonal Eſtate: But, as I am an Adept, I have by Birth an equal Right to give alſo an indefeaſible Title to my Endowments and Qualifications; which I do in the following Manner:

Item, *I give my Chaſtity to all Virgins who have withſtood their Market.*

Item, *I give my Courage among all who are aſhamed of their diſtreſſed Friends, all Sneakers in Aſſemblies, and Men who ſhow Valour in Common Converſation.*

Item, *I give my Wit, (as Rich Men give to the Rich) among ſuch as think they have enough already. And in caſe they ſhall not accept of the Legacy, I give it to* Bentivolio, *to defend his Works from Time to Time, as he ſhall think fit to publiſh 'em.*

Item, *I beſtow my Learning upon the Honourary Members of the Royal Society.*

Now for the Diſpoſal of this Body.

As theſe Eyes muſt one Day ceaſe to gaze on Teraminta, *and this Heart ſhall one Day pant no more for her Indignation: That is to ſay, ſince this Body muſt be Earth, I ſhall commit it to the Duſt in a Manner ſuitable to my Character. Therefore, as there are thoſe who diſpute, Whether there is any ſuch Real Perſon as* Iſaac Bickerſtaff

or

or not? I shall excuse all Persons who appear what they really are, from coming to my Funeral. But all those who are, in their Way of Life, Personæ, *as the* Latins *have it, Persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that Solemnity.*

The Body shall be carried by Six Watchmen, who are never seen in the Day.

Item, *The Pall shall be held up by the Six most known Pretenders to Honesty, Wealth and Power, who are not possessed of any of them. The Two First, an Half Lawyer, a Compleat Justice. The Two next, a Chymist, a Projector. The Third Couple, a Treasury Solicitor, and a small Courtier.*

To make my Funeral (what that Solemnity, when done to common Men, really is in it self) a very Farce; and since all Mourners are meer Actors on these Occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such, to attend me. I humbly therefore beseech Mrs. Barry *to act once more, and be my Widow. When she swoons away at the Church-Porch, I appoint the Merry Sir* John Falstaff, *and the Gay Sir* Harry Wildair, *to support her. I desire Mr.* Penkethman *to follow in the Habit of a Cardinal, and Mr.* Bullock *in that of a Privy-Councellor. To make up the rest of the Appearance, I desire all the Ladies from the Balconies to weep with Mrs.* Barry, *as they hope to be Wives and Widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of Gloves and Scarves.*

Thus, with the Great Charles V. *of* Spain, *I resign the Glories of this Transitory World: Yet, at the same Time, to show you my Indifference, and that my Desires are not too much fixed upon any Thing, I own to you, I am as willing to stay as go: Therefore leave it in the Choice of my Gentle Readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.*

White's Chocolate-*house, April* 25.

EAster-Day being a Time when you cannot well meet with any but humble Adventures; and there being such a Thing as low Gallantry, as well as low Comedy, Colonel *Ramble* and my self went early this Morning into the Fields, which were strewed with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, but indeed of a different Turn from the Simplicity of those of *Arcadia*. Every Hedge was conscious of more than what the Representations of enamoured Swains admit of. While we were surveying the Croud around us, we saw at a Distance a Company coming towards *Pancras*-Church; but tho' there was not much Disorder, we thought we saw the Figure of a Man stuck through with a Sword, and at every Step ready to fall, if a Woman by his Side had not supported him; the rest followed Two and Two. When we came nearer this Appearance, who should it be but Monsieur *Guardeloop*, mine and *Ramble*'s *French* Taylor, attended by others, leading one of Madam *Depingle*'s Maids to the Church, in order to their Espousals. It was his Sword tucked so high above his Wast, and the Circumflex which Persons of his Profession take in their Walking, that made him appear at a Distance wounded and falling. But the Morning being rainy, methought the March to this Wedding was but too lively a Picture of Wedlock it self. They seemed both to have a Month's Mind to make the best of their Way single; yet both tugged Arm in Arm; and when they were in a dirty Way, he was but deeper in the Mire, by endeavouring to pull out his Companion, and yet without helping her. The Bridegroom's Feathers in his Hat all drooped, one of his Shoes had lost an Heel.

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In ſhort, he was in his whole Perſon and Dreſs ſo extremely ſouſed, that there did not appear one Inch or ſingle Thread about him unmarried. Pardon me, that the melancholy Object ſtill dwells upon me ſo far as to reduce me to Punning. However, we attended to the Chappel, where we ſtay'd to hear the irrevocable Words pronounced upon our old Servant, and made the beſt of our Way to Town. I took a Reſolution to forbear all married Perſons, or any in Danger of being ſuch, for Four and twenty Hours at leaſt; therefore dreſſed, and went to viſit *Florimell*, the vaineſt Thing in Town, where I knew would drop in Colonel *Picket*, juſt come from the Camp, her profeſſed Admirer. He is of that Order of Men who has much Honour and Merit, but withal a Coxcomb; the other of that Set of Females who has Innocence and Wit, but the Firſt of Coquets. It is eaſy to believe, Theſe muſt be Admirers of each other. She ſays, The Colonel rides the beſt of any Man in *England*: The Colonel ſays, She talks the beſt of any Woman. At the ſame Time, he underſtands Wit juſt as ſhe does Horſemanſhip. You are to know, theſe extraordinary Perſons ſee each other daily; and they themſelves, as well as the Town, think it will be a Match: But it can never happen that they can come to the Point; for inſtead of addreſſing to each other, they ſpend their whole Time in Reports of themſelves: He is ſatisfied if he can convince her he is a fine Gentleman, and a Man of Conſequence; and ſhe, in appearing to him an accompliſhed Lady and a Wit, without further Deſign. Thus he tells her of his Manner of poſting his Men at ſuch a Paſs, with the Numbers he commanded on that Detachment: She tells him,

how ſhe was dreſſed on ſuch a Day at Court, and what Offers were made her the Week following. She ſeems to hear the Repetition of his Men's Names with Admiration; and waits only to anſwer him with as falſe a Muſter of Lovers. They talk to each other not to be informed, but approved. Thus they are ſo like, that they are to be ever diſtant, and the Parallel Lines may run together for ever, but never meet.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 25.

This Evening the Comedy, called *Epſom-Wells*, was acted for the Benefit of Mr. *Bullock*, who, though he is a Perſon of much Wit and Ingenuity, has a peculiar Talent of looking like a Fool, and therefore excellently well qualified for the Part of *Bisket* in this Play. I cannot indeed ſufficiently admire his Way of bearing a Beating, as he does in this Drama, and that with ſuch a Natural Air and Propriety of Folly, that one cannot help wiſhing the Whip in one's own Hand; ſo richly does he ſeem to deſerve his Chaſtiſement. Skilful Actors think it a very peculiar Happineſs to play in a Scene with ſuch as Top their Parts. Therefore I cannot but ſay, when the Judgment of any good Author directs him to write a Beating for Mr. *Bullock* from Mr. *William Penkethman*, or for Mr. *William Penkethman* from Mr. *Bullock*, thoſe excellent Players ſeem to be in their moſt ſhining Circumſtances, and pleaſe me more, but with a different Sort of Delight than that which I receive from thoſe Grave Scenes of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, or *Anthony* and *Ventidius*. The whole Comedy is very juſt, and the Low Part of Humane Life repreſented with much Humour and Wit.

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St. James's Coffee-house, April 25.

We are advised from *Vienna*, by Letters of the 20th Instant, That the Emperor hath lately added 20 new Members to his Council of State, but they have not yet taken their Places at the Board. General *Thaun* is returned from *Baden*, his Health being so well re-established by the Baths of that Place, that he designs to set out next Week for *Turin*, to his Command of the Imperial Troops in the Service of the Duke of *Savoy*. His Imperial Majesty has advanced his Brother Count *Henry Thaun* to be a Brigadier, and a Councellor of the Aulick Council of War. These Letters import, That King *Stanislaus* and the *Swedish* General *Crassau* are directing their March to the *Nieper*, to join the King of *Sweden*'s Army in *Ukrania*: That the States of *Austria* have furnished Marshal *Heister* with a considerable Sum of Money, to enable him to push on the War vigorously in *Hungary*, where all Things as yet are in perfect Tranquility: And that General *Thungen* has been very importunate for a speedy Reinforcement of the Forces on the *Upper Rhine*, representing at the same Time, what Miseries the Inhabitants must necessarily undergo, if the Designs of *France* on those Parts be not speedily and effectually prevented.

Letters from *Rome*, dated the 13th Instant, say, That on the preceding *Sunday* his Holiness was carried in an open Chair from St. *Peter*'s to St. *Mary*'s, attended by the Sacred College, in Cavalcade; and, after Mass, distributed several Dowries for the Marriage of poor and distressed Virgins. The Proceedings of that Court are very dilatory concerning the Recognition of King *Charles*, notwithstanding the pressing Instances of the Marquis *de Prie*, who has declared, That if this Affair be not wholly concluded

by the 15th Inſtant, he will retire from that Court, and order the Imperial Troops to return into the Eccleſiaſtical State. On the other Hand, the Duke of *Anjou*'s Miniſter has, in the Name of his Maſter, demanded of his Holineſs to explain himſelf on that Affair; which, 'tis ſaid, will be finally determined in a Conſiſtory to be held on *Monday* next; the Duke *d'Uceda* deſigning to delay his Departure till he ſees the Iſſue. Theſe Letters alſo ſay, That the Court was mightily alarmed at the News which they received by an Expreſs from *Ferrara*, that General *Boneval*, who commands in *Commachio*, had ſent Circular Letters to the Inhabitants of St. *Alberto*, *Longaſtrino*, *Fillo*, and other adjacent Parts, enjoining them to come and ſwear Fealty to the Emperor, and receive new Inveſtitures of their Fiefs from his Hands. Letters from other Parts of *Italy* ſay, That the King of *Denmark* continues at *Lucca*; that four *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Men of War were ſeen off of *Oneglia*, bound for *Final*, in order to tranſport the Troops deſigned for *Barcelona*; and that Her Majeſty's Ship the *Colcheſter* arriv'd at *Leghorn* the 4th Inſtant from *Port Mahon*, with Advice, That Major-General *Stanhope* deſigned to part from thence the 1ſt Inſtant with 6 or 7000 Men to attempt the Relief of the Caſtle of *Alicant*.

Our laſt Advices from *Berlin*, bearing Date the 27th Inſtant, import, That the King was gone to *Linum*, and the Queen to *Mecklenburg*; but that their Majeſties deſigned to return the next Week to *Oranienburg*, where a great Chaſe of Wild-Beaſts was prepared for their Diverſion, and from thence they intend to proceed together to *Potſdam*; That the Prince Royal was ſet out for *Brabant*, but intended to make ſome ſhort Stay at *Hanover*. Theſe Letters alſo inform us, That they are adviſed from *Obory*, that

that the King of *Sweden*, being on his March towards *Holki*, met General *Renne* with a Detachment of *Muſcovites*, who placing ſome Regiments in Ambuſcade, attacked the *Swedes* in their Rear, and putting them to Flight, killed 2000 Men, the King himſelf having his Horſe ſhot under him.

We hear from *Copenhagen*, That the Ice being broke, the *Sound* is again open for the Ships; and that they hoped his Majeſty would return ſooner than they at firſt expected.

Letters from the *Hague*, dated *May* 4. *N. S.* ſay, That an Expreſs arrived there on the 1ſt from Prince *Eugene* to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*. The States are adviſed, That the Auxiliaries of *Saxony* were arrived on the Frontiers of the United Provinces; as alſo, That the Two Reigments of *Wolfembuttel*, and 4000 Troops from *Wirtemberg*, which are to ſerve in *Flanders*, are in full March thither. Letters from *Flanders* ſay, That the great Convoy of Ammunition and Proviſions which ſet out from *Ghent* for *Liſle*, was ſafely arrived at *Courtray*. We hear from *Paris*, That the King has ordered the Militia on the Coaſts of *Normandy* and *Bretagne* to be in a Readineſs to march; and that the Court was in Apprehenſion of a Deſcent, to animate the People to riſe in the Midſt of their preſent Hardſhips.

They write from *Spain*, That the Pope's Nuncio left *Madrid* the 10th of *April*, in order to go to *Bayonne*; that the Marquis *de Bay* was at *Badajos* to obſerve the Motions of the *Portugueze*, and that the Count *d'Eſtain*, with a Body of 5000 Men, was on his March to attack *Gironne*. The Duke of *Anjou* has depoſed the Biſhop of *Lerida*, as being a Favourer of the Intereſt of King *Charles*; and has ſummoned a Convocation at *Madrid*, compoſed of the Arch-

biſhops, Biſhops and States of that Kingdom, wherein he hopes they will come to a Reſolution to ſend for no more Bulls to *Rome.*

The TATLER. [N° 8.

From *Tueſd. Apr.* 26. to *Thurſd. Apr.* 28. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 26.

THE Play of *The London Cuckolds* was acted this Evening before a ſuitable Audience, who were extremely well diverted with that Heap of Vice and Abſurdity. The Indignation which *Eugenio*, who is a Gentleman of a juſt Taſt, has, upon Occaſion of ſeeing humane Nature fall ſo low in their Delights, made him, I thought, expatiate upon the Mention of this Play very agreeably. Of all Men living, ſaid he, I pity Players, (who muſt be Men of good Underſtanding to be capable of being ſuch) that they are obliged to repeat and aſſume proper Geſtures for repreſenting Things of which their Reaſon muſt be aſhamed, and which they muſt diſdain their Audience for approving. The Amendment of theſe low Gratifications is only to be made by People of Condition, by encouraging the Preſentation of the Noble Characters drawn by *Shakeſpeare* and others, from whence it is impoſſible to return without ſtrong Impreſſions of Honour and Humanity. On theſe Occaſions, Diſtreſs is laid before us with all its Cauſes and Conſequences, and our Reſentment placed according to the Merit of the Perſons afflicted. Were *Drama's* of this Nature more acceptable to the Taſt of the Town, Men who have Genius would bend their Studies to excel in 'em. How forcible an Effect this would have on our Minds, one needs no more than to obſerve

how

how ſtrongly we are touched by meer Pictures. Who can ſee *Le Brun*'s Picture of the Battle of *Porus*, without entring into the Character of that fierce gallant Man, and being accordingly ſpurred to an Emulation of his Conſtancy and Courage? When he is falling with his Wound, the Features are at the ſame Time very terrible and languiſhing; and there is ſuch a ſtern Faintneſs diffuſed through all his Look, as is apt to move a kind of Horrour, as well as Pity in the Beholder. This, I ſay, is an Effect wrought by meer Lights and Shades, conſider alſo a Repreſentation made by Words only, as in an Account given by a good Writer: *Catiline* in *Salluſt* makes juſt ſuch a Figure as *Porus* by *Le Brun*. It is ſaid of him, Catilina *vero longe a ſuis inter Hoſtium Cadavera repertus eſt; paululum etiam ſpirans, Ferocitatemque Animi quam vivus habuerat in Vultu retinens.* ' *Catiline* was found kill'd ' far from his own Men among the dead Bo-' dies of the Enemy: He ſeemed ſtill to breath, ' and ſtill retained in his Face the ſame Fierce-' neſs he had when he was living." You have in that one Sentence a lively Impreſſion of his whole Life and Actions. What I would inſinuate from all this, is, That if the Painter and the Hiſtorian can do thus much in Colours and Language, what may not be performed by an excellent Poet? When the Character he draws is repreſented by the Perſon, the Manner, the Look, and the Motion, of an accompliſhed Player; If a Thing painted or related can irreſiſtibly enter our Hearts, what may not be brought to paſs by ſeeing generous Things performed before our Eyes? *Eugenio* ended his Diſcourſe, by recommending the apt Uſe of a Theatre, as the moſt agreeable and eaſie Method of making a polite and moral Gentry, which would end in rendring the reſt of the People regular in their

Behaviour, and ambitious of laudable Undertakings.

St. James's Coffee house, April 27.

Letters from *Naples* of the 9th Instant, *N. S.* advise, That Cardinal *Grimani* had ordered the Regiment commanded by General *Pate* to march towards *Final*, in order to embark for *Catalonia*, whither also a Thousand Horse are to be transported from *Sardinia*, besides the Troops which come from the *Milanese*. An *English* Man of War has taken Two Prizes, One a Vessel of *Malta*, the other of *Genoa*, both laden with Goods of the Enemy. They write from *Florence* of the 13th, That his Majesty of *Denmark* had received a Courier from the *Hague*, with an Accou t of some Matters relating to the Treaty of a Peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own Dominions.

Letters from *Swisserland* inform us, That the Effects of the great Scarcity of Corn in *France* were felt at *Geneva*; the Magistrates of which City had appointed Deputies to treat with the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurich*, for Leave to buy up such Quantities of Grain within their Territories as should be thought necessary. The Protestants of *Tockenburg* are still in Arms about the Convent of St. *John*, and have declared, That they will not lay them down, till they shall have sufficient Security from the *Roman* Catholicks, of living unmolested in the Exercise of their Religion. In the mean Time, the Deputies of *Bern* and *Tockenburg* have frequent Conferences at *Zurich* with the Regency of that Canton, to find out Methods for the quieting these Disorders.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 3d of *May* advise, That the President *Rouille*, after his last Conference with the Deputies of the States, had retired to *Bodegrave*, five Miles distant from

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Worden, and expected the Return of a Courier from *France* on the 4th, with new Instructions. It is said, if his Answer from the *French* Court shall not prove Satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these Parts. In the mean Time it is also reported, That his Equipage, as an Ambassador on this Great Occasion, is actually on the March towards him. They write from *Flanders*, That the great Convoy of Provisions, which set out from *Ghent*, is safely arrived at *Lisle*. Those Advices add, That the Enemy had assembled near *Tournay* a considerable Body of Troops drawn out of the Neighbouring Garrisons. Their High Mightinesses having sent Orders to their Ministers at *Hamburg* and *Dantzick*, to engage the Magistrates of those Cities to forbid the Sale of Corn to the *French*, and to signify to them, That the *Dutch* Merchants will buy up as much of that Commodity as they can spare. The *Hamburghers* have accordingly contracted with the *Dutch*, and refused any Commerce with the *French* on that Occasion.

From my own Apartment.

After the Lassitude of a Day spent in the strolling Manner, which is usual with Men of Pleasure in this Town, and with a Head full of a Million of Impertinencies, which had danced round it for Ten Hours together, I came to my Lodging, and hastened to Bed. My Valet de Chambre knows my University-Trick of reading there; and he being a good Scholar for a Gentleman, ran over the Names of *Horace*, *Tibullus*, *Ovid*, and others, to know which I would have. Bring *Virgil*, said I, and if I fall asleep, take Care of the Candle. I read the Sixth Book over with the most exquisite Delight, and had gone half through it a second Time, when the pleasing Idea's of *Elysian* Fields,

deceased

deceaſed Worthies walking in them, ſincere Lovers enjoying their Languiſhment without Pain, Compaſſion for the unhappy Spirits who had miſpent their ſhort Day-light, and were exiled from the Seats of Bliſs for ever; I ſay, I was deep again in my Reading, when this Mixture of Images had taken Place of all others in my Imagination before, and lulled me into a Dream from which I am juſt awake, to my great Diſadvantage. The happy Manſions of *Elyſium* by Degrees ſeemed to be wafted from me, and the very Traces of my late walking Thoughts began to fade away, when I was caſt by a ſudden Whirlwind upon an Iſland, encompaſſed with a roaring and troubled Sea, which ſhak'd its very Centre, and rocked its Inhabitants as in a Cradle. The Iſlanders lay on their Faces without offering to look up, or hope for Preſervation; all her Harbours were crowded with Mariners, and tall Veſſels of War lay in Danger of being driven to Pieces on her Shores. Bleſs me! ſaid I, why have I lived in ſuch a Manner, that the Convulſion of Nature ſhould be ſo terrible to me, when I feel in my ſelf, that the better Part of me is to ſurvive it? Oh! may that be in Happineſs. A ſudden Shriek, in which the whole People on their Faces joined, interrupted my Soliloquy, and turned my Eyes and Attention to the Object which had given us that ſudden Start, in the Midſt of an inconſolable and ſpeechleſs Affliction. Immediately the Winds grew calm, the Waves ſubſided, and the People ſtood up, turning their Faces upon a magnificent Pile in the Midſt of the Iſland. There we beheld an Hero of a comely and erect Aſpect, but pale and languid, ſitting under a Canopy of State. By the Faces and dumb Sorrow of thoſe who attended, we thought him in the Article of Death. At a Diſtance ſate a Lady, whoſe Life ſeemed to

hang

hang upon the ſame Thread with his: She kept her Eyes fixed upon him, and ſeemed to ſmother Ten Thouſand Thouſand nameleſs Things, which urged her Tenderneſs to claſp him in her Arms: But her Greatneſs of Spirit overcame thoſe Sentiments, and gave her Power to forbear diſturbing his laſt Moment; which immediately approached. The Hero looked up with an Air of Negligence, and Satiety of Being, rather than of Pain to leave it; and leaning back his Head, expired.

When the Heroine, who ſate at a Diſtance, ſaw his laſt Inſtance come, ſhe threw her ſelf at his Feet, and kneeling, preſſed his Hand to her Lips; in which Poſture ſhe continued under the Agony of an unutterable Sorrow, till conducted from our Sight by her Attendants. That commanding Awe, which accompanies the Grief of great Minds, reſtrained the Multitude while in her Preſence; but as ſoon as ſhe retired, they gave Way to their Diſtraction, and all the Iſlanders called upon their deceaſed Hero. To him, methought, they cried out, as to a Guardian Being, and I gathered from their broken Accents, That it was he who had the Empire over the Ocean and its Powers, by which he had long protected the Iſland from Shipwreck and Invaſion. They now give a Looſe to their Moan, and think themſelves expoſed without Hopes of Humane or Divine Aſſiſtance. While the People ran wild, and expreſſed all the different Forms of Lamentation, methought a Sable Cloud over-ſhadowed the whole Land, and covered its Inhabitants with Darkneſs: No Glimpſe of Light appeared, except one Ray from Heaven upon the Place in which the Heroine now ſecluded her ſelf from the World, with her Eyes fixed on thoſe Abodes to which her Conſort was aſcended. Methought a long Period of Time had paſſed away in Mourning and

and in Darkneſs, when a Twilight began by Degrees to enlighten the Hemiſphere; and looking round me, I ſaw a Boat rowed towards the Shore, in which ſate a Perſonage adorned with Wa like Trophies, bearing on his left Arm a Shield, on which was engraven the Image of *Victory*, and in his Right Hand a Branch of Olive. His Viſage was at once ſo winning and ſo awful, that the Shield and the Olive ſeemed equally ſuitable to his Genius.

When this Illuſtrious * Perſon touched on the Shore, he was received with the Acclamations of the People, and followed to the Palace of the Heroine. No Pleaſure in the Glory of her Arms, or the Acclamations of her applauding Subjects, were ever capable to ſuſpend her Sorrow for one Moment, till ſhe ſaw the Olive Branch in the Hand of that auſpicious Meſſenger. At that Sight, as Heaven beſtows its Bleſſings on the Wants and Importunities of Mortals, out of its Native Bounty, and not to encreaſe its own Power or Honour, in Compaſſion to the World, the Celeſtial Mourner was then firſt ſeen to turn her Regard to Things below; and taking the Branch out of the Warrior's Hand, looked at it with much Satisfaction, and ſpoke of the Bleſſings of Peace, with a Voice and Accent, ſuch as that in which Guardian Spirits whiſper to dying Penitents Aſſurances of Happineſs. The Air was huſhed, the Multitude attentive, and all Nature in a Pauſe, while ſhe was ſpeaking. But as ſoon as the Meſſenger of Peace had made ſome low Reply, in which, methought, I heard the Word *Iberia*, the Heroine aſſuming a more ſevere Air, but ſuch as ſpoke Reſolution, without Rage, returned him the Olive, and

* *About this Time the* D. *of* M. *returned from* Holland *with the Preliminaries of a Peace.*

again

again veiled her Face. Loud Cries and Clashing of Arms immediately followed, which forced me from my charming Vision, and drove me back to these Mansions of Care and Sorrow.

The TATLER. [Nº 9.

From *Thursd. Apr.* 28. to *Saturd. Apr.* 30. 1709.

Will's Coffee house, April 28.

THis Evening we were entertained with *The Old Batchelor*, a Comedy of deserved Reputation. In the Character which gives Name to the Play, there is excellently represented the Reluctance of a battered Debauchee to come into the Trammels of Order and Decency; He neither languishes nor burns, but frets, for Love. The Gentlemen of more regular Behaviour are drawn with much Spirit and Wit, and the *Drama* introduced by the Dialogue of the first Scene with uncommon, yet natural, Conversation. The Part of *Fondlewife* is a lively Image of the unseasonable Fondness of Age and Impotence. But instead of such agreeable Works as these, the Town has this half Age been tormented with Insects, called *Easie Writers*, whose Abilities Mr. *Wicherly* one Day described excellently well in one Word: *That*, said he, *among these Fellows is called* Easy Writing, *which any one may easily write.* Such Jantie Scribblers are so justly laughed at for their Sonnets on *Phillis* and *Chloris*, and Fantastical Descriptions in 'em, that an ingenious Kinsman of mine, of the Family of the *Staffs*, Mr. *Humphrey Wagstaff* by Name, has, to avoid their Strain, run into a Way perfectly new, and described Things exactly as they happen: He never forms Fields, or Nymphs, or Groves, where they are not, but makes

makes the Incidents just as they really appear. For an Example of it, I stole out of his Manuscript the following Lines: They are a Description of the Morning, but of the Morning in Town; nay, of the Morning at this End of the Town, where my Kinsman at present lodges.

Now hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
Now Betty *from her Master's Bed had flown,*
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The Slipshod 'Prentice from his Master's Door,
Had par'd the Street, and sprinkled round the Floor.
Now Moll *had whirl'd her Mop with dextr'ous Airs,*
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Smallcoal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller Notes of Chimney-Sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;
And Brickdust Moll *had scream'd through half a Street.*
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duly let out a' Nights to steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;
And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear *Numps* will be angry I have published these Lines; not that he has any Reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those Rogues, the Bane to all excellent Performances, the *Imitators*. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all Descriptions of the Evening; as, a Medley of Verses signifying, Grey-Peas are now cried warm: That Wenches now begin to amble round the Passages of the Playhouse: Or of Noon; as, That fine Ladies and great Beaux are just yawning out of their Beds and Windows in *Pall-Mall*, and so forth. I forewarn also all Persons from encouraging any Draughts after my Cousin; and foretel any Man

Man who ſhall go about to imitate him, that he will be very inſipid. The Family Stock is embarked in this Deſign, and we will not admit of Counterfeits. Dr. *Anderſon* and his Heirs enjoy his Pills, Sir *William Read* has the Cure of Eyes, and Monſieur *Roſelli* can only cure the Gout. We pretend to none of theſe Things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any miſtaken Man he is not what he believes he is, to diſtinguiſh Merit, and expoſe falſe Pretences to it, is a Liberty our Family has by Law in 'em, from an Inter-Marriage with a Daughter of Mr. *Scoggin*, the famous Droll of the laſt Century. This Right I deſign to make uſe of; but will not encroach upon the above-mentioned Adepts, or any other. At the ſame Time I ſhall take all the Privileges I may, as an *Engliſhman*, and will lay hold of the late Act of Naturalization to introduce what I ſhall think fit from *France*. The Uſe of that Law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite World with new Characters, as well as the Kingdom it ſelf with new Subjects. Therefore an Author of that Nation, called *Le Bruyere*, I ſhall make bold with on ſuch Occaſions. The laſt Perſon I read of in that Writer, was Lord *Timon*. *Timon*, ſays my Author, is the moſt generous of all Men; but is ſo hurried away with that ſtrong Impulſe of Beſtowing, that he confers Benefits without Diſtinction, and is Munificent without laying Obligations. For all the Unworthy, who receive from him, have ſo little Senſe of this noble Infirmity, that they look upon themſelves rather as Partners in a Spoil, than Partakers of a Bounty. The other Day, coming into *Paris*, I met *Timon* going out on Horſeback, attended only by one Servant. It ſtruck me with a ſudden Damp, to ſee a Man of ſo excellent a Diſpoſition, and that underſtood making a Figure ſo very well, ſo much ſhorten'd

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in his Retinue. But passing by his House, I saw his great Coach break to Pieces before his Door, and, by a strange Inchantment, immediately turned into many different Vehicles. The first was a very pretty Chariot, into which step'd his Lordship's Secretary. The second was hung a little heavier; into that strutted the Fat Steward. In an Instant follow'd a Chaise, which was enter'd by the Butler. The rest of the Body and Wheels were forthwith changed into Go-carts, and ran away with by the Nurses and Brats of the rest of the Family. What makes these Misfortunes in the Affairs of *Timon* the more astonishing, is, That he has a better Understanding than those who cheat him; so that a Man knows not which more to wonder at, the Indifference of the Master, or the Impudence of the Servant.

White's Chocolate-house, April 29.

It is a Matter of much Speculation among the Beaus and Oglers, what it is that can have made so sudden a Change, as has been of late observed in the whole Behaviour of *Pastorella*, who never sate still a Moment till she was Eighteen, which she has now exceeded by Two Months. Her Aunt, who has the Care of her, has not been always so rigid as she his at this present Date; but has so good a Sence of the Frailty of Woman, and Falshood of Man, that she resolved on all Manner of Methods to keep *Pastorella*, if possible, in Safety, against her self, and all her Admirers. At the same Time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curbed too rashly, would but run to the greater Excesses for that Restraint: Therefore intended to watch her, and take some Opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own Interests, without the Anguish of an Admonition. You are to know then, That Miss, with all her Flirting and Ogling, had also

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naturally a ſtrong Curioſity in her, and was the greateſt Eves-Dropper breathing. *Pariſatis* (for ſo her prudent Aunt is called) obſerved this Humour, and retires one Day to her Cloſet, into which ſhe knew *Paſtorella* would peep, and liſten to know how ſhe was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady ſaw her good Governante on her Knees, and after a Mental Behaviour, break into theſe Words: *As for the dear Child committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage, and Severity of Behaviour, be ſuch, as may make that Noble Lord, who is taken with her Beauty, turn his Deſigns to ſuch as are honourable.* Here *Pariſatis* heard her Neece neſtle cloſer to the Key-Hole: She then goes on; *Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous and wealthy Offspring; and let her Carriage be ſuch, as may make this Noble Youth expect the Bleſſings of an happy Marriage, from the Singularity of her Life, in this looſe and cenſorious Age.* Miſs having heard enough, ſneaks off for Fear of Diſcovery, and immediately, at her Glaſs, alters the Sitting of her Head; then pulls up her Tucker, and forms her ſelf into the exact Manner of *Lindamira*: In a Word, becomes a ſincere Convert to every Thing that's commendable in a fine young Lady; and Two or Three ſuch Matches as her Aunt feigned in her Devotions, are at this Day in her Choice. This is the Hiſtory and Original Cauſe of *Paſtorella*'s Converſion from Coquettry. The Prudence in the Management of this young Lady's Temper, and good Judgment of it, is hardly to be exceeded. I ſcarce remember a greater Inſtance of Forbearance of the uſual peeviſh Way with which the Aged treat the Young, than this, except that of our famous *Noy*, whoſe good Nature went ſo far, as to make him put off his Admonitions to his Son, even till after his Death,

and

and did not give him his Thoughts of him, till he came to read that memorable Paſſage in his Will: *All the reſt of my Eſtate*, ſays he, *I leave to my Son* Edward (*who is Executor to this my Will*) *to be ſquandred as he ſhall think fit: I leave it him for that Purpoſe, and hope no better from him.* A generous Diſdain, and Reflection upon how little he deſerved from ſo excellent a Father, reformed the young Man, and made *Edward*, from an errant Rake, become a fine Gentleman.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, April 29.

Letters from *Portugal* of the 18th Inſtant, dated from *Eſtremos*, ſay, That on the 6th the Earl of *Galway*, arrived at that Place, and had the Satiſfaction to ſee the Quarters well furniſhed with all Manner of Proviſions, and a Quantity of Bread ſufficient for ſubſiſting the Troops for 60 Days, beſides Bisket for 25 Days. The Enemy give out, That they ſhall bring into the Field 14 Regiments of Horſe, and 24 Battalions. The Troops in the Service of *Portugal* will make up 14000 Foot, and 4000 Horſe. On the Day theſe Letters were diſpatched, the Earl of *Galway* received Advice, that the Marquis *de Bay* was preparing for ſome Enterprize, by gathering his Troops together on the Frontiers. Whereupon his Excellency reſolved to go that ſame Night to *Villa Vicoſa*, to aſſemble the Troops in that Neighbourhood, in order to diſappoint his Deſigns.

Yeſterday in the Evening Captain *Foxon*, Aid-de-Camp to Major-General *Cadogan*, arriv'd here Expreſs from the Duke of *Marlborough*. And this Day a Mail is come in, with Letters dated from *Bruſſels* of the 6th of *May, N. S.* which adviſe, That the Enemy had drawn together a Body, conſiſting of 20000 Men, with a Deſign, as was ſuppoſed, to intercept the great Convoy

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on the March towards *Lisle*, which was safely arrived at *Menin* and *Courtray*, in its Way to that Place, the *French* having retired without making any Attempt.

We hear from the *Hague*, That a Person of the First Quality is arrived in the *Low-Countries* from *France*, in order to be a Plenipotentiary in an ensuing Treaty of Peace.

Letters from *France* acknowledge, That Monsieur *Bernard* has made no higher Offers of Satisfaction to his Creditors than of 35 *l. per Cent.*

These Advices add, That the Mareschal *Boufflers*, Monsieur *Torcy*, (who distinguished himself formerly, by advising the Court of *France* to adhere to the Treaty of Partition) and Monsieur *d'Harcourt*, (who negotiated with Cardinal *Portocarrero* for the Succession of the Crown of *Spain* in the House of *Bourbon*) are all Three joined in a Commission for a Treaty of Peace. The Mareschal is come to *Ghent*: The other Two are arrived at the *Hague*.

It is confidently reported here, That the Right Honourable the Lord *Townshend* is to go with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* into *Holland*.

The TATLER. [N° 10.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half-Sister to Mr.* Bickerstaff.

From *Saturd. April* 30. to *Tuesd. May* 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

MY Brother *Isaac* having a sudden Occasion to go out of Town, ordered me to take upon me the Dispatch of the next Advices from Home, with Liberty to speak it my own Way; not

not doubting the Allowances which would be given to a Writer of my Sex. You may be ſure, I undertook it with much Satisfaction: And I confeſs, I am not a little pleaſed with the Opportunity of running over all the Papers in his Cloſet, which he has left open for my Uſe on this Occaſion. The firſt that I lay my Hands on, is, A Treatiſe concerning *The Empire of Beauty*, and the Effects it has had in all Nations of the World, upon the publick and private Actions of Men; with an Appendix, which he calls, *The Batchelor's Scheme for Governing his Wife.* The firſt Thing he makes this Gentleman propoſe, is, That ſhe ſhall be no Woman; for ſhe is to have an Averſion to Balls, to Opera's, to Viſits: She is to think his Company ſufficient to fill up all the Hours of Life with great Satisfaction: She is never to believe any other Man Wiſe, Learned, or Valiant; or at leaſt but in a ſecond Degree. In the next Place, he intends ſhe ſhall be a Cuckold; but expects, that he himſelf muſt live in perfect Security from that Terror. He dwells a great while on Inſtructions for her diſcreet Behaviour, in caſe of his Falſhood. I have not Patience with theſe unreaſonable Expectations, therefore turn back to the Treatiſe it ſelf. Here, indeed, my Brother deduces all the Revolutions among Men from the Paſſion of Love; and in his Preface, anſwers that uſual Obſervation againſt us, *That there is no Quarrel without a Woman in it*; with a gallant Aſſertion, *That there is nothing elſe worth Quarrelling for*. My Brother is of a Complexion truly Amorous; all his Thoughts and Actions carry in 'em a Tincture of that obliging Inclination; and this Turn has opened his Eyes to ſee, we are not the inconſiderable Creatures which unlucky Pretenders to our Favour would inſinuate. He obſerves, That no Man begins to make

make any tolerable Figure, till he sets out with the Hopes of Pleasing some one of us. No sooner he takes that in Hand, but he pleases every one else by the by. It has an immediate Effect upon his Behaviour. There is Colonel *Ranter*, who never spoke without an Oath, till he saw the Lady *Betty Modish*; now never gives his Man an Order, but it is, Pray *Tom*, do it. The Drawers where he drinks, live in perfect Happiness. He asked *Will* at the *George* t'other Day, How he did? Where he used to say, *Damn it, Is it so?* He now believes *there is some Mistake: He must confess, he is of another Opinion; but however he won't insist.*

Every Temper, except downright insipid, is to be animated and softned by the Influence of Beauty: But of this untractable Sort is a lifeless handsome Fellow that visits us, whom I have dressed at this Twelvemonth; but he is as insensible of all the Arts I use, as if he conversed all that Time with his Nurse. He outdoes our whole Sex in all the Faults our Enemies impute to us; he has brought Laziness into an Opinion, and makes his Indolence his Philosophy: Insomuch, that no longer ago than Yesterday in the Evening he gave me this Account of himself: *I am, Madam, perfectly unmoved at all that passes among Men, and seldom gives my self the Fatigue of going among 'em; but when I do, I always appear the same Thing to those whom I converse with. My Hours of Existence, or being awake, are from Eleven in the Morning to Eleven at Night; half of which I live to my self, in picking my Teeth, washing my Hands, paring my Nails, and looking in the Glass. The Insignificancy of my Manners to the rest of the World, makes the Laughers call me a* Quid Nunc, *a Phrase which I neither understand, or shall ever enquire what they mean by it. The last of me each Night is at St.* James's *Coffee-house,*

house, where I converse, yet never fall into a Dispute on any Occasion, but leave the Understanding I have Passive of all that goes through it, without entring into the Business of Life. And thus, Madam, have I arrived by Laziness, to what others pretend to by Philosophy, a perfect Neglect of the World. Sure if our Sex had the Liberty of frequenting Publick Houses and Conversations, we should put these Rivals of our Faults and Follies out of Countenance. However, we should soon have the Pleasure of being acquainted with 'em one Way or other; for my Brother *Isaac* designs, for the Use of our Sex, to give the exact Characters of all the Chief Politicians who frequent any of the Coffee-houses from St. *James*'s to the *Change*; but designs to begin with that Cluster of Wise Heads, as they are found sitting every Evening from the Left-side of the Fire, at the *Smyrna*, to the Door. This will be of great Service for us, and I have Authority to promise an exact Journal of their Deliberations; the Publication of which I am to be allowed for Pin-Money. In the mean Time, I cast my Eye upon a new Book, which gave me a more pleasing Entertainment, being a sixth Part of Miscellany Poems, publish'd by *Jacob Tonson*; which, I find, by my Brother's Notes upon it, no Way inferior to the other Volumes. There are, it seems, in this, a Collection of the best Pastorals that have hitherto appeared in *England*; but among them, none superior to that Dialogue between *Sylvia* and *Dorinda*, written by one of my one Sex; where all our little Weaknesses are laid open in a Manner more just, and with truer Raillery, than ever Man yet hit upon.

Only this I now discern,
From the Things thou'st have me learn;
That Womankind's peculiar Joys
From past or present Beauties rise.

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But to reassume my first Design, there cannot be a greater Instance of the Command of Females, than in the prevailing Charms of the Heroine in the Play which was acted this Night, call'd, *All for Love*; or, *The World well lost.* The enamoured *Antony* resigns Glory and Power to the Force of the attractive *Cleopatra*, whose Charms were the Defence of her Diadem, against a People otherwise invincible. It is so natural for Women to talk of themselves, that it is to be hoped, all my own Sex, at least, will pardon me, that I could fall into no other Discourse. If we have their Favour, we give our selves very little Anxiety for the rest of our Readers. I believe I see a Sentence of *Latin* in my Brother's Day-Book of Wit, which seems applicable on this Occasion, and in Contempt of the Criticks.

——Tristitiam & Metus
Tradam protectis in Mare Criticum
Portare Ventis.

But I am interrupted by a Packet from Mr. *Kidney* from St. *James*'s Coffee-house, which I am obliged to insert in the very Stile and Words which Mr. *Kidney* uses in his Letter.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 2.

We are advised by Letters from *Bern*, dated the 1st Instant, *N. S.* That the Duke of *Berwick* arrived at *Lyons* the 25th of the last Month, and continued his Journey the next Day to visit the Passes of the Mountains, and other Posts in *Dauphine* and *Provence*: These Letters also informed us, That the Miseries of the People in *France* are heightened to that Degree, that unless a Peace be speedily concluded, half of that Kingdom would perish for want of Bread. On the 24th, the Mareschal *de Thesse* passed through *Lyons*, in his Way to *Versailles*; and Two Battalions, which were marching from *Alsace* to re-

inforce the Army of the Duke of *Berwick*, paſſed alſo through that Place. Thoſe Troops were to be followed by 6 Battalions more.

Letters from *Naples* of the 16th of *April* ſay, That the Marquis *de Prie*'s Son was arrived there, with Inſtructions from his Father, to ſignify to the Viceroy the Neceſſity his Imperial Majeſty was under, of deſiring an Aid from that Kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary Expences of the War. On the 14th of the ſame Month, they made a Review of the *Spaniſh* Troops in that Garriſon, and afterwards of the Marines; one Part of whom will embark with thoſe deſigned for *Barcelona*, and the reſt are to be ſent on Board the Gallies appointed to convoy Proviſions to that Place.

We hear from *Rome*, by Letters dated the 20th of *April*, That the Count *de Mellos*, Envoy from the King of *Portugal*, had made his Publick Entry into that City with much State and Magnificence. The Pope has lately held Two other Conſiſtories, wherein he made a Promotion of Two Cardinals; but the Acknowledgment of King *Charles* is ſtill deferred.

Letters from other Parts of *Italy* adviſe us, That the Doge of *Venice* continues dangerouſly Ill: That the Prince *de Carignan* having relaps'd into a violent Fever, died the 23d of *April*, in his 80th Year.

Advices from *Vienna* of the 27th of *April* import, That the Archbiſhop of *Saltzburg* is dead, who is ſucceeded by Count *Harrach*, formerly Biſhop of *Vienna*, and for theſe laſt Three Years Coadjutor to the ſaid Archbiſhop; and that Prince *Maximilian* of *Lichtenſtein* has likewiſe departed this Life, at his Country Seat called *Cromaw* in *Moravia*. Theſe Advices add, That the Emperor has nam'd Count *Zinzendorf*, Count *Goes*, and Monſieur *Consbruck*, for his Plenipotentiaries

tentiaries in an enſuing Treaty of Peace; and they hear from *Hungary*, that the Imperaliſts have had ſeveral ſucceſsful Skirmiſhes with the Malecontents.

Letters from *Paris*, dated *May* the 6th, ſay, That the Mareſchal *de Theſſe* arrived there on the 29th of the laſt Month, and that the Chavelier *de Beuil* was ſent thither by Don *Pedro Ronquillo* with Advice, That the Confederate Squadron appeared before *Alicant* on the 17th, and having for ſome Time cannonaded the City, endeavoured to land ſome Troops for the Relief of the Caſtle; but General *Stanhope* finding the Paſſes well guarded, and the Enterprize dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the Caſtle; which being granted him, the Garriſon, conſiſting of 600 Regular Troops, marched out with their Arms and Baggage the Day following; and being received on Board, they immediately ſet Sail for *Barcelona*. Theſe Letters add, That the March of the *French* and *Swiſs* Regiments is further deferred for a few Days; and that the Duke of *Noailles* was juſt ready to ſet out for *Rouſſillon*, as well as the Count *de Bezons* for *Catalonia*.

The ſame Advices ſay, Bread was ſold at *Paris* for 6*d.* *per* Pound; and that there was not half enough, even at that Rate, to ſupply the Neceſſities of the People, which reduced them to the utmoſt Deſpair; that 300 Men had taken up Arms, and having plunder'd the Market of the Suburb of St. *Germain*, preſſed down by their Multitude the King's Guards who oppoſed them. Two of thoſe Mutineers were afterward ſeiz'd, and condemn'd to Death; but Four others went to the Magiſtrate who pronounc'd that Sentence, and told him, He muſt expect to anſwer with his own Life, for thoſe of their Comrades. All Order and Senſe of Government being thus

lost among the enraged People, to keep up a Show of Authority; the Captain of the Guards, who saw all their Insolence, pretended, That he had represented to the King their deplorable Condition, and had obtained their Pardon. It is further reported, That the Dauphin, and Dutchess of *Burgundy*, as they went to the Opera, were surrounded by Crowds of People, who upbraided them with their Neglect of the general Calamity, in going to Diversions, when the whole People were ready to perish for want of Bread. Edicts are daily published to suppress these Riots; and Papers, with Menaces against the Government, as publickly thrown about. Among others, these Words were dropped in a Court of Justice, France *wants a* Ravilliac *or a* Jesuit *to deliver her.* Besides this universal Distress, there is a contagious Sickness, which, it is feared, will end in a Pestilence. Letters from *Bourdeaux* bring Accounts no less lamentable: The Peasants are driven by Hunger from their Abodes into that City, and make Lamentations in the Streets without Redress.

We are advised by Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 10th Instant, *N. S.* That on the 6th, the Marquis *de Torcy* arrived there from *Paris*, but the Passport, by which he came, having been sent blank by Monsieur *Rouille*, he was there Two Days before his Quality was known. That Minister offer'd to communicate to Mons. *Heinsius* the Propasals which he had to make; but the Pensionary refused to see them, and said, He would signifiy it to the States, who deputed some of their own Body to acquaint him, That they would enter into no Negotiation till the Arrival of his Grace the D. of *Marlborough*, and the other Ministers of the Alliance. Prince *Eugene* was expected there the 12th Instant from *Brussels*. 'Tis said, That besides Monsieur *de Torcy*, and Monsieur

Monsieur *Pajot*, Director General of the Posts, there are Two or Three Persons at the *Hague* whose Names are not known; but 'tis supposed, that the Duke *d'Alba*, Ambassador from the Duke of *Anjou*, was one of them. The States have sent Letters to all the Cities of the Provinces, desiring them to send their Deputies to receive the Propositions of Peace made by the Court of *France*.

The TATLER. [N° 11.

By *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

From *Tuesday May* 3. to *Thursday May* 5. 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, May 3.

A Kinsman has sent me a Letter, wherein he informs me, He had lately resolved to write an Heroick Poem; but by Business has been interrupted, and has only made one Similitude, which he should be afflicted to have wholly lost, and begs of me to apply it to something, being very desirous to see it well placed in the World. I am so willing to help the Distressed, that I have taken it in: But though his greater Genius might very well distinguish his Verses from mine, I have marked where his begin. His Lines are, a Description of the Sun in Eclipse, which I know nothing more like than a brave Man in Sorrow, who bears it as he should, without imploring the Pity of his Friends, or being dejected with the Contempt of his Enemies: As in the Case of *Cato*:

When all the Globe to *Cæsar*'s Fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his Empire disallow'd;

With Inborn Strength alone oppos'd Mankind,
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardless of his Friend's Applause, or Moan,
Alone Triumphant, since he falls alone.

' Thus when the Ruler of the Genial Day,
' Behind some dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
' Desponding Mortals, with Officious Care,
' The Concave Drum, and Magick Brass prepare;
' Implore him to sustain th'important Fight,
' And save depending Worlds from endless Night.
' Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
' To ease his Conflict, and assist his Toil.
' Whilst he in Beams of Native Splendor bright
' (Tho' dark his Orb appear to Humane Sight)
' Shines to the Gods with more diffusive Light.
' To distant Stars with equal Glory burns,
' Inflames their Lamps, and feeds their Golden Urns.
' Sure to retain his known superior Tract,
' And proves the more illustrious by Defect.

This is a very lively Image; but I must take the Liberty to say, My Kinsman drives the Sun a little like *Phaeton!* He has all the Warmth of *Phœbus*, but won't stay for his Direction of it. *Avail* and *Toil*, *Defect* and *Tract*, will never do for Rhimes. But however, he has the true Spirit in him; for which Reason I was willing to entertain any Thing he pleas'd to send me. The Subject which he writes upon, naturally raises great Reflections in the Soul, and puts us in Mind of the mixed Condition which we Mortals are to support; which, as it varies to Good or Bad, adorns or defaces our Actions to the Beholders: All which Glory and Shame must end in what we so much repine at, Death. But Doctrines on this

this Occasion, any other than that of living well, are the most insignificant and most empty of all the Labours of Men. None but a Tragedian can die by Rule, and wait till he discovers a Plot, or says a fine Thing upon his *Exit*. In real Life, this is a Chimæra; and by Noble Spirits, it will be done decently, without the Ostentation of it. We see Men of all Conditions and Characters go through it with equal Resolution: And if we consider the Speeches of the mighty Philosophers, Heroes, Law-givers, and Great Captains, they can produce no more in a discerning Spirit, than Rules to make a Man a Fop on his Death-Bed. Commend me to that natural Greatness of Soul, expressed by an innocent, and consequently resolute Country Fellow, who said in the Pains of the Cholick, *If I once get this Breath out of my Body, you shall hang me before you put it in again.* Honest *Ned!* and so he died.

But it is to be supposed, from this Place you may expect an Account of such a Thing as a New Play is not to be omitted. That acted this Night is the newest that ever was writ. The Author is my ingenious Friend Mr. *Thomas D——y*. This Drama is called, *The Modern Prophets*, and is a most unanswerable Satyr against the late Spirit of Enthusiasm. The Writer had by long Experience observed, That in Company, very grave Discourses have been followed by Bawdry; and therefore has turned the Humour that Way with great Success, and taken from his Audience all Manner of Superstition, by the Agitations of pretty Mrs. *Bignall*, whom he has, with great Subtilty, made a Lay-Sister, as well as a Prophetess; by which Means, she carries on the Affairs of both Worlds with great Success. My Friend designs to go on with another Work against Winter, which he intends to call,

The Modern Poets: a People no leſs miſtaken in their Opinions of being inſpired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him ſeveral Songs, beſides many Ambiguities, which cannot be miſtaken for any Thing but what he means them. Mr. *D-----y* generally writes State-Plays, and is wonderfully uſeful to the World in ſuch Repreſentations. This Method is the ſame that was us'd by the Old *Athenians*, to laugh out of Countenance, or promote Opinions among the People. My Friend has therefore, againſt this Play is acted for his own Benefit, made Two Dances, which may be alſo of an univerſal Benefit. In the Firſt, he has repreſented Abſolute Power in the Perſon of a Tall Man with an Hat and Feather, who gives his Firſt Miniſter, that ſtands juſt before him, an huge Kick; the Miniſter gives the Kick to the next before; and ſo to the End of the Stage. In the Moral and Practical Jeſt, you are made to underſtand, That there is, in an Abſolute Government, no Gratification, but giving the Kick you receive from one above you, to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy Air; but on a ſudden the Tune moves quicker, and the whole Company fall into a Circle, and take Hands; then at a certain ſharp Note, they move round, and kick as kick can. This latter Performance he makes to be the Repreſentation of a Free State; where, if you all mind your Steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a Motion pleaſant to your ſelves and thoſe you dance with: Nay, if you put your ſelves out, at the worſt you only kick and are kicked, like Friends and Equals.

From my own Apartment, May 4.

Of all the Vanities under the Sun, I confeſs that of being proud of one's Birth is the greateſt. At the ſame Time, ſince in this unreaſonable Age, by the Force of prevailing Cuſtom,

Things

Things in which Men have no Hand, are imputed to them; and that I am used by some People, as if *Isaac Bickerstaff*, tho' I write my self *Esquire*, was no Body: To set the World right in that Particular, I shall give you my Genealogy, as a Kinsman of ours has sent it me from the *Heralds-Office.* It is certain, and observed by the wisest Writers, That there are Women who are not nicely Chast, and Men not severely Honest, in all Families; therefore let those who may be apt to raise Aspersions upon ours, please to give us as Impartial Account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The Business of Heralds is a Matter of so great Nicety, that, to avoid Mistakes, I shall give you my Cousin's Letter *Verbatim*, without altering a Syllable.

Dear Cousin,

Since you have been pleased to make your self so famous of late, by your ingenious Writings, and some Time ago by your learned Predictions: Since Partridge *of Immortal Memory is dead and gone, who, Poetical as he was, could not understand his own Poetry; and Philomathical as he was, could not read his own Destiny: Since the* Pope, *the King of* France, *and great Part of his Court, are either literally or metaphorically defunct: Since, I say, these Things (not foretold by any one but your self) have come to pass after so surprizing a Manner; 'tis with no small Concern I see the Original of the* Staffian *Race so little known in the World as it is at this Time; for which Reason, as you have employed your Studies in Astronomy, and the Occult Sciences; so I, my Mother being a* Welch *Woman, dedicated mine to Genealogy, particularly that of our own Family, which, for its Antiquity and Number, may challenge any in* Great Britain. *The* Staffs *are originally of* Staffordshire, *which took its Name from them: The First that I find of the*

Staffs *was one* Jacobstaff, *a famous and renowned Astronomer, who by* Dorothy *his Wife, had Issue Seven Sons,* viz. Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wagstaff, Quarterstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, *and* Tipstaff. *He also had a Younger Brother who was twice married, and had Five Sons;* viz. Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff, Broomstaff, *and* Raggedstaff. *As from the Branch from whence you spring, I shall say very little of it, only that 'tis the Chief of the* Staffs, *and called* Bickerstaff, quasi Biggerstaff; *as much as to say, the* Great Staff, *or* Staff of Staffs, *and that it has applied it self to Astronomy with great Success, after the Example of our aforesaid Forefather. The Descendants from* Longstaff, *the second Son, were a rakish disorderly Sort of People, and rambled from one Place to another, till in* Harry II.*'s Time they settled in* Kent, *and were called* Long-Tails, *from the* Long-Tails *which were sent them as a Punishment for the Murder of* Thomas a Becket, *as the Legends say. They have been always seeked after by the Ladies; but whether it be to show their Aversion to Popery, or their Love to Miracles, I can't say. The* Wagstaffs *are a merry thoughtless Sort of People, who have always been opinionated of their own Wit; they have turned themselves mostly to Poetry. This is the most numerous Branch of our Family, and the poorest. The* Quarterstaffs *are most of them Prize-fighters, or Deer-stealers: There have been so many of them hanged lately, that there are very few of that Branch of our Family left. The* Whitestaffs *are all Courtiers, and have had very considerable Places. There have been some of them of that Strength and Dexterity, That Five hundred of the ablest Men in the Kingdom have often tugged in vain to pull a Staff out of their Hands. The* Falstaffs *are strangely given to Whoring and Drinking: There are Abundance of them in and about* London. *And one Thing is very remarkable of this Branch, and that*

is,

is, There are just as many Women as Men in it. *There was a wicked Stick of Wood of this Name in* Harry *IV.'s Time, one Sir* John Falstaff. *As for* Tipstaff, *the youngest Son, he was an honest Fellow; but his Sons, and his Sons Sons, have all of them been the verriest Rogues living: 'Tis this unlucky Branch has stock'd the Nation with that Swarm of Lawyers, Attorneys, Serjeants, and Bailiffs, with which the Nation is over-run.* Tipstaff, *being a Seventh Son, used to cure the* King's-Evil; *but his rascally Descendants are so far from having that healing Quality, that by a Touch upon the Shoulder, they give a Man such an ill Habit of Body, that he can never come abroad afterwards. This is all I know of the Line of* Jacobstaff: *His younger Brother* Isaacstaff, *as I told you before, had Five Sons, and was married twice; his First Wife was a* Staff, *(for they did not stand upon false Heraldry in those Days) by whom he had one Son, who in Process of Time being a School-master, and well read in the* Greek, *called himself* Distaff *or* Twicestaff. *He was not very rich, so he put his Children out to Trades; and the* Distaffs *have ever since been employed in the Woollen and Linen Manufactures, except my self, who am a Genealogist.* Pikestaff, *the eldest Son by the Second Venter, was a Man of Business, a downright plodding Fellow, and withal so plain, that he became a Proverb. Most of this Family are at present in the Army.* Raggedstaff *was an unlucky Boy, and used to tear his Clothes a getting Birds Nests, and was always playing with a tame Bear his Father kept.* Mopstaff *fell in love with one of his Father's Maids, and used to help her to clean the House.* Broomstaff *was a Chimney-Sweeper. The* Mopstaffs *and* Broomstaffs *are naturally as civil People as ever went out of Doors; but alas! If they once get into ill Hands, they knock down all before them.* Pilgrimstaff *run away from his* Fr ends

Friends, and went ſtrolling about the Country: And Pipeſtaff *was a Wine-Cooper. Theſe Two were the unlawful Iſſue of* Longſtaff.

N. B. *The* Canes, *the* Clubs, *the* Cudgels, *the* Wands, *the* Devil upon Two Sticks, *and one* Bread, *that goes by the Name of* Staff of Life, *are none of our Relations. I am,* Dear Couſin,

From the *Heralds* *Your humble Servant,*
Office, May 1. D. Diſtaff.

St. *James's Coffee-houſe, May* 4.

As politick News is not the principal Subject on which we treat, we are ſo happy as to have no Occaſion for that Art of Cookery which our Brother Newſmongers ſo much excel in; as appears by their excellent and inimitable Manner of dreſſing up a ſecond Time for your Taſt the ſame Diſh which they gave you the Day before, in caſe there come over no new Pickles from *Holland.* Therefore, when we have nothing to ſay to you from Courts and Camps, we hope ſtill to give you ſomewhat new and curious from our ſelves: The Women of our Houſe, upon Occaſion, being capable of carrying on the Buſineſs, according to the laudable Cuſtom of the Wives in *Holland*; but, without further Preface, take what we have not mentioned in our former Relations.

Letters from *Hanover* of the 30th of the laſt Month ſay, That the Prince Royal of *Pruſſia* arrived there on the 15th, and left that Court on the Second of this Month, in Purſuit of his Journey to *Flanders,* where he makes the enſuing Campaign. Thoſe Advices add, That the young Prince *Naſſau,* Hereditary Governour of *Frieſland,* conſummated on the 26th of the laſt Month his Marriage with the beauteous Princeſs of *Heſſe-Caſſel,* with a Pomp and Magnificence ſuitable to their Age and Quality.

Letters

Letters from *Paris* ſay, His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty retired to *Marly* on the firſt Inſtant, *N. S.* and our laſt Advices from *Spain* inform us, That the Prince of *Aſturias* had made his publick Entry into *Madrid* in great Splendor. The Duke of *Anjou* has given Don *Joſeph Hartado de Amaraga* the Government of *Terra-Firma de Veragua*, and the Preſidency of *Panama* in *America*. They add, That the Forces commanded by the Marquis *de Bay* hath been reinforced by Six Battalions of *Spaniſh* and *Walloon* Guards. Letters from *Lisbon* adviſe, That the Army of the King of *Portugal* was at *Elvas* on the 22d of the laſt Month, and would decamp on the 24th, in order to march upon the Enemy, who lay at *Badajos.*

Yeſterday, at Four in the Morning, his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* ſet out for *Margate*, and embarked for *Holland* at Eight this Morning.

Yeſterday alſo Sir *George Thorold* was declared Alderman of *Cordwainers* Ward, in the Room of his Brother Sir *Charles Thorold* deceaſed.

The TATLER. [N° 12.

From *Thurſd. May* 5. to *Saturd. May* 7. 1709.

May 5.

WHen a Man has engaged to keep a Stage-Coach, he is obliged, whether he has Paſſengers or not, to ſet out: Thus it fares with us Weekly Hiſtorians; but indeed, for my Particular, I hope I ſhall ſoon have little more to do in this Work than to publiſh what is ſent me from ſuch as have Leiſure and Capacity for giving Delight, and being pleaſed in an elegant Manner. The preſent Grandeur of the

the *British* Nation might make us expect, that we should rise in our Publick Diversions, and Manner of enjoying Life, in Proportion to our Advancement in Glory and Power. Instead of that, take and survey this Town, and you'll find, Rakes and Debauchees are your Men of Pleasure; Thoughtless Atheists, and Illiterate Drunkards, call themselves Free-Thinkers; and Gamesters, Banterers, Biters, Swearers, and Twenty new-born Insects more, are, in their several Species, the Modern Men of Wit. Hence it is, that a Man who has been out of Town but one half Year, has lost the Language, and must have some Friend to stand by him, and keep him in Countenance for talking common Sense. To Day I saw a short Interlude at *White*'s of this Nature, which I took Notes of, and put together as well as I could in a Publick Place. The Persons of the *Drama* are, *Pip*, the last Gentleman that has been made so at Cards; *Trimmer*, a Person half undone at them, and is now between a Cheat and a Gentleman; *Acorn*, an honest *English* Man, of good plain Sense and Meaning; and Mr. *Friendly*, a reasonable Man of the Town.

White's *Chocolate-house, May* 5.

Enter *Pip*, *Trim.* and *Acorn.*

Ac. What's the Matter, Gentlemen? What! Take no Notice of an old Friend?

Pip. Pox on it! Don't talk to me, I am Vowel'd by the Count, and cursedly out of Humour.

Ac. Vowel'd! Prithee, *Trimmer*, What does he mean by that?

Trim. Have a Care, *Harry*, speak softly; don't show your Ignorance:——— If you do, they'll bite you where-e'er they meet you; they are such cursed Curs,——— the present Wits.

Ac. Bite me! What do you mean?

Pip.

Pip. Why! Don't you know what Biting is? Nay, you are in the Right on't. However, one would learn it only to defend ones ſelf againſt Men of Wit, as one would know the Tricks of Play, to be ſecure againſt the Cheats. But don't you hear, *Acorn*, that Report, That ſome Potentates of the Alliance have taken Care of themſelves, excluſive of us?

Ac. How! Heaven forbid! After all our Glorious Victories; all this Expence of Blood and Treaſure!

Pip. Bite ———

Ac. Bite! How?

Trim. Nay, he has Bit you fairly enough; that's certain.

Ac. Pox! I don't feel it —— How? Where?

Exit *Pip* and *Trimmer* laughing.

Ac. Ho! Mr *Friendly*, your moſt humble Servant; you heard what paſſed between thoſe fine Gentlemen and me. *Pip* complained to me, That he has been Vowel'd; and they tell me, I am Bit.

Friend. You are to underſtand, Sir, That Simplicity of Behaviour, which is the Perfection of good Breeding and good Senſe, is utterly loſt in the World; and in the Room of it, there are ſtarted a Thouſand little Inventions, which Men, barren of better Things, take up in the Place of it. Thus for every Character in Converſation that uſed to pleaſe, there is an Impoſtor put upon you. Him whom we allow'd formerly for a certain pleaſant Subtilty, and natural Way of giving you an unexpected Hit, called a *Droll*, is now mimick'd by a *Biter*, who is a dull Fellow, that tells you a Lye with a grave Face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Inſtead of that Sort of Companion, who could rally you, and keep his Countenance, till he made you fall

into

into ſome little Inconſiſtency of Behaviour, at which you your ſelf could laugh with him, you have the Sneerer, who will keep you Company from Morning to Night, to gather your Follies of the Day, (which perhaps you commit out of Confidence in him) and expoſe you in the Evening to all the Scorners in Town. For your Man of Senſe and free Spirit, whoſe Set of Thoughts were built upon Learning, Reaſon, and Experience, you have now an impudent Creature made up of Vice only, who ſupports his Ignorance by his Courage, and want of Learning by Contempt of it.

Ac. Dear Sir, hold: What you have told me already of this Change in Converſation, is too miſerable to be heard with any Delight; but, methinks, as theſe new Creatures appear in the World, it might give an excellent Field to Writers for the Stage, to divert us with the Repreſentation of them there.

Friend. No, No: As you ſay, there might be ſome Hopes of Redreſs of theſe Grievances, if there were proper Care taken of the Theatre; but the Hiſtory of that is yet more lamentable, than that of the Decay of Converſation I gave you.

Ac. Pray, Sir, a little: I han't been in Town theſe Six Years, till within this Fortnight.

Friend. It is now ſome Years, ſince ſeveral Revolutions in the Gay World had made the Empire of the Stage ſubject to very fatal Convulſions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the Skill of little King *Oberon*, who then ſate in the Throne of it. The Lazineſs of this Prince threw him upon the Choice of a Perſon who was fit to ſpend his Life in Contentions, an able and profound Attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole Empire. This *Divito* is the moſt skilful of all Politicians: He has a perfect

Art

Art in being unintelligible in Difcourfe, and uncomeatable in Bufinefs. But he having no Underftanding in this polite Way, brought in upon us, to get in his Money, Ladder-dancers, Rope-dancers, Jugglers, and Mountebanks, to ftrut in the Place of *Shakefpear*'s Heroes, and *Johnfon*'s Humorifts. When the Seat of Wit was thus mortgaged, without Equity of Redemption, an Architect arofe, who has built the Mufe a new Palace, but fecured her no Retinue; fo that inftead of Action there, we have been put off by Song and Dance. This latter Help of Sound has alfo began to fail for want of Voices; therefore the Palace has fince been put into the Hands of a Surgeon, who cuts any Foreign Fellow into an Eunuch, and paffes him upon us for a Singer of *Italy*.

Ac. I'll go out of Town to Morrow.

Friend. Things are come to this Pafs; and yet the World will not underftand, that the Theatre has much the fame Effect on the Manners of the Age, as the Bank on the Credit of the Nation. Wit and Spirit, Humour and good Senfe, can never be revived, but under the Government of thofe who are Judges of fuch Talents, who know, that whatever is put up in their Stead, is but a fhort and trifling Expedient, to fupport the Appearance of them for a Seafon. It is poffible, a Peace will give Leifure to put thefe Matters under new Regulations; but at prefent all the Affiftance we can fee towards our Recovery, is as far from giving us Help, as a Poultice is from performing what can be done only by the Grand Elixir.

Will's Coffee-houfe, May 6.

According to our late Defign in the applauded Verfes on the Morning, which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that juft Intention, and prefent you with other Labours, made

made proper to the Place in which they were written. The following Poem comes from *Copenhagen*, and is as fine a Winter-piece, as we have ever had from any of the Schools of the most learned Painters. Such Images as these give us a new Pleasure in our Sight, and fix upon our Minds Traces of Reflection, which accompany us whenever the like Objects occur. In short, excellent Poetry and Description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the Readers of them are made to think, if not write, like Men of Wit. But it would be Injury to detain you longer from this excellent Performance, which is addressed to the Earl of *Dorset* by Mr. *Philips*, the Author of several choice Poems in Mr. *Tonson*'s new Miscellany.

Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.

From Frozen Climes, and endless Tracks of Snow,
From Streams that Northern Winds forbid to flow;
What Present shall the Muse from Dorset *bring;*
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary Winter here conceals from Sight,
All pleasing Objects that to Verse invite.
The Hills and Dales, and the delightful Woods,
The Flowery Plains, and Silver-Streaming Floods,
By Snow disguis'd, in bright Confusion lye,
And with one dazling Waste fatigue the Eye.

No gentle breathing Breeze prepares the Spring,
No Birds within the Desart Region sing.
The Ships unmov'd the boist'rous Winds defie,
While rattling Chariots o'er the Ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan *wants Room to play,*
And spout his Waters in the Face of Day.
The starving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,
And to the Moon in Icy Valleys howl.
For many a shining League the level Main
Here spreads it self into a Glassy Plain:

There

There solid Billows of enormous Size,
Alpes *of green Ice, in wild Disorder rise.*

And yet but lately have I seen e'en here,
The Winter in a lovely Dress appear.
E'er yet the Clouds let fall the treasur'd Snow,
Or Winds begun through hazy Skies to blow.
At Ev'ning a keen Eastern Breze arose;
And the descending Rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent Shades of Night withdrew,
The ruddy Morn disclos'd at once to View
The Face of Nature in a rich Disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry Object to my Eyes:
For ev'ry Shrub, and ev'ry Blade of Grass,
And ev'ry pointed Thorn, seem'd wrought in Glass.
In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,
While through the Ice the Crimson Berries glow.
The thick-sprung Reeds the watry Marshes yield,
Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field.
The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprize,
Sees Chrystal Branches on his Forehead rise.
The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther shine.
The frighted Birds the Rattling Branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant Sun.

When if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,
The brittle Forrest into Atoms flies:
The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,
And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends.
Or, if a Southern Gale the Region warm,
And by Degrees unbind the Wintry Charm,
The Traveller a miry Country sees,
And Journeys sad beneath the dropping Trees.

Like some deluded Peasant, Merlin *leads*
Thro' fragrant Bow'rs and thro' delicious Meads;
While here inchanted Gardens to him rise,
And airy Fabricks there attract his Eyes,

His

His wand'ring Feet the Magick Paths pursue;
And while he thinks the fair Illusion true,
The trackless Scenes disperse in fluid Air,
And Woods, and Wilds, and Thorny Ways appear:
A tedious Road the weary Wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient Vision mourns.

From my own Apartment, May 6.

There has a Mail this Day arrived from *Holland*; but the Matter of the Advices importing rather what gives us great Expectations, than any positive Assurances, I shall, for this Time, decline giving you what I know, and apply the following Verses of Mr. *Dryden*, in the Second Part of *Almanzor*, to the present Circumstances of Things, without discovering what my Knowledge in Astronomy suggests to me.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years:
Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about.
The Place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury:
Till swelling by Degrees it has possest
The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty State,
And pushes on its now unweildy Fate.
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 13.

From *Saturd. May* 7. to *Tuesd. May* 10. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

MUch Hurry and Business had to Day perplex'd me into a Mood too thoughtful for going into Company; for which Reason, instead of the Tavern, I went into *Lincoln's-Inn-Walks*; and having taken a Round or Two, I sate down, according to the allowed Familiarity of these Places, on a Bench; at the other End of which sate a venerable Gentleman, who speaking with a very affable Air, *Mr.* Bickerstaff, said he, *I take it for a very great Piece of good Fortune that you have found me out. Sir,* said I, *I had never, that I know of, the Honour of seeing you before. That,* replied he, *is what I have often lamented; but I assure you, I have for many Years done you good Offices, without being observed by you; or else, when you had any little Glimpse of my being concerned in an Affair, you have fled from me, and shunned me like an Enemy; but however, the Part I am to act in the World is such, that I am to go on in doing Good, though I meet with never so many Repulses, even from those I oblige.* This, thought I, shows a great good Nature, but little Judgment in the Persons upon whom he confers his Favours. He immediately took Notice to me, That he observed by my Countenance I thought him indiscreet in his Beneficence, and proceeded to tell me his Quality in the following Manner: *I know thee,* Isaac, *to be so well vers'd in the Occult Sciences, that I need not much Preface, or make long Preparations to gain your Faith that there are Airy Beings, who are employed in the Care and Attendance*

dance of Men, as Nurſes are to Infants, till they come to an Age in which they can act of themſelves. Theſe Beings are uſually called amongſt Men, Guardian Angels; *and,* Mr. Bickerſtaff, *I am to acquaint you, that I am to be yours for ſome Time to come; it being our Orders to vary our Stations, and ſometimes to have one Patient under our Protection, and ſometimes another, with a Power of aſſuming what Shape we pleaſe, to enſnare our Wards into their own Good. I have of late been upon ſuch hard Duty, and know you have ſo much Work for me, that I think fit to appear to you Face to Face, to deſire you would give me as little Occaſion for Vigilance as you can.* Sir, ſaid I, *it will be a great Inſtruction to me in my Behaviour, if you pleaſe to give me ſome Account of your late Employments, and what Hardſhips or Satisfactions you have had in them, that I may govern my ſelf accordingly.* He anſwered: To give you an Example of the Drudgery we go through, I will entertain you only with my Three laſt Stations: I was on the Firſt of *April* laſt put to mortifie a great Beauty, with whom I was a Week; from her I went to a common Swearer, and have been laſt with a Gameſter. When I firſt came to my Lady, I found my great Work was to guard well her Eyes and Ears, but her Flatterers were ſo numerous, and the Houſe, after the modern Way, ſo full of Looking-glaſſes, that I ſeldom had her ſafe but in her Sleep. Whenever we went Abroad, we were ſurrounded by an Army of Enemies: When a well made Man appeared, he was ſure to have a Side-glance of Obſervations: If a diſagreeable Fellow, he had a full Face, out of meer Inclination to Conqueſts. But at the Cloſe of the Evening, on the Sixth of the laſt Month, my Ward was ſitting on a Couch, reading *Ovid's Epiſtles*; and as ſhe came to this Line of *Helen* to *Paris*,

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She half consents who silently denies;

enter'd *Philander*, who is the most skilful of all Men in an Address to Women. He is arrived at the Perfection of that Art which gains them, which is, *To talk like a very miserable Man, but look like a very happy One.* I saw *Dictinna* blush at his Entrance, which gave me the Alarm; but he immediately said something so agreeable on her being at Study, and the Novelty of finding a Lady employed in so grave a Manner, that he on a sudden became very familiarly a Man of no Consequence; and in an Instant laid all her Suspicions of his Skill asleep, as he almost had done mine, till I observed him very dangerously turn his Discourse upon the Elegance of her Dress, and her Judgment in the Choice of that very pretty Mourning. Having had Women before under my Care, I trembled at the Apprehension of a Man of Sense who could talk upon Trifles, and resolved to stick to my Post with all the Circumspection imaginable. In short, I prepossessed her against all he could say to the Advantage of her Dress and Person; but he turned again the Discourse, where I found I had no Power over her, on the abusing her Friends and Acquaintance. He allowed indeed, That *Flora* had a little Beauty, and a great deal of Wit; but then she was so ungainly in her Behaviour, and such a laughing *Hoyden*------ *Pastorella* had with him the Allowance of being Blameless: But what was that towards being Praise-worthy? To be only Innocent, is not to be Virtuous. He afterwards spoke so much against Mrs. *Dipple*'s Forehead, Mrs. *Prim*'s Mouth, Mrs. *Dentifrice*'s Teeth, and Mrs. *Fidget*'s Cheeks, that she grew downright in Love with him: For it is always to be understood, That a Lady takes all you detract from the rest of her Sex to be

be a Gift to her. In a Word, Things went ſo far, that I was diſmiſſed, and ſhe will remember that Evening Nine Months, from the Sixth of *April*, by a very remarkable Token. The next, as I ſaid, I went to was a common Swearer: Never was a Creature ſo puzzled as my ſelf when I came firſt to view his Brain; half of it was worn out, and filled up with meer Expletives, that had nothing to do with any other Parts of the Texture; therefore, when he called for his Clothes in a Morning, he would cry, *John?* —— *John* does not anſwer. *What a Plague! No Body there? What the Devil, and rot me!* John, *for a lazy Dog as you are.* I knew no Way to cure him, but my writing down all he ſaid one Morning as he was dreſſing, and laying it before him on the Toilet when he came to pick his Teeth. The laſt Recital I gave him of what he ſaid for half an Hour before, was, *What, a Pox rot me! Where is the Waſhball? Call the Chairmen: Damn 'em, I warrant they are at the Alehouſe already! Zounds, and Confound 'em.* When he came to the Glaſs, he takes up my Note —— *Ha! This Fellow is worſe than me: What, Does he ſwear with Pen and Ink?* But reading on, he found them to be his own Words. The Stratagem had ſo good an Effect upon him, that he grew immediately a new Man, and is learning to ſpeak without an Oath, which makes him extremely ſhort in his Phraſes; for, as I obſerved before, a Common Swearer has a Brain without any Idea on the Swearing Side; therefore my Ward has yet mighty little to ſay, and is forced to ſubſtitute ſome other Vehicle of Nonſence to ſupply the Defect of his uſual Expletives. When I left him, he made Uſe of, *Odsbodikins Oh! me!* and *Never ſtir alive!* and ſo forth; which gave me the Hopes of his Recovery. So I went to the next I told you of,

the Gamester. When we first take our Place about a Man, the Receptacles of the *Pericranium* are immediately searched. In his, I found no one ordinary Trace of Thinking; but strong Passion, violent Desires, and a continued Series of different Changes, had torn it to Pieces. There appeared no middle Condition; the Triumph of a Prince, or the Misery of a Beggar, were his alternate States. I was with him no longer than one Day, which was Yesterday. In the Morning at Twelve, we were worth Four Thousand Pounds; at Three, we were arrived at Six Thousand; half an Hour after, we were reduced to One Thousand; at Four of the Clock we were down to Two Hundred; at Five, to Fifty; at Six, to Five; at Seven, to One Guinea; the next Bet, to Nothing. This Morning, he borrowed Half a Crown of the Maid who cleans his Shoes; and is now gaming in *Lincolns-Inn Fields* among the Boys for Farthings and Oranges, till he has made up Three Pieces, and then he returns to *White*'s into the best Company in Town. This ended our first Discourse; and it his hoped, you will forgive me that I have picked so little out of my Companion at our first Interview. In the next, 'tis possible he may tell me more pleasing Incidents; for though he is a Familiar, he is not an Evil Spirit.

St. James's *Coffee-house*, *May* 9.

We hear from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant, *N. S.* That Monsieur *de Torcy* hath had frequent Conferences with the Grand Pensioner, and the other Ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur *Rouille*. The Preliminaries of a Peace are almost settled, and the Proceedings wait only for the Arrival of the Duke of *Marlborough*; after whose Approbation of the Articles proposed, it is not doubted

but the Methods of the Treaty will be publickly known. In the mean Time, the States have declared an Abhorrence of making any Step in this great Affair, but in Concert with the Court of *Great Britain*, and other Princes of the Alliance. The Posture of Affairs in *France* does necessarily oblige that Nation to be very much in Earnest in their Offers; and Monsieur *de Torcy* hath professed to the Grand Pensioner, That he will avoid all Occasions of giving him the least Jealousie of his using any Address in private Conversations for accomplishing the Ends of his Embassy. It is said, That as soon as the Preliminaries are adjusted, that Minister is to return to the *French* Court. The States of *Holland* have resolved to make it an Instruction to all their Men of War and Privateers, to bring into their Ports whatever Neutral Ships they shall meet with laden with Corn, and bound for *France*; and to avoid all Cause of Complaint from the Potentates to whom these Ships shall belong, their full Demand for their Freight shall be paid them there. The *French* Protestants residing in that Country have applied themselves to their respective Magistrates, desiring that there may be an Article in the Treaty of Peace, which may give Liberty of Conscience to the Protestants in *France*. Monsieur *Bosnage*, Minister of the *Walloon* Church at *Rotterdam*, has been at the *Hague*, and hath had some Conferences with the Deputies of the States on that Subject. It is reported there, That all the *French* Refugees in those Dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good Effects of the Treaty with the *Hollanders* themselves, in respect to *France*.

Letters from *Paris* say, The People conceive great Hopes of a sudden Peace, from Monsieur *Torcy*'s being employed in the Negotiation, he

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being a Minister of too great Weight in that Court, to be sent on any Employment in which his Master would not act in a Manner wherein he might justly promise himself Success. The *French* Advices add, That there is an Insurrection in *Poictou*; 3000 Men having taken up Arms, and beaten the Troops which were appointed to disperse them: Three of the Mutineers being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the King's Party were used after the same Manner.

Our late Act of Naturalization hath had so great an Effect in Foreign Parts, that some Princes have prohibited the *French* Refugees in their Dominions to sell or transfer their Estates to any other of their Subjects; and at the same Time have granted them greater Immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own Subjects from leaving their native Country, on Pain of Death.

The TATLER. [N° 14.

From *Tuesd. May* 10. to *Thursd. May* 12. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAD it not been that my Familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in Person, I had certainly been unable to have found even Words, without Meaning, to keep up my Intelligence with the Town: But he has checked me severely for my Despondence, and ordered me to go on in my Design of observing upon Things, and forbearing Persons; for, said he, the Age you live in is such, that a good Picture of any Vice or Virtue will infallibly be

misrepresented; and though none will take the kind Descriptions you make so much to themselves, as to wish well to the Author, yet all will resent the ill Characters you produce, out of Fear of their own Turn in the Licence you must be obliged to take, if you point at particular Persons. I took his Admonition kindly, and immediately promised him to beg Pardon of the Author of the *Advice to the Poets*, for my Raillery upon his Work; tho' I aimed at no more in that Examination, but to convince him, and all Men of Genius, of the Folly of laying themselves out on such Plans as are below their Characters. I hope too it was done without Ill-Breeding, and nothing spoken below what a Civilian (as it is allowed I am) may utter to a Physician. After this Preface, all the World may be safe from my Writings; for if I can find nothing to commend, I am silent, and will forbear the Subject: For, though I am a Reformer, I scorn to be an Inquisitor.

It would become all Men as well as me, to lay before 'em the noble Character of *Verus* the Magistrate, who always sate in Triumph over, and Contempt of Vice; He never searched after it, or spared it when it came before him: At the same Time, He could see thro' the Hypocrisy and Disguise of those, who have no Pretence to Virtue themselves, but by their Severity to the Vicious. This same *Verus* was, in Times long past, Chief Justice (as we call it amongst us) in *Fœlicia*. He was a Man of profound Knowledge of the Laws of his Country, and as just an Observer of 'em in his own Person. He considered Justice as a Cardinal Virtue, not as a Trade for Maintenance. Wherever he was Judge, he never forgot that he was also Council. The Criminal before him was always sure he stood before his Country, and, in a Sort, a Parent of it.

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The Prisoner knew, that tho' his Spirit was broken with Guilt, and incapable of Language to defend it self, all would be gathered from him which could conduce to his Safety; and that his Judge would wrest no Law to destroy him, nor conceal any that could save him. In his Time, there were a Nest of Pretenders to Justice, who happ n'd to be employed to put Things in a Method for being examined before him at his usual Sessions: These Animals were to *Verus*, as Monkeys are to Men, so like, that you can hardly disown them; but so base, that you are ashamed of their Fraternity. It grew a Phrase, *Who would do Justice on the Justices?* That certainly would *Verus*. I have seen an old Trial where he sate Judge on Two of 'em; one was called *Trick-Track*, the other *Tearshift*; one was a learned Judge of Sharpers, the other the quickest of all Men at finding out a Wench. *Trick-Track* never spared a Pick-pocket, but was a Companion to Cheats: *Tearshift* would make Compliments to Wenches of Quality, but certainly commit poor ones. If a poor Rogue wanted a Lodging, *Trick-Track* sent him to Gaol for a Thief: If a poor Whore went only with one thin Peticoat, *Tearshift* would imprison her for being loose in her Dress. These Patriots infested the Days of *Verus*, while they alternately committed and released each others Prisoners. But *Verus* regarded them as Criminals, and always look'd upon Men as they stood in the Eye of Justice, without respecting whether they sate on the Bench, or stood at the Bar.

Will's Coffee-house, May 11.

Yesterday we were entertained with the Tragedy of *The Earl of Essex*, in which there is not one good Line, and yet a Play which was never seen without drawing Tears from some Part of the Audience: A remarkable Instance, that the

Soul is not to be moved by Words, but Things; for the Incidents in this *Drama* are laid together so happily, that the Spectator makes the Play for himself, by the Force which the Circumstance has upon his Imagination. Thus, in spight of the most dry Discourses, and Expressions almost ridiculous with respect to Propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudic'd to see it untouch'd with Pity. I must confess this Effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in Nature, to be moved by her first Suggestions. It is certain, the Person and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks* has no small Share in conducing to the Popularity of the Play; and when an handsome Fellow is going to a more course *Exit* than Beheading, his Shape and Countenance makes every tender one reprieve him with all her Heart, without waiting till she hears his dying Words.

This Evening *The Alchymist* was played. This Comedy is an Example of *Ben*'s extensive Genius and Penetration into the Passions and Follies of Mankind. The Scene in the Fourth Act, where all the cheated People oppose the Man that would open their Eyes, has something in it so inimitably excellent, that it is certainly as great a Master-piece as has ever appeared by any Hand. The Author's great Address in showing Covetuosness the Motive of the Actions of the *Puritan*, the *Epicure*, the *Gamester*, and the *Trader*; that all their Endeavours, how differently soever they seem to tend, center only in that one Point of Gain, shows he had to a great Perfection that Discernment of Spirit, which constitutes a Genius for Comedy.

White's Chocolate-house, May 11.

Is is not to be imagined how far the Violence of our Desires will carry us towards our own Deceit

Deceit in the Purſuit of what we wiſh for. A Gentleman here this Evening was giving me an Account of a dumb Fortune-Teller, who outdoes Mr. *Partridge*, my ſelf, or the Unborn-Doctor, for Predictions. All his Viſitants come to him full of Expectations, and pay his own Rate for the Interpretations they put upon his Shrugs and Nods. There is a fine rich City-Widow ſtole thither the other Day, (though it is not Six Weeks ſince her Husband's Departure from her Company to reſt) and, with her truſty Maid, demanded of him, Whether ſhe ſhould marry again, by holding up Two Fingers, like Horns on her Forehead. The Wizard held up both her Hands forked. The Relict deſired to know, Whether he meant by his holding up both Hands, to repreſent that ſhe had one Huſband before, and that ſhe ſhould have another? Or that he intimated, ſhe ſhould have Two more? The Cunning Man look'd a little ſour; upon which *Betty* jogged her Miſtreſs, who gave t'other Guinea; and he made her underſtand, She ſhould poſitively have Two more; but ſhaked his Head, and hinted, that they ſhould not live long with her. The Widow ſighed, and gave him t'other half Guinea. After this Prepoſſeſſion, all that ſhe had next to do, was to make Sallies to our End of the Town, and find out who it is her Fate to have. There are Two who frequent this Place, whom ſhe takes for Men of Vogue, and of whom her Imagination has given her the Choice. They are both the Appearances of fine Gentlemen, to ſuch as do not know when they ſee Perſons of that Turn; and indeed, they are induſtrious enough to come at that Character, to deſerve the Reputation of being ſuch. But this Town will not allow us to be the Thing we ſeem to aim at, and are too diſcerning to be fobb'd off with Pretences. One of theſe pretty

Fellows fails by his laborious Exactneſs; the other, by his as much ſtudied Negligence. *Frank Careleſs*, as ſoon as his Valet has helped on and adjuſted his Clothes, goes to his Glaſs, ſets his Wig awry, tumbles his Cravat; and in ſhort, undreſſes himſelf to go into Company. *Will Nice* is ſo little ſatisfied with his Dreſs, that all the Time he is at a Viſit, he is ſtill mending it, and is for that Reaſon the more inſufferable; for he who ſtudies Careleſneſs, has, at leaſt, his Work the ſooner done of the Two. The Widow is diſtracted whom to take for her firſt Man; for *Nice* is every Way ſo careful, that ſhe fears his Length of Days; and *Frank* is ſo looſe, that ſhe has Apprehenſions for her own Health with him. I am puzzled how to give a juſt Idea of them; but in a Word, *Careleſs* is a Coxcomb, and *Nice* a Fop: Both, you'll ſay, very hopeful Candidates for a gay Woman juſt ſet at Liberty. But there is a Whiſper, her Maid will give her to *Tom Terrour* the Gameſter. This Fellow has undone ſo many Women, that he'll certainly ſucceed if he is introduced; for nothing ſo much prevails with the vain Part of that Sex, as the Glory of deceiving them who have deceived others.

Deſunt Multa.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 11.

Letters from *Berlin*, bearing Date *May* 11. *N. S.* inform us, That the Birth-Day of her *Pruſſian* Majeſty has been celebrated there with all poſſible Magnificence; and the King made her, on that Occaſion, a Preſent of Jewels to the Value of Thirty Thouſand Crowns. The Marquis *de Queſne*, who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his great Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt, was, at the Time of the Diſpatch of theſe Letters, at that Court, ſoliciting the King to take Care,

that

that an Article in Behalf of the Refugees, admitting their Return to *France*, ſhould be inſerted in the Treaty of Peace. They write from *Hanover* of the 14th, That his Electoral Highneſs had received an Expreſs from Count *Merci*, repreſenting how neceſſary it was to the Common Cauſe, that he would pleaſe to haſten to the *Rhine*; for that nothing but his Preſence could quicken the Meaſures towards bringing the Imperial Army into the Field. There are very many Speculations upon the intended Interview of the King of *Denmark* and King *Auguſtus*. The latter has made ſuch Preparations for the Reception of the other, that it is ſaid, his *Daniſh* Majeſty will be entertained in *Saxony* with much more Elegance than he met with in *Italy* it ſelf.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 18th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* landed the Night before at the *Brill*, after having been kept out at Sea by adverſe Winds two Days longer than is uſual in that Paſſage. His Excellency the Lord *Townſhend*, Her Majeſty's Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States-General, was driven into the *Veer* in *Zealand* on *Thurſday* laſt, from whence he came to the *Hague* within few Hours after the Arrival of his Grace. The Duke, ſoon after his coming to the *Hague*, had a Viſit from the Penſioner of *Holland*. All Things relating to the Peace were in Suſpence till this Interview; nor is it yet known what Reſolutions will be taken on that Subject; for the Troops of the Allies have freſh Orders diſpatched to them to move from their reſpective Quarters, and march with all Expedition to the Frontiers, where the Enemy are making their utmoſt Efforts for the Defence of their Country. Theſe Advices further inform us, That the Marquis *de Torcy* had re-

ceiv'd an Anſwer from the Court of *France* to his Letters which he had ſent thither by an Expreſs on the *Friday* before.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has received Letters from* Mr. Coltſtaff, *Mr.* Whipſtaff, *Mrs.* Rebecca Wagſtaff; *all which relate chiefly to their being left out in the Genealogy of the Family lately publiſhed; but my Couſin being a Clerk in the* Herald's Office *who writ that Draught, and being at preſent under the Diſpleaſure of the Chapter; it is feared, if that Matter ſhould be touched upon at this Time, the young Gentleman would loſe his Place for Treaſon againſt the Kings at Arms.*

The TATLER. [Nº 15.

From *Thurſd. May* 12. to *Saturd. May* 14. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 12.

I Have taken a Reſolution hereafter, on any Want of Intelligence, to carry my Familiar abroad with me, who has promiſed to give me very proper and juſt Notices of Perſons and Things, to make up the Hiſtory of the paſſing Day. He is wonderfully skilful in the Knowledge of Men and Manners, which has made me more than ordinary curious to know how he came to that Perfection, and I communicated to him that Doubt. Mr. *Pacolet,* ſaid I, I am mightily ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo good a Judge of our Nature and Circumſtances, ſince you are a meer Spirit, and have no Knowledge of the Bodily Parts of us. He anſwered, ſmiling, You are miſtaken, I have been one of you, and lived a Month amongſt you, which gives me an exact Senſe of your Condition. You are to know, That all who enter into Humane Life, have a certain Date or *Stamen* given to their Being,

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which they only who die of Age may be ſaid to have arrived at; but it is ordered ſometimes by Fate, that ſuch as die Infants, are after Death to attend Mankind to the End of that *Stamen* of Being in themſelves, which was broke off by Sickneſs or any other Diſaſter. Theſe are proper Guardians to Men, as being inſenſible of the Infirmity of their State. You are Philoſopher enough to know, that the Difference of Men's Underſtanding proceeds only from the various Diſpoſitions of their Organs; ſo that he who dies at a Month old, is in the next Life as knowing (tho' more innocent) as they who live to Fifty; and after Death, they have as perfect a Memory and Judgment of all that paſs'd in their Life-time, as I have of all the Revolutions in that uneaſie, turbulent Condition of yours; and, you'd ſay, I had enough of it in a Month, were I to tell you all my Misfortunes. A Life of a Month, can't have, one would think, much Variety; but pray, ſaid I, let us have your Story.

Then he proceeds in the following Manner:

It was one of the moſt wealthy Families in *Great Britain* into which I was born, and it was a very great Happineſs to me that it ſo happen'd, otherwiſe I had ſtill, in all Probability, been living: But I ſhall recount to you all the Occurrences of my ſhort and miſerable Exiſtence, juſt as, by examining into the Traces made in my Brain, they appeared to me at that Time. The firſt Thing that ever ſtruck my Senſes, was a Noiſe over my Head of one ſhrieking; after which, methought I took a full Jump, and found my ſelf in the Hands of a Sorcereſs, who ſeem'd as if ſhe had been long waking, and employed in ſome Incantation: I was throughly frighten'd, and cried out, but ſhe immediately ſeem'd to go on in ſome Magical Operation, and

anointed

anointed me from Head to Foot. What they meant, I could not imagine; for there gather'd a great Crowd about me, crying, *An Heir, an Heir*; upon which I grew a little ſtill, and believed this was a Ceremony to be uſed only to great Perſons, and ſuch as made them, what they call'd, *Heirs*. I lay very quiet; but the Witch, for no Manner of Reaſon or Provocation in the World, takes me and binds my Head as hard as poſſibly ſhe could, then ties up both my Legs, and makes me ſwallow down an horrid Mixture; I thought it an harſh Entrance into Life to begin with taken Phyſick; but I was forced to it, or elſe muſt have taken down a great Inſtrument in which ſhe gave it me. When I was thus dreſſed, I was carried to a Bed-ſide where a fine young Lady (my Mother I wot) had like to have hugg'd me to Death. From her, they faced me about, and there was a Thing with quite another Look from the reſt of the Room, to whom they talk'd about my Noſe. He ſeem'd wonderfully pleas'd to ſee me; but I knew ſince, my Noſe belonged to another Family. That into which I was born, is one of the moſt numerous amongſt you; therefore Crowds of Relations came every Day to congratulate my Arrival; among others, my Couſin *Betty*, the greateſt Romp in Nature: She whisks me ſuch a Height over her Head, that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinch'd me, and called me ſquealing Chit, and threw me into a Girls Arms that was taken in to tend me. The Girl was very proud of the Womanly Employment of a Nurſe, and took upon her to ſtrip and dreſs me a-new, becauſe I made a Noiſe, to ſee what ailed me: She did ſo, and ſtuck a Pin in every Joint about me. I ſtill cried: Upon which, ſhe lays me on my Face in her Lap; and to quiet me, fell a nailing in all the

the Pins, by clapping me on the Back, and skreaming a Lullaby. But my Pain made me exalt my Voice above hers, which brought up the Nurſe, the Witch I firſt ſaw, and my Grandmother. The Girl is turned down Stairs, and I ſtripp'd again, as well to find what ail'd me, as to ſatisfy my Granam's further Curioſity. This good old Woman's Viſit was the Cauſe of all my Troubles. You are to underſtand, That I was hitherto bred by Hand, and any Body that ſtood next, gave me Pap, if I did but open my Lips; inſomuch, that I was grown ſo cunning, as to pretend my ſelf aſleep when I was not, to prevent my being cramm'd. But my Grandmother began a loud Lecture upon the Idleneſs of the Wives of this Age, who, for Fear of their Shapes, forbear ſuckling their own Offſpring: And Ten Nurſes were immediately ſent for; one was whiſper'd to have a wanton Eye, and would ſoon ſpoil her Milk; another was in a Conſumption; the Third had an ill Voice, and would frighten me, inſtead of lulling me to ſleep. Such Exceptions were made againſt all but one Country Milch-Wench, to whom I was committed, and put to the Breaſt. This careleſs Jade was eternally romping with the Footmen, and downright ſtarved me; inſomuch that I daily pined away, and ſhould never have been reliev'd, had it not been, that on the Thirtieth Day of my Life, a Fellow of the *Royal Society*, who had writ upon *Cold Baths*, came to viſit me, and ſolemnly proteſted, I was utterly loſt for want of that Method: Upon which he ſous'd me Head and Ears into a Pail of Water, where I had the good Fortune to be drowned, and ſo eſcap'd being laſh'd into a Linguiſt till Sixteen, running after Wenches till Twenty five, and being married to an ill-natured Wife till Sixty: Which had certainly been my Fate, had not the Inchant-

ment between Body and Soul been broke by this Philoſopher. Thus, till the Age I ſhould have otherwiſe liv'd, I am oblig'd to watch the Steps of Men; and if you pleaſe, ſhall accompany you in your preſent Walks, and get you Intelligence from the Aerial Lacquey, who is in Waiting, what are the Thoughts and Purpoſes of any whom you enquire for. I accepted his kind Offer, and immediately took him with me in an Hack to *White*'s.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 13.

We got in hither, and my Companion threw a Powder round us, that made me as inviſible as himſelf; ſo that we could ſee and hear all others, our ſelves unſeen and unheard.

The firſt Thing we took Notice of, was a Nobleman of a goodly and frank Aſpect, with his generous Birth and Temper viſible in it, playing at Cards with a Creature of a black and horrid Countenance, wherein were plainly delineated the Arts of his Mind, Couſenage and Falſhood. They were marking their Game with Counters, on which we could ſee Inſcriptions, imperceptible to any but us. My Lord had ſcor'd with Pieces of Ivory, on which were writ, *Good Fame, Glory, Riches, Honour, and Poſterity.* The Spectre over-againſt him had on his Counters the Inſcriptions of *Diſhonour, Impudence, Poverty, Ignorance, and Want of Shame.* Bleſs me! ſaid I; Sure my Lord does not ſee what he plays for! As well as I do, ſays *Pacolet.* He deſpiſes that Fellow he plays with, and ſcorns himſelf for making him his Companion. At the very Inſtant he was ſpeaking, I ſaw the Fellow who play'd with my Lord, hide Two Cards in the Roll of his Stocking: *Pacolet* immediately ſtole 'em from thence; upon which the Noble-

man ſoon after won the Game. The little Triumph he appeared in, when he got ſuch a trifling Stock of ready Money, tho' he had ventured ſo great Sums with Indifference, increas'd my Admiration. But *Pacolet* began to talk to me. Mr. *Iſaac,* This to you looks wonderful, but not at all to us higher Beings: That Noble has as many good Qualities as any Man of his Order, and ſeems to have no Faults but what, as I may ſay, are Excreſcencies from Virtues. He is Generous to a Prodigality, more Affable than is conſiſtent with his Quality, and Couragious to a Raſhneſs. Yet, after all this, the Source of his whole Conduct is (tho' he would hate himſelf if he knew it) meer Avarice. The Ready Caſh laid before the Gameſter's Counters makes him venture, as you ſee, and lay Diſtinction againſt Infamy, Abundance againſt Want; in a Word, all that's deſirable againſt all that's to be avoided. However, ſaid I, be ſure you diſappoint the Sharpers to Night, and ſteal from 'em all the Cards they hide. *Pacolet* obey'd me, and my Lord went Home with their whole Bank in his Pocket.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 13.

To Night was acted a Second Time, a Comedy, call'd, *The Buſie Body*: This Play is written by a Lady. In old Times, we us'd to ſit upon a Play here after it was acted; but now the Entertainment is turn'd another Way; not but there are conſiderable Men appear in all Ages, who, for ſome eminent Quality or Invention, deſerve the Eſteem and Thanks of the Publick. Such a Benefector is a Gentleman of this Houſe, who is obſerved by the Surgeons with much Envy; for he has invented an Engine for the Prevention of Harms by Love-Adventures, and by great Care and Application, hath made it an Immodeſty to name his Name. This Act of Self-denial has

gain'd

gain'd this worthy Member of the Commonwealth a great Reputation. Some Law-givers have departed from their Abodes for ever, and commanded the Obſervation of their Laws till their Return; others have uſed other Artifices to fly the Applauſe of their Merit; but this Perſon ſhuns Glory with greater Addreſs, and has, by giving his Engine his own Name, made it obſcene to ſpeak of him more. However, he is rank'd among, and receiv'd by the modern Wits, as a great Promoter of Gallantry and Pleaſure. But I fear, Pleaſure is leſs underſtood in this Age, which ſo much pretends to it, than in any ſince the Creation. 'Twas admirably ſaid of him who firſt took Notice, That (*Res eſt ſevera Voluptas*) there is a certain Severity in Pleaſure. Without that, all Decency is baniſhed; and if Reaſon is not to be preſent at our greateſt Satisfactions, of all the Races of Creatures, the Humane is the moſt miſerable. It was not ſo of old; when *Virgil* deſcribes a Wit, he always means a virtuous Man; and all his Sentiments of Men of Genius are ſuch as ſhow Perſons diſtinguiſhed from the common Level of Mankind; ſuch as placed Happineſs in the Contempt of low Fears, and mean Gratifications: Fears, which we are ſubject to with the Vulgar; and Pleaſures, which we have in common with Beaſts. With theſe Illuſtrious Perſonages, the wiſeſt Man was the greateſt Wit; and none was thought Worthy of that Character, unleſs he anſwered this excellent Deſcription of the Poet:

Qui---Metus omnes & inexorabile Fatum
Subjecit Pedibus, ſtrepitumq; Acherontis *avari.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 13.

We had this Morning Advice, That ſome *Engliſh* Merchant Ships, convoyed by the *Briſtol* of 54 Guns, were met with by a Part of Monſ. *du*

Gui Trouin's Squadron, who engaged the Convoy. That Ship defended it ſelf till the *Engliſh* Merchants got clear of the Enemy, but being diſabled, was her ſelf taken. Within few Hours after, my Lord *Durſley* came up with Part of his Squadron, and engaging the *French*, retook the *Briſtol* (which being very much ſhattered, ſunk), and took the *Glorieux*, a Ship of 44 Guns, as alſo a Privateer of 14. Before this Action, his Lordſhip had taken Two *French* Merchant Men, and had, at the Diſpatch of theſe Advices, brought the whole ſafe into *Plimouth*.

The TATLER. [N° 16.

From *Saturd. May* 14. to *Tueſd. May* 17. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 15.

SIR *Thomas*, of this Houſe, has ſhow'd me ſome Letters from the *Bath*, which give Accounts of what paſſes among the good Company of that Place; and allow'd me to tranſcribe one of them, that ſeems to be writ by ſome of Sir *Thomas's* particular Acquaintance, and is as follows:

Dear Knight,

I Deſire you would give my humble Service to all our Friends, which I ſpeak of to you (out of Method) in the very Beginning of my Epiſtle, leſt the preſent Diſorders, by which this Seat of Gallantry and Pleaſure is torn to Pieces, ſhould make me forget it. You keep ſo good Company, that you know *Bath* is ſtock'd with ſuch as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant Health, or imaginary Sickneſs, and conſequently is always as well ſtowed with Gallants as Invalids, who live together in a very good Un-

Underſtanding. But the Seaſon is ſo early, that our fine Company is not yet arrived; and the Warm Bath, which in Heathen Times was dedicated to *Venus*, is now uſed only by ſuch as really want it for Health's Sake. There are however a good many Strangers, among whom are Two ambitious Ladies, who being both in the Autumn of their Life, take the Opportunity of placing themſelves at the Head of ſuch as we are, before the *Chloe's*, *Clariſſa's*, and *Paſtorella's* come down. One of theſe Two is exceſſively in Pain, that the ugly Being called *Time* will make Wrinkles in Spite of the Lead Forehead-Cloth; and therefore hides with the Gaiety of her Air, the Volubility of her Tongue, and Quickneſs of her Motion, the Injuries which it has done her. The other Lady is but Two Years behind her in Life, and dreads as much being laid aſide as the former, and conſequently has taken the neceſſary Precautions to prevent her Reign over us. But ſhe is very diſcreet, and wonderfully turned for Ambition, being never apparently tranſported either with Affectation or Malice. Thus, while *Florimel* is talking in Publick, and ſpreading her Graces in Aſſemblies, to gain a Popular Dominion over our Diverſions, *Prudentia* viſits very cunningly all the Lame, the Splenatick, and the Superannuated, who have their diſtinct Claſſes of Followers and Friends. Among theſe, ſhe has found that ſome Body has ſent down printed Certificates of *Florimel's* Age, which ſhe has read and diſtributed to this unjoyful Set of People, who are always Enemies to thoſe in Poſſeſſion of the good Opinion of the Company. This unprovoked Injury done by *Prudentia*, was the firſt Occaſion of our fatal Diviſions here, and a Declaration of War between theſe Rivals. *Florimel* has abundance of Wit, which ſhe has

lavish'd

lavish'd in decrying *Prudentia*, and giving Defiance to her little Arts. For an Instance of her superior Power, she bespoke the Play of *Alexander the Great*, to be acted by the Company of Strollers, and desired us all to be there on *Thursday* last. When she spoke to me to come, *As you are*, said she, *a Lover, you will not fail the Death of* Alexander: *The Passion of Love is wonderfully hit* —— Statira! *Oh that happy Woman* —— *To have a Conqueror at her Feet* —— *But you'll be sure to be there.* I, and several others, resolv'd to be of her Party. But see the irresistible Strength of that unsuspected Creature, a *Silent Woman. Prudentia* had counterplotted us, and had bespoke on the same Evening the Poppet-Show of *The Creation of the World*. She had engaged every Body to be there; and to turn our Leader into Ridicule, had secretly let 'em know, that the Poppet *Eve* was made the most like *Florimel* that ever was seen. On *Thursday* Morning the *Poppet-Drummer*, *Adam* and *Eve*, and several others who lived before the Flood, pass'd thro' the Streets on Horseback, to invite us all to the Pastime, and the Representation of such Things as we all knew to be true; and Mr. Mayor was so wise as to prefer these innocent People the Poppets, who, he said, were to represent Christians, before the wicked Players, who were to show *Alexander*, an Heathen Philosopher. To be short, this *Prudentia* had so laid it, that at Ten of the Clock Footmen were sent to take Places at the Poppet-Show, and all we of *Florimel*'s Party were to be out of Fashion, or desert her. We chose the latter. All the World crowded to *Prudentia*'s House, because it was given out, no Body could get in. When we came to *Noah*'s Flood in the Show, *Punch* and his Wife were introduced dancing in the Ark. An honest plain Friend of *Flori-*

mel's,

mel's, but a Critick withal, rose up in the midst of the Representation, and made many very good Exceptions to the *Drama* it self, and told us, That it was against all Morality, as well as Rules of the Stage, that *Punch* should be in Jest in the Deluge, or indeed that he should appear at all. This was certainly a just Remark, and I thought to second him; but he was hiss'd by *Prudentia*'s Party; upon which, really, Sir *Thomas*, we who were his Friends hiss'd him too. Old Mrs. *Petulent* desired both her Daughters to mind the Moral; then whispered Mrs. Mayoress, *This is very proper for young People to see. Punch* at the End of the Play made Madam *Prudentia* a Compliment, and was very civil to the whole Company, making Bows till his Buttons touch'd the Ground. All was carried triumphantly against our Party. In the mean Time *Florimel* went to the Tragedy, dress'd as fine as Hands could make her, in Hopes to see *Prudentia* pine away with Envy. Instead of that, she sate a Full Hour alone, and at last was entertain'd with this whole Relation from *Statira*, who wiped her Eyes with her Tragical cut Handkerchief, and lamented the Ignorance of the Quality. *Florimel* was stung with this Affront, and the next Day bespoke the Poppet-Show. *Prudentia*, insolent with Power, bespoke *Alexander*. The whole Company came then to *Alexander*. Madam *Petulent* desired her Daughters to mind the Moral, and believe no Man's fair Words; *For you'll see Children*, said she, *these Soldiers are never to be depended upon; they are sometimes here, sometimes there---- Don't you see, Daughter* Betty, *Colonel* Clod, *our next Neighbour in the Country, pulls off his Hat to you? Court'sie, good Child, his Estate is just by us. Florimel* was now mortified down to *Prudentia*'s Humour; and *Prudentia* exalted into

to hers. This was obſerved: *Floriſmel* invites us to the Play a Second Time, *Prudentia* to the Show. See the Uncertainty of Humane Affairs! The Beaux, the Wits, the Gameſters, the Prues, the Coquets, the Valitudinarians, and Gallants, all now wait upon *Florimel*. Such is the State of Things at this preſent Date; and if there happens any new Commotions, you ſhall have immediate Advice from,

Bath, May 11. 1709.

S I R,
Your Affectionate Friend, and Servant.

To CASTABELLA.

Madam,

I Have the Honour of a Letter from a Friend of yours, relating to an Incivility done to you at the Opera, by one of your own Sex; but I, who was an Eye-witneſs of the Accident, can teſtify to you, that tho' ſhe preſſed before you, ſhe loſt her Ends in that Deſign; for ſhe was taken Notice of for no other Reaſon, but her Endeavours to hide a finer Woman than her ſelf. But indeed, I dare not go further in this Matter, than juſt this bare Mention; for though it was taking your Place of Right, rather than Place of Precedence, yet it is ſo tender a Point, and on which the very Life of Female Ambition depends, that it is of the laſt Conſequence to meddle in it: All my Hopes are from your beautiful Sex; and thoſe bright Eyes, which are the Bane of others, are my only Sunſhine. My Writings are Sacred to you; and I hope, I ſhall always have the good Fortune to live under your Protection; therefore take this publick Opportunity to ſignifiy to all the World, That I deſign to forbear any Thing that may in the leaſt tend to the Diminution of your Intereſt, Reputation, or Power. You'll therefore forgive

forgive me, that I strive to conceal every wrong Step made by any who have the Honour to wear Petticoats; and shall at all Times do what is in my Power to make all Mankind as much their Slaves as my self. If they would consider Things as they ought, there needs not much Argument to convince 'em, that it is their Fate to be obedient to you, and that your greatest Rebels do only serve with a worse Grace. I am,

MADAM,

Your most Obedient,
May 16. *and most Humble Servant,*
Isaac Bickerstaff.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 16.

Letters from the *Hague*, bearing Date the 21st Instant, *N. S.* advise, That his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, immediately after his Arrival, sent his Secretary to the President and the Pensionary, to acquaint them therewith. Soon after, these Ministers visited the Duke, and made him Compliments in the Name of the States-General; after which they enter'd into a Conference with him on the present Posture of Affairs, and gave his Grace Assurances of the firm Adherence of the States to the Alliance: At the same Time acquainting him, That all Overtures of Peace were rejected, till they had an Opportunity of acting in Concert with their Allies on that Subject. After this Interview, the Pensionary and the President returned to the Assembly of the States. Monsieur *Torcy* has had a Conference at the Pensioner's House with his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, Prince *Eugene*, and his Excellency the Lord *Townshend*. The Result of what was debated at that Time is kept secret; but there appears an Air of Satisfaction and good Understanding between these Ministers.

sters. We are apt also to give our selves very hopeful Prospects from Monsieur *Torcy*'s being employed in this Negotiation, who has been always remarkable for a Particular Way of Thinking, in his Sense of the Greatness of *France*; which he has always said, *Was to be promoted rather by the Arts of Peace, than those of War.* His delivering himself freely on this Subject, has formerly appeared an unsuccessful Way to Power in that Court; but in its present Circumstances, those Maxims are better received; and it is thought a certain Argument of the Sincerity of the *French* King's Intentions, that this Minister is at present made use of. The Marquis is to return to *Paris* within few Days, who has sent a Courier thither to give Notice of the Reasons of his Return, that the Court may be the sooner able to dispatch Commissioners for a formal Treaty.

The Expectations of Peace are increased by Advices from *Paris* of the 17th Instant, which say, The Dauphin hath altered his Resolution of commanding in *Flanders* the ensuing Campaign. The *Saxon* and *Prussian* Reinforcements, together with Count *Merci*'s Regiment of Imperial Horse, are encamped in the Neighbourhood of *Brussels*; and sufficient Stores of Corn and Forage are transported to that Place and *Ghent* for the Service of the Confederate Army.

They write from *Mons*, That the Elector of *Bavaria* had Advice, That an advanced Party of the *Portugueze* Army had been defeated by the *Spaniards*.

We hear from *Languedoc*, That their Corn, Olives, and Figs, were wholly destroyed; but that they have a hopeful Prospect of a plentiful Vintage.

The

The TATLER. [N° 17.

From *Tuesday May* 17. to *Thursday May* 19. 1709.

Will's Coffee-house, *May* 18.

THE Discourse has happened to turn this Evening upon the true Nature of Penegyrick, the Perfection of which was asserted to consist in a certain artful Way of conveying the Applause in an indirect Manner. There was a Gentleman gave us several Instances of it: Among others, he quoted (from Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his *Advancement of Learning*) a very great Compliment made to *Tiberius*, as follows: In a full Debate upon Publick Affairs in the Senate, one of the Assembly rose up, and with a very grave Air said, He thought it for the Honour and Dignity of the Common-wealth, that *Tiberius* should be declared a God, and have Divine Worship paid him. The Emperor was surprized at the Proposal, and demanded of him to declare whether he had made any Application to incline him to that Overture? The Senator answered, with a bold and haughty Tone, *Sir, In Matters that concern the Common-wealth, I will be governed by no Man.* Another Gentleman mentioned something of the same Kind spoken by the late Duke of *B——m* to the late Earl of O——*y*: *My Lord*, (says the Duke, after his Libertine Way) *you will certainly be Damn'd. How, my Lord!* says the Earl with some Warmth. *Nay*, says the Duke, *there's no Help for it, for it is positively said, Cursed is he of whom all Men speak well.* This is taking a Man by Surprize, and being welcome when you have so surprized him. The Person flattered receives you into his Closet at once; and the

sudden

ſudden Change in his Heart, from the Expectation of an Ill-wiſher, to find you his Friend, makes you in his full Favour in a Moment. The Spirits that were raiſed ſo ſuddenly againſt you, are as ſuddenly for you. There was another Inſtance given of this Kind at the Table: A Gentleman who had a very great Favour done him, and an Employment beſtowed upon him, without ſo much as being known to his Benefactor, waited upon the Great Man who was ſo Generous, and was beginning to ſay, he was infinitely obliged--- *Not at all*, ſays the Patron, turning from him to another, *Had I known a more deſerving Man in* England, *he ſhould not have had it.*

We ſhould certainly have had more Examples, had not a Gentleman produced a Book which he thought an Inſtance of this kind: It was a Pamphlet, call'd, *The Naked Truth.* The Idea any one would have of that Work from the Title, was, That there would be much Plain Dealing with People in Power, and that we ſhould ſee Things in their proper Light, ſtripped of the Ornaments which are uſually given to the Actions of the Great: But the Skill of this Author is ſuch, that he has, under that rugged Appearance, approved himſelf the fineſt Gentleman and Courtier that ever writ. The Language is extremely ſublime, and not at all to be underſtood by the Vulgar: The Sentiments are ſuch as would make no Figure in ordinary Words; but ſuch is the Art of the Expreſſion, and the Thoughts are elevated to ſo high a Degree, that I queſtion whether the Diſcourſe will ſell much. There was an ill-natured Fellow preſent, who hates all Panegyrick mortally. *P—— take him!* ſaid he, *What the Devil means his* Naked Truth, *in ſpeaking nothing but to the Advantage of all whom he* men-

mentions ? This is just such a great Action as that of the Champion's on a Coronation Day, who challenges all Mankind to dispute with him the Right of the Sovereign, surrounded with his Guards. The Gentleman who produced the Treatise, desired him to be cautious, and said, it was writ by an excellent Soldier, which made the Company observe it more narrowly: And (as Criticks are the greatest Conjurers at finding out a known *Truth*) one said, he was sure it was writ by the Hand of his Sword-Arm. I could not perceive much Wit in that Expression; but it rais'd a Laugh, and I suppose, was meant as a Sneer upon valiant Men. The same Man pretended to see in the Style, that it was an Horse-Officer; but sure that's being too nice: For though you may know Officers of the Cavalry by the Turn of their *Feet*, I can't imagine how you should discern their *Hands* from those of other Men. But it is always thus with Pedants; they will ever be carping, if a Gentleman or a Man of Honour puts Pen to Paper. I don't doubt, but this Author will find this Assertion too true, and that Obloquy is not repulsed by the Force of Arms. I will therefore set this Excellent Piece in a Light too glaring for weak Eyes, and, in Imitation of the Critick *Longinus*, shall, as well as I can, make my Observations in a Style like the Author's, of whom I treat; which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having *an unbounded Force of Thinking, as well as a most exquisite Address, extensively and wisely indulged to me by the supreme Powers.* My Author, I will dare to assert, shows the most Universal Knowledge of any Writer who has appeared this Century. He is a Poet, and Merchant, which is seen in Two Master-Words, *Credit Blossoms.* He is a Grammarian, and a Politician; for he says, *The Uniting*

ting the Two Kingdoms, is the Emphasis of the Security to the Protestant Succession. Some would be apt to say, he is a Conjurer; for he has found, That a Republick is not made up of every Body of Animals, but is composed of Men only, and not of Horses. *Liberty and Property have chosen their Retreat within the Emulating Circle of an Humane Commonwealth.* He is a Physician; for he says, *I observe a constant Equality in its Pulse, and a just Quickness of its vigorous Circulation.* And again: *I view the Strength of our Constitution plainly appear in the Sanguine and ruddy Complexion of a well-contented City.* He is a Divine: For he says, *I cannot but bless my self.* And indeed, this Excellent Treatise has had that good Effect upon me, who am far from being Superstitious, that *I*, also, *can't but bless my self.*

St. James's Coffee-house, May 18.

This Day arrived a Mail from *Lisbon*, with Letters of the 13th Instant, *N. S.* containing a particular Account of the late Action in *Portugal.* On the 7th Instant, the Army of *Portugal*, under the Command of the Marquis *de Frontera*, lay on the Side of the *Caya*, and the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*, commanded by the Marquis *de Bay*, on the other. The latter Commander having an Ambition to ravage the Country, in a Manner in Sight of the *Portugueze*, made a Motion with the whole Body of his Horse toward Fort St. *Christopher*, near the Town of *Badajos.* The Generals of the *Portugueze*, disdaining that such an Insult should be offered to their Arms, took a Resolution to pass the River, and oppose the Designs of the Enemy. The Earl of *Galway* represented to them, That the present Posture of Affairs was such on the Side of the Allies, that there needed no more to be done at present in that Country,

but to carry on a Defensive Part. But his Arguments could not avail in the Council of War. Upon which, a great Detachment of Foot, and the whole of the Horse of the King of *Portugal*'s Army, passed the River, and with some Pieces of Cannon did good Execution on the Enemy. Upon observing this, the Marquis *de Bay* advanced with his Horse, and attacked the Right Wing of the *Portugueze* Cavalry, who faced about, and fled, without standing the first Encounter. But their Foot repulsed the same Body of Horse in three successive Charges, with great Order and Resolution. While this was transacting, the *British* General commanded the Brigade of *Pearce*, to keep the Enemy in a Diversion by a new Attack. This was so well executed, that the *Portugueze* Infantry had Time to retire in good Order, and repass the River. But that Brigade, which rescued 'em, was it self surrounded by the Enemy, and Major-General *Sarkey*, Brigadier *Pearce*, together with both their Regiments, and that of the Lord *Galway*, lately raised, were taken Prisoners.

During the Engagement, the Earl of *Barrymore* having advanced too far to give some necessary Order, was hemmed in by a Squadron of the Enemy; but found Means to gallop up to the Brigade of *Pearce*, with which he remains also a Prisoner. My Lord *Galway* had his Horse shot under him in this Action; and the Conde *de St. Juan*, a *Portugueze* General, was taken Prisoner. The same Night the Army encamped at *Aronches*, and on the 9th moved to *Elvas*, where they lay when these Dispatches came away. Colonel *Stanwix*'s Regiment is also taken. The whole of this Affair has given the *Portugueze* a great Idea of the Capacity and Courage of my Lord *Galway*, against

gainst whose Advice they entered upon this unfortunate Affair, and by whose Conduct they were rescued from it. The prodigious Constancy and Resolution of that great Man is hardly to be parallel'd, who, under the Oppression of a maimed Body, and the Reflection of repeated ill Fortune, goes on with an unspeakable Alacrity in the Service of the Common Cause. He has already put Things in a very good Posture after this ill Accident, and made the Necessary Dispositions for covering the Country from any further Attempt of the Enemy, who lie still in the Camp they were in before the Battle.

Letters from *Brussels*, dated the 25th Instant, advise, That notwithstanding the Negotiations of a Peace seem so far advanced, that some do confidently report the Preliminaries of a Treaty to be actually agreed on; yet the Allies hasten their Preparations for opening the Campaign; and the Forces of the Empire, the *Prussians*, the *Danes*, the *Wirtembergers*, the *Palatines*, and *Saxon* Auxiliaries, are in Motion towards the General Rendezvous, they being already arrived in the Neighbourhood of *Brussels*. These Advices add, That the Deputies of the States of *Holland*, having made a General Review of the Troops in *Flanders*, set out for *Antwerp* on the 21st Instant from that Place. On the same Day the Prince Royal of *Prussia* came thither *incognito*, with Design to make the ensuing Campaign under his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

This Day is published a Treatise, called, The Difference between Scandal and Admonition. *By* Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq; And on the First of* July *next, you may expect* A Prophecy of Things past; *wherein the Art of* Fortune-telling *is laid open to the meanest Capacity. And on the Monday following,*

following, Choice Sentences for the Company of Masons and Bricklayers, to be put upon new Houses, with a Translation of all the *Latin* Sentences, that have been built of late Years, together with a Comment upon Stone Walls, *by the same Hand.*

The TATLER. [N° 18.

From *Thursd. May* 19. to *Saturd. May* 21. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 20.

IT is observed too often, that Men of Wit do so much employ their Thoughts upon fine Speculations, that Things useful to Mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making Emendations upon some Encliticks in a *Greek* Author, while obvious Things, that every Man may have use for, are wholly overlooked. It would be an happy Thing, if such as have real Capacities for Publick Service, were employed in Works of general Use; but because a Thing is every Body's Business, it is no Body's Business: This is for Want of publick Spirit. As for my Part, who am only a Student, and a Man of no great Interest, I can only remark Things, and recommend the Correction of them to higher Powers. There is an Offence I have a Thousand Times lamented, but fear I shall never see remedied; which is, That in a Nation where Learning is so frequent as in *Great Britain*, there should be so many gross Errors as there are in the very Directions of Things, wherein Accuracy is necessary for the Conduct of Life. This is notoriously observed by all Men of Letters when they first come to Town (at which

which Time they are usually curious that Way) in the Inscriptions on Sign-Posts. I have Cause to know this Matter as well as any Body; for I have (when I went to Merchant-Taylor's School) suffered Stripes for spelling after the Signs I observed in my Way; tho' at the same Time, I must confess, staring at those Inscriptions first gave me an Idea and Curiosity for Medals; in which I have since arrived at some Knowledge. Many a Man has lost his Way and his Dinner by this general Want of Skill in Orthography: For, considering that the Painters are usually so very bad, that you cannot know the Animal under whose Sign you are to live that Day, How must the Stranger be misled, if it be wrong spelled, as well as ill painted? I have a Cousin now in Town, who has answered under *Batchelor* at *Queen's* College, whose Name is *Humphrey Mopstaff*: (He is a Kin to us by his Mother.) This young Man going to see a Relation in *Barbekin*, wandered a whole Day by the Mistake of one Letter, for it was written, *This is the BEER*, instead of, *This is the BEAR*. He was set right at last, by enquiring for the House, of a Fellow who could not read, and knew the Place mechanically, only by having been often drunk there. But, in the Name of Goodness, let us make our Learning of Use to us, or not. Was not this a Shame, that a Philosopher should be thus directed by a Cobler? I'll be sworn, if it were known how many have suffered in this Kind by false Speeling since the Union, this Matter would not long lie thus. What makes these Evils the more insupportable, is, That they are so easily amended, and nothing done in it. But it is so far from that, that the Evil goes on in other Arts as well as Orthography. Places are confounded, as well

for want of proper Diſtinctions, as Things for Want of true Characters. Had I not come by the other Day very early in the Morning, there might have been Miſchief done; for a worthy *North-Britain* was ſwearing at *Stocks-Market*, that they would not let him in at his Ludgings; but I knowing the Gentleman, and obſerving him look often at the King on Horſeback, and then double his Oaths, that he was ſure he was right, found he miſtook that for *Charing-Croſs*, by the Erection of the like Statue in each Place. I grant, private Men may diſtinguiſh their Abodes as they pleaſe; as one of my Acquaintance who lives at *Marybone*, has put a good Sentence of his own Invention upon his Dwelling-place, to find out where he lives: He is ſo near *London*, that his Conceit is this, *The Country in Town*; or, *The Town in the Country*; for you know, if they are both in one, they are all one. Beſides that, the Ambiguity is not of great Conſequence; if you are ſafe at the Place, 'tis no Matter if you do not diſtinctly know where to ſay the Place is. But to return to the Orthography of Publick Places: I propoſe, That every Tradeſman in the Cities of *London and Weſtminſter*, ſhall give me Sixpence a Quarter for keeping their Signs in Repair, as to the Grammatical Part; and I will take into my Houſe a *Swiſs* Count of my Acquaintance, who can remember all their Names without Book, for Diſpatch ſake, ſetting up the Head of the ſaid Foreigner for my Sign; the Features being ſtrong, and fit for hanging high.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 20.

This Day a Mail arrived from *Holland*, by which there are Advices from *Paris*, That the Kingdom of *France* is in the utmoſt Miſery and Diſtraction. The Merchants of *Lions* have been

at

at Court, to remonſtrate their great Sufferings by the Failure of their Publick Credit; but have received no other Satisfaction, than Promiſes of a ſudden Peace; and that their Debts will be made good by Funds out of the Revenue, which will not anſwer, but in caſe of the Peace which is promiſed. In the mean Time, the Cries of the common People are loud for Want of Bread, the Gentry have loſt all Spirit and Zeal for their Country, and the King himſelf ſeems to languiſh under the Anxiety of the preſſing Calamities of the Nation, and retires from hearing thoſe Grievances, which he hath not Power to redreſs. Inſtead of Preparations for War, and the Defence of their Country, there is nothing to be ſeen but evident Marks of a general Deſpair. Proceſſions, Faſtings, Publick Mournings, and Humiliations, are become the ſole Employments of a People, who were lately the moſt vain and gay of any in the Univerſe.

The Pope has written to the *French* King on the Subject of a Peace, and his Majeſty has anſwered in the lowlieſt Terms, That he entirely ſubmits his Affairs to Divine Providence, and ſhall ſoon ſhow the World, that he prefers the Tranquility of his People to the Glory of his Arms, and Extent of his Conqueſts.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 24th ſay, That his Excellency the Lord *Townſhend* delivered his Credentials on that Day to the States-General, as Plenipotentiary from the Queen of *Great-Britain*; as did alſo Count *Zinzendorf*, who bears the ſame Character from the Emperor.

Prince *Eugene* intended to ſet out the next Day for *Bruſſels*, and his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* on the *Tueſday* following. The Marquis *de Torcy* talks daily of going, but ſtill conti-

continues here. The Army of the Allies is to assemble on the 7th of the next Month at *Helchin*; though 'tis generally believed, that the Preliminaries to a Treaty are fully adjusted.

The Approach of a Peace strikes a Pannick thro' our Armies, tho' that of a Battle could never do it, and they almost repent of their Bravery, that made such hast to humble themselves and the *French* King. The Duke of *Marlborough*, tho' otherwise the greatest General of the Age, has plainly shown himself unacquainted with the Arts of Husbanding a War. He might have grown as old as the Duke of *Alva*, or Prince *Waldeck*, in the *Low-Countries*, and yet have got Reputation enough every Year for any reasonable Man: For the Command of General in *Flanders* hath been ever looked upon as a Provision for Life. For my Part, I can't see how his Grace can answer it to the World, for the great Eagerness he hath shown to send a Hundred Thousand of the bravest Fellows in *Europe* a begging. But the private Gentlemen of the Infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave Man can never starve in a Country stocked with Hen-roosts. *There is not a Yard of Linnen*, says my honoured Progenitor, Sir *John Falstaff*, *in my whole Company*; *but as for that*, says this worthy Knight, *I am in no great Pain, we shall find Shirts on every Hedge*. There is another Sort of Gentlemen whom I am much more concerned for, and that is, the ingenious Fraternity of which I have the Honour to be an unworthy Member; I mean the *News-Writers of Great Britain*, whether *Post-Men* or *Post-Boys*, or by what other Name or Title soever dignified or distinguished. The Case of these Gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the Soldiers, considering that they have taken more Towns, and fought more

Battles.

Battels. They have been upon Parties and Skirmiſhes, when our Armies have lain ſtill; and given the General Aſſault to many a Place, when the Beſiegers were quiet in their Trenches. They have made us Maſters of ſeveral ſtrong Towns many Weeks before our Generals could do it; and compleated Victories, when our greateſt Captains have been glad to come off with a drawn Battle. Where Prince *Eugene* has ſlain his Thouſands, *Boyer* has ſlain his Ten Thouſands. This Gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his Courage and Intrepidity during this whole War: He has laid about him with an inexpreſſible Fury, and like the offended *Marius* of Ancient *Rome*, made ſuch Havock among his Countrymen, as muſt be the Work of Two or Three Ages to repair. It muſt be confeſs'd, the Redoubted Mr. *Buckley* has ſhed as much Blood as the former; but I cannot forbear ſaying, (and I hope it will not look like Envy) that we regard our Brother *Buckley* as a Kind of *Drawcanſir*, who ſpares neither Friend or Foe: But generally kills as many of his own Side as the Enemy's. It is impoſſible for this ingenious Sort of Men to ſubſiſt after a Peace: Every one remembers the Shifts they were driven to in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, when they could not furniſh out a ſingle Paper of News, without lighting up a Comet in *Germany*, or a Fire in *Moſcow*. There ſcarce appeared a Letter without a Paragraph on an Earthquake. Prodigies were grown ſo familiar, that they had loſt their Name, as a great Poet of that Age has it. I remember Mr. *Dyer*, who is juſtly look'd upon by all the Fox-Hunters in the Nation as the greateſt Stateſman our Country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in Whales, inſomuch that in Five Months Time

(for

(for I had the Curiofity to examine his Letters on that Occafion) he brought Three into the Mouth of the River *Thames*, befides Two Porpuffes and a Sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. *I. Dawks* hath all along been the Rival of this great Writer, and got himfelf a Reputation from Plagues and Famine, by which, in thofe Days, he deftroyed as great Multitudes, as he has lately done by the Sword. In every Dearth of News, *Grand Cairo* was fure to be unpeopled.

It being therefore vifible, that our Society will be greater Sufferers by the Peace then the Soldiery it felf; infomuch that the *Daily-Courant* is in Danger of being broken, my Friend *Dyer* of being reformed, and the very beft of the whole Band of being reduced to Half-Pay; Might I prefume to offer any Thing in the Behalf of my diftreffed Brethren, I would humbly move, That an Appendix of proper Apartments furnifhed with Pen, Ink, and Paper, and other Neceffaries of Life, fhould be added to the Hofpital of *Chelfa*, for the Relief of fuch decay'd News-Writers as have ferv'd their Country in the Wars; and that for their Exercife, they fhould compile the Annals of their Brother Veterans, who have been engaged in the fame Service, aud are ftill obliged to do Duty after the fame Manner.

I cannot be thought to fpeak this out of an Eye to any private Intereft; for, as my chief Scenes of Action are Coffee-houfes, Play-houfes, and my own Apartment, I am in no need of Camps, Fortifications, and Fields of Battle, to fupport me, I don't call out for Heroes and Generals to my Affiftance. Though the Officers are broken, and the Armies disbanded, I fhall ftill be fafe as long as there are Men or Women, or Politicians, or Lovers, or Poets, or Nymphs,

Nymphs, or Swains, or Cits, or Courtiers in Being.

The TATLER. [Nº 19.

From *Saturd. May* 21. to *Tueſd. May* 24. 1709.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THERE is nothing can give a Man of any Conſideration greater Pain, than to ſee Order and Diſtinction laid aſide amongſt Men, eſpecially when the Rank (of which he himſelf is a Member) is intruded upon by ſuch as have no Pretence to that Honour. The Appellation of *Eſquire* is the moſt notoriouſly abuſed in this Kind of any Claſs amongſt Men, inſomuch that it is become almoſt the Subject of Deriſion; but I will be bold to ſay, This Behaviour towards it proceeds from the Ignorance of the People in its true Origine. I ſhall therefore, as briefly as poſſible, do my ſelf and all true *Eſquires* the Juſtice to look into Antiquity upon this Subject.

In the Firſt Ages of the World, before the Invention of Jointures and Settlements, when the noble Paſſion of Love had Poſſeſſion of the Hearts of Men, and the Fair Sex were not yet cultivated into the merciful Diſpoſition which they have ſhowed in later Centuries, it was natural for great and Heroick Spirits to retire to Rivulets, Woods, and Caves, to lament their Deſtiny, and the Cruelty of the fair Perſons who were deaf to their Lamentations. The Hero in this Diſtreſs was generally in Armour, and in a Readineſs to fight any Man he met with, eſpecially if diſtinguiſhed by any extraordinary Qualifications, it being the Nature of Heroick Love to hate all Merit, leſt it ſhould come

come within the Obſervation of the Cruel One, by whom its own Perfections are neglected. A Lover of this Kind had always about him a Perſon of a Second Value, and ſubordinate to him, who could hear his Afflictions, carry an Inchantment for his Wounds, hold his Helmet when he was eating (if ever he did eat); or in his Abſence, when he was retired to his Apartment in any King's Palace, tell the Prince himſelf, or perhaps his Daughter, the Birth, Parentage, and Adventures, of his valiant Maſter. This truſty Companion was ſtyled his *Eſquire*, and was always fit for any Offices about him; was as gentle and chaſt as a Gentleman-Uſher, quick and active as an Equerry, ſmooth and eloquent as a Maſter of the Ceremonies. A Man thus qualified was the firſt, as the Ancients affirm, who was called an *Eſquire*; and none without theſe Accompliſhments ought to aſſume our Order: But, to the utter Diſgrace and Confuſion of the Heralds, every Pretender is admitted into this Fraternity, even Perſons the moſt Foreign to this courteous Inſtitution. I have taken an Inventory of all within this City, and looked over every Letter in the *Poſt-Office* for my better Information. There are of the *Middle-Temple*, including all in the Buttery-Books, and in the Liſts of the Houſe, 5000. In the *Inner*, 4000. In the *King's Bench-Walks*, the whole Buildings are inhabited by Eſquires only. The adjacent Street of *Eſſex*, from *Morris*'s Coffee-houſe, and the Turning towards the *Græcian*, you cannot meet one who is not an Eſquire, 'till you take Water. Every Houſe in *Norfolk* and *Arundel* Streets is governed alſo by a 'Squire, or his Lady. *Soho-Square*, *Bloomsbury-Square*, and all other Places, where the Floors riſe above Nine Foot, are ſo many Univerſities, where you enter your ſelves, and become of our Order. However,

However, if this were the wo ſt of the Evil, it were to be ſupported, becauſe they are generally Men of ſome Figure and Uſe; though I know no Pretence they have to an Honour which had its Riſe from Chivalry. But if you travel into the Counties of *Great Britain*, we are ſtill more impoſed upon by Innovation. We are indeed derived from the Field: But ſhall that give Title to all that ride mad after Foxes, that holloo when they ſee an Hare, or venture their Necks full ſpeed after an Hawk, immediately to commence Eſquires? No; our Order is Temperate, Cleanly, Sober and Chaſt; but theſe Rural Eſquires commit Immodeſties upon Hay-cocks, wear Shirts half a Week, and are drunk Twice a Day. Theſe Men are alſo to the laſt Degree exceſſive in their Food: An Eſquire of *Norfolk* eats Two Pounds of Dumplin every Meal, as if obliged to it by our Order: An Eſquire in *Hampſhire* is as ravenous in devouring Hogs-fleſh: One of *Eſſex* has as little Mercy on Calves. But I muſt take the Liberty to proteſt againſt them, and acquaint thoſe Perſons, that it is not the Quantity they eat, but the Manner of Eating, that ſhows a Squire. But above all, I am moſt offended at ſmall Quill-men, and Tranſcribing Clerks, who are all come into our Order, for no Reaſon that I know of, but that they can eaſily flouriſh it at the End of their Name. I'll undertake, that if you read the Superſcriptions to all the Offices in the Kingdom, you will not find Three Letters directed to any but Eſquires. I have my ſelf a Couple of Clerks, and the Rogues make nothing of leaving Meſſages upon each other's Desk: One directs, *To Degory Gooſequill* Eſq; to which the other replies by a Note, *To Nehemiah Daſhwell* Eſq; *with Reſpect*. In a Word, it is now *Populus Armigerorum*, A People of Eſquires. And I don't know, but, by the

late

late Act of Naturalization, Foreigners will assume that Title, as Part of the Immunity of being *Englishmen*. All these Improprieties flow from the Negligence of the *Heralds-Office*. Those Gentlemen in Party-colour'd Habits do not so rightly, as they ought, understand themselves; though they are dress'd Cap-a-pe in Hieroglyphicks, they are inwardly but ignorant Men. I asked an Acquaintance of mine, who is a Man of Wit, but of no Fortune, and is forced to appear as Jack-pudding on the Stage to a Mountebank: Prethee, *Jack*, Why is your Coat of so many Colours? He reply'd, I act a Fool, and this spotted Dress is to signifie, that every Man living has a weak Place about him; for I am Knight of the Shire, and represent you all. I wish the Heralds would know as well as this Man does, in his Way, that they are to act for us in the Case of our Arms and Appellations: We should not then be jumbled together in so promiscuous and absurd a Manner. I design to take this Matter into further Consideration, and no Man shall be received as an Esquire, who cannot bring a Certificate, That he has conquered some Lady's obdurate Heart; That he can lead up a Country Dance, or carry a Message between her and her Lover, with Address, Secrecy, and Diligence. A 'Squire is properly born for the Service of the Sex, and his Credentials shall be signed by Three Toasts, and One Prude, before his Title shall be receiv'd in my Office.

Will's Coffee-house, May 23.

On Saturday last was presented, *The Busie Body*, a Comedy, written (as I have heretofore remark'd) by a Woman. The Plot and Incidents of the Play are laid with that Subtilty of Spirit which is peculiar to Females of Wit, and is very seldom well performed by those of the other

Sex,

Sex, in whom Craft in Love is an Act of Invention, and not, as with Women, the Effect of Nature and Instinct.

To Morrow will be acted a Play, call'd, *The Trip to the Jubilee.* This Performance is the greatest Instance that we can have of the irresistible Force of proper Action. The Dialogue in it self has something too low to bear a Criticism upon it: But Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with so much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life, without any of those Intermixtures of Wit and Humour, which usually prepossess us in Favour of such Characters in other Plays.

St. James's Coffee-house, May 23.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, *N. S.* say, Mr. *Walpole* (who is since arrived) was going with all Expedition to *Great Britain*, whither they doubted not but he carried with him the Preliminaries to a Treaty of Peace. The *French* Minister, Monsieur *Torcy*, has been observed in this whole Negotiation to turn his Discourse upon the Calamities sent down by Heaven upon *France*, aud imputed the Necessities they were under to the immediate Hand of Providence, in inflicting a general Scarcity of Provision, rather than the superior Genius of the Generals, or the Bravery of the Armies against them. It would be impious not to acknowledge the Indulgence of Heaven to us; but at the same Time, as we are to love our Enemies, we are glad to see 'em mortified enough to mix Christianity with their Politicks. An Authentick Letter from Madam *Maintenon* to Monsieur *Torcy* has been stolen by a Person about him, who has communicated a Copy of it to some of the Dependants of a Minister of the Allies.

lies. That Epistle is writ in the most Pathetick Manner imaginable, and in a Stile which shows her Genius, that has so long engrossed the Heart of this great Monarch.

SIR,

I *Received yours, and am sensible of the Address and Capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great Affair under your Management. You well observe, that our Wants here are not to be concealed; and that it is Vanity to use Artifices with the knowing Men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you therefore, in the Representation of our Circumstances, to lay aside Art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your Skill, to gain us what Advantages you can from the Enemy's Jealousie of each other's Greatness; which is the Place where only you have Room for any Dexterity. If you have any Passion for your unhappy Country, or any Affection for your distressed Master, come Home with Peace. Oh Heaven! Do I live to talk of* Lewis the Great *as the Object of Pity? The King shews a great Uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but at the same Time, is fearful of every one who appears in his Presence, lest he should bring an Account of some new Calamity. I know not in what Terms to represent my Thoughts to you, when I speak of the King with relation to his Bodily Health. Figure to your self that Immortal Man, who stood in our Publick Places, represented with Trophies, Armour, and Terrors, on his Pedestal: Consider, the* Invincible, *the* Great, *the* Good, *the* Pious, *the* Mighty, *which were the usual Epithets we gave him, both in our Language and Thoughts. I say, consider him whom you knew the most Glorious and Great of Monarchs; and now think you see the same Man an unhappy* Lazar, *in the lowest Circumstances of Humane Nature it self,*

without

without Regard to the State from whence he is fallen. I write from his Bedside: He is at present in a Slumber. I have many, many Things to add; but my Tears flow too fast, and my Sorrow is too big for Utterance.

I am, &c.

There is such a Veneration due from all Men to the Persons of Princes, that it were a Sort of Dishonesty to represent further the Condition which the King is in; but it is certain, That soon after the Receipt of these Advices, Monsieur *Torcy* waited upon his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Lord *Townshend*, and in that Conference gave up many Points, which he had before said were such, as he must return to *France* before he could answer.

The TATLER. [N° 20.

From *Tuesd. May* 24. to *Thursd. May* 26. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, May 24.

IT is not to be imagined how far Prepossession will run away with Peoples Understandings, in Cases wherein they are under present Uneasiness. The following Narration is a sufficient Testimony of the Truth of this Observation.

I had the Honour the other Day of a Visit from a Gentlewoman (a Stranger to me) who seemed to be about Thirty. Her Complexion is Brown; but the Air of her Face has an Agreeableness, which surpasses the Beauties of the Fairest Women. There appeared in her Look and Mien a sprightly Health; and her Eyes had too much Vivacity to become the Language of Complaint, which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it; and therefore, with down-

down-caſt Looks, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, You ſee before you the unhappieſt of Women; and therefore, as you are eſteemed by all the World both a great Civilian, as well as an Aſtrologer, I muſt deſire your Advice and Aſſiſtance, in putting me in a Method of obtaining a Divorce from a Marriage, which I know the Law will pronounce void. Madam, ſaid I, your Grievance is of ſuch a Nature, that you muſt be very ingenuous in repreſenting the Cauſes of your Complaint, or I cannot give you the Satisfaction you deſire. Sir, ſhe anſwers, I believed there would be no need of half your Skill in the Art of Divination, to gueſs why a Woman would part from her Husband. 'Tis true, ſaid I, but Suſpicions, or Gueſſes at what you mean, nay, Certainty of it, except you plainly ſpeak it, are no Foundation for a formal Suit. She clap'd her Fan before her Face; My Huſband, ſaid ſhe, is no more an Husband *(here ſhe burſt into Tears)* than one of the *Italian* Singers,

Madam, ſaid I, the Affliction you complain of, is to be redreſſed by Law; but at the ſame Time, conſider what Mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court; how you will be able to bear the impertinent Whiſpers of the People preſent at the Tryal, the licentious Reflections of the Pleaders, and the Interpretations that will in general be put upon your Conduct by all the World: How little (will they ſay) could that Lady command her Paſſions. Beſides, conſider, that curbing our Deſires is the greateſt Glory we can arrive at in this World, and will be moſt rewarded in the next. She anſwered, like a prudent Matron, Sir, if you pleaſe to remember the Office of Matrimony, the firſt Cauſe of its Inſtitution is that of having Poſterity: Therefore, as to the

curb-

curbing Desires, I am willing to undergo any Abstinence from Food as you please to enjoin me; but I cannot, with any Quiet of Mind, live in the Neglect of a necessary Duty, and an express Commandment, *Increase and Multiply.* Observing she was learned, and knew so well the Duties of Life, I turned my Arguments rather to dehort her from this Publick Procedure by Examples, than Precepts. Do but consider, Madam, what Crowds of beauteous Woman live in Nunneries, secluded for ever from the Sight and Conversation of Men, with all the Alacrity of Spirit imaginable; they spend their Time in Heavenly Raptures, in constant and frequent Devotion, and at proper Hours in agreeable Conversations. Sir, said she hastily, Tell not me of Papists, or any of their Idolatries. Well then, Madam, consider how many fine Ladies live innocently in the Eye of the World, and this gay Town, in the midst of Temptations: There's the Witty Mrs. *W*--- is a Virgin of 44, Mrs. *T*---*s* is 39, Mrs. *L*---*ce* 33; yet you see, they laugh and are gay, at the Park, at the Play-house, at Balls, and at Visits; and so much at Ease, that all this seems hardly a Self-denial. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, said she, with some Emotion, you are an excellent Casuist; but the last Word destroyed your whole Argument; if it is not Self-denial, it is no Virtue. I presented you with an Half-Guinea, in Hopes not only to have my Conscience eas'd, but my Fortune told. Yet--- Well Madam, said I, Pray of what Age is your Husband? He is, reply'd my injured Client, Fifty, and I have been his Wife Fifteen Years. How happen'd it, you never communicated your Distress in all this Time to your Friends and Relations? She answered, He has been thus but a Fortnight. I am the

2 most

most serious Man in the World to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. Why, Madam, in case of Infirmity, which proceeds only from Age, the Law gives no Remedy. Sir, said she, I find you have no more Learning than Dr. *Case*; and I am told of a young Man, not Five and twenty, just come from *Oxford*, to whom I will communicate this whole Matter, and doubt not but he will appear to have Seven Times more useful and satisfactory Knowledge than you and all your boasted Family. Thus I have entirely lost my Client: But if this tedious Narrative preserves *Pastorella* from the intended Marriage with one Twenty Years her Senior--- To save a Fine Lady, I am contented to have my Learning decry'd, and my *Predictions* bound up with *Poor Robin's Almanacks.*

Will's Coffee-house, May 25.

This Evening was acted, *The Recruiting Officer*, in which Mr. *Estcourt's* proper Sense and Observation is what supports the Play. There is not, in my humble Opinion, the Humour hit in *Serjeant Kite*; but it is admirably supply'd by his Action. If I have Skill to judge, that Man is an excellent Actor; but the Crowd of the Audience are fitter for Representations at *May-Fair*, than a *Theatre-Royal.* Yet that Fair is now broke, as well as the *Theatre* is breaking: But it is allowed still to sell Animals there. Therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have Occasion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Penkethman*, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable Rate. The Downfal of *May-Fair* has quite sunk the Price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other Curiosities of Nature. A Tyger will sell almost as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a Man may purchase a Cat with Three Legs, for very

near

near the Value of one with Four. I hear likewiſe, That there is a great Deſolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the Ornaments of the Town, and uſed to ſhine in Plumes and Diadems; the Heroes being moſt of them preſs'd, and the Queens beating Hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, ſo famous for her ingenious Puppet-Show, has ſet up a Shop in the *Exchange*, where ſhe ſells her little Troop under the Term of Jointed-Babies. I could not but be ſolicitous to know of her, how ſhe had diſpoſed of that Rake-hell *Punch*, whoſe lewd Life and Converſation had given ſo much Scandal, and did not a little contribute to the Ruin of the Fair. She told me, with a Sigh, That deſpairing of ever reclaiming him, ſhe would not offer to Place him in a Civil Family, but got him in a Poſt upon a Stall in *Wapping*, where he may be ſeen from Sun-riſing to Sun-ſetting, with a Glaſs in one Hand, and a Pipe in the other, as Centry to a Brandy-Shop. The great Revolutions of this Nature bring to my Mind the Diſtreſſes of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill Luck to break before her Voice, and to diſappear at a Time when her Beauty was in the Heighth of its Bloom. This Lady enter'd ſo throughly into the great Characters ſhe acted, that when ſhe had finiſhed her Part, ſhe could not think of retrenching her Equipage, but would appear in her own Lodgings with the ſame Magnificence that ſhe did upon the Stage. This Greatneſs of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princeſs to an involuntary Retirement, where ſhe now paſſes her Time among the Woods and Foreſts, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters ſhe has loſt, and often humming over in her Solitude,

I was born of Royal Race,
Yet muſt wander in Diſgrace, &c.

But

But for Fear of being over-heard, and her Quality known, she usually sings it in *Italian*;

> *Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono*
> *E pur sono*
> *Iventurata Pastorella* ——

Since I have touched upon this Subject, I shall communicate to my Reader Part of a Letter I have received from an ingenious Friend at *Amsterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the Manner of furnishing it with Actors is something peculiar to that Place, and gives us Occasion to admire both the Politeness and Frugality of the People.

MY Friends have kept me here a Week longer than ordinary to see one of their Plays, which was performed last Night with great Applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen, who, after their Day's Work is over, earn about a Gilder a Night by personating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I saw, was a Journey-man Taylor, and his First Minister of State a Coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope *in the* Rehearsal; *for her Mother keeps an Ale-house in the Suburbs of* Amsterdam. *When the Tragedy was over, they entertain'd us with a short Farce, in which the Cobler did his Part to a Miracle; but upon Enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own Trade, and representing on the Stage what he acted every Day in his Shop. The Profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the Profession of an Actor the only Trade that a Man ought to exercise, so they will not allow a Body to grow rich on a Profession that, in their Opinion, so little conduces to the Good of the Common-wealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in* England *have done the same Thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the*

the Hospital at Dulledge *was erected and endowed by Mr.* Allen, *a Player: And it is also said, A famous She-Tragedian has settled her Estate, after her Death, for the Maintenance of decay'd Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever Time of their Life that shall happen.*

St. James's Coffee-house, May 25.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 31st Instant, *N. S.* say, That the Articles Preliminary to a general Peace were settled, communicated to the States-General, and all the Foreign Ministers residing there, and transmitted to their respective Masters on the 28th. Monsieur *Torcy* immediately returned to the Court of *France*, from whence he is expected again on the 4th of the next Month with those Articles ratified by that Court. The *Hague* is agreed upon for the Place of Treaty, and the 15th of the next Month the Day on which it is to commence. The Terms whereon this Negociation is founded, are not yet declared by publick Authority; but what is most generally received, is as follows:

Her Majesty's Right and Title, and the Protestant Succession to those Dominions, is forthwith to be acknowledged. King *Charles* is to be owned the lawful Sovereign of *Spain*. The *French* King shall not only recall his Troops out of that Kingdom, and deliver up to the Allies the Towns of *Roses*, *Fonterabia*, and *Pampelona*; but in case the Duke of *Anjou* shall not retire out of the *Spanish* Dominions, he shall be obliged to assist the Allies to force him from thence. A Cessation of Arms is agreed upon for Two Months from the first Day of the Treaty. The Port and Fortifications of *Dunkirk* are to be demolished within Four Months; but the Town it self left in the Hands of the *French*. The Pretender is to be obliged to leave *France*. All *Newfoundland* is to be restored to the *English*. As to

the other Parts of *America*, the *French* are to reſtore whatever they may have taken from the *Engliſh*, as the *Engliſh* in like Manner to give up what they may have taken from the *French* before the Commencement of the Treaty. The Trade between *Great-Britain* and *France* ſhall be ſettled upon the ſame Foundation as in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

The *Dutch* are to have for their Barriers, *Newport*, *Berg*, *St. Vinox*, *Furnes*, *Ipres*, *Lisle*, *Tournay*, *Doua*, *Valenciennes*, *Conde*, *Maubeuge*, *Mons*, *Charleroy*, *Namur*, and *Luxemburg*; all which Places ſhall be delivered up to the Allies before the End of *June*. The Trade between *Holland* and *France* ſhall be on the ſame Foot as in 1664. The Cities of *Strasburg*, *Briſac*, and *Alſatia*, ſhall be reſtored to the Emperor and Empire; and the King of *France*, purſuant to the Treaty of *Weſtphalia* in 1648, ſhall only retain the Protection of Ten Imperial Cities, *viz.* *Colmar*, *Schleſtat*, *Haguenau*, *Munſter*, *Turkeim*, *Keiſemberg*, *Obrenheim*, *Roſheim*, *Weiſemburg*, and *Landau*; *Huninguen*, *Fort Louis*, *Fort Khiel*, and *New Briſac*, ſhall be demoliſhed, and all the Fortifications from *Baſil* to *Philipsburg*. The King of *Pruſſia* ſhall remain in the peaceable Poſſeſſion of *Neufchatel*. The Affair of *Orange*, as alſo the Pretenſions of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty in the *French Comte*, ſhall be determined at this general Negociation of Peace. The Duke of *Savoy* ſhall have a Reſtitution made of all that has been taken from him by the *French*, and remain Maſter of *Exilles*, *Chamont*, *Feneſtrelles*, and the Valley of *Pragelas*.

The TATLER. [N°21.

From *Thursd. May* 26. to *Saturd. May* 28. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, May 26.

A Gentleman has writ to me out of the Country a very civil Letter, and said Things which I suppress with great Violence to my Vanity. There are many Terms in my Narratives which he complains want explaining, and has therefore desired, that, for the Benefit of my Country Readers, I would let him know what I mean by a *Gentleman*, a *Pretty Fellow*, a *Toast*, a *Coquet*, a *Critick*, a *Wit*, and all other Appellations of those in the gayer World, who are in Possession of these several Characters; together with an Account of those who unfortunately pretend to 'em. I shall begin with him we usually call a *Gentleman*, or Man of Conversation.

It is generally thought, That Warmth of Imagination, quick Relish of Pleasure, and a Manner of becoming it, are the most essential Qualities for forming this Sort of Man. But any one that is much in Company will observe, that the Height of good Breeding is shown rather in never giving Offence, than in doing obliging Things. Thus he that never shocks you, tho' he is seldom entertaining, is more likely to keep your Favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary Talent therefore in a Man of Conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a Fine Gentleman, is a good Judgment. He that has this in Perfection, is Master of his Companion, without letting him see it; and has the same Advantage over Men of any other Qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind Man of Ten Times his Strength.

This is what makes *Sophronius* the Darling of all who converſe with him, and the moſt Powerful with his Acquaintance of any Man in Town. By the Light of this Faculty, he acts with great Eaſe and Freedom among the Men of Pleaſure, and acquits himſelf with Skill and Diſpatch among the Men of Buſineſs. All which he performs with ſuch Succeſs, that, with as much Diſcretion in Life as any Man ever had, he neither is, nor appears Cunning. But as he does a good Office, if he ever does it, with Readineſs and Alacrity; ſo he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a Manner that convinces you, that you ought not to have asked it. His Judgment is ſo good and unerring, and accompanied with ſo chearful a Spirit, that his Converſation is a continual Feaſt, at which he helps ſome, and is helped by others, in ſuch a Manner, that the Equality of Society is perfectly kept up, and every Man obliges as much as he is obliged: For it is the greateſt and juſteſt Skill in a Man of ſuperior Underſtanding, to know how to be on a Level with his Companions. This ſweet Diſpoſition runs through all the Actions of *Sophronius,* and make his Company deſired by Women, without being envied by Men. *Sophronius* would be as juſt as he is, if there were no Law; and would be as diſcreet as he is, if there were no ſuch Thing as Calumny.

In Imitation of this agreeable Being, is made that Animal we call a *Pretty Fellow*; who being juſt able to find out, that what makes *Sophronius* acceptable, is a Natural Behaviour; in order to the ſame Reputation, makes his own an Artificial one. *Jack Dimple* is his perfect Mimick, whereby he is of Courſe the moſt unlike him of all Men living. *Sophronius* juſt now paſſed into the inner Room directly forward: *Jack* comes as faſt after as he can for the Right

and

and Left Looking-glaſs, in which he had but juſt approved himſelf by a Nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for Half an Hour, till he thinks he is not careleſs enough in his Air, and come back to the Mirror to recollect his Forgetfulneſs.

Will's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

This Night was acted the Comedy, called, *The Fox*; but I wonder the Modern Writers do not uſe their Intereſt in the Houſe to ſuppreſs ſuch Repreſentations. A Man that has been at this, will hardly like any other Play during the Seaſon: Therefore I humbly move, That the Writings, as well as Dreſſes, of the laſt Age, ſhould give Way to the preſent Faſhion. We are come into a good Method enough (if we were not interrupted in our Mirth by ſuch an Apparition as a Play of *Johnſon*'s) to be entertained at more Eaſe, both to the Spectator and the Writer, than in the Days of Old. It is no Difficulty to get Hats, and Swords, and Wigs, and Shooes, and every Thing elſe, from the Shops in Town, and make a Man ſhow himſelf by his Habit, without more ado, to be a Counſellor, a Fop, a Courtier, or a Citizen, and not be obliged to make thoſe Characters talk in different Dialects to be diſtinguiſhed from each other. This is certainly the ſureſt and beſt Way of Writing: But ſuch a Play as this makes a Man for a Month after over-run with Criticiſm, and enquire, *What every Man on the Stage ſaid? What had ſuch a one to do to meddle with ſuch a Thing? How came t'other, who was bred after this or that Manner, to ſpeak ſo like a Man converſant among a different People?* Theſe Queſtions rob us of all our Pleaſure; for at this Rate, no Sentence in a Play ſhould be ſpoken by any one Character, which could poſſibly enter into the Head of any other Man repreſented in it; but

very Sentiment ſhould be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious *Ben*'s Works will bear this Sort of Inquiſition; but if the preſent Writers were thus examined, and the Offences againſt this Rule cut out, few Plays would be long enough for the whole Evening's Entertainment.

But I don't know how they did in thoſe old Times: This ſame *Ben Johnſon* has made every one's Paſſion in this Play be towards Money, and yet not one of them expreſſes that Deſire, or endeavour to obtain it any Way but what is peculiar to him only: One ſacrifices his Wife, another his Profeſſion, another his Poſterity, from the ſame Motive; but their Characters are kept ſo skilfully apart, that it ſeems prodigious their Diſcourſes ſhould riſe from the Intention of the ſame Author.

But the Poets are a Neſt of Hornets, and I'll drive theſe Thoughts no farther, but muſt mention ſome hard Treatment I am like to meet with from my Brother Writers. I am credibly informed, that the Author of a Play, call'd, *Love in a Hollow Tree*, has made ſome Remarks upon my late Diſcourſe on *The Naked Truth*. I cannot blame a Gentleman for writing againſt any Error; it is for the Good of the learned World. But I would have the Thing fairly left between us Two, and not under the Protection of Patrons. But my Intelligence is, that he has dedicated his Treatiſe to the Honourable Mr. *Edw---d H---rd*.

From my own Apartment, *May* 27.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

SIR, York, May 16. 1709.

Being convinc'd, as the whole World is, how infallible your Predictions are, and having the Honour to be your near Relation, of the Staffian *Family, I was under great* Concern *at one of your Predictions*

dictions relating to your ſelf, wherein you foretold your own Death would happen on the 17th Inſtant, unleſs it were prevented by the Aſſiſtance of well-diſpoſed People: I have therefore prevailed on my own Modeſty to ſend you a Piece of News, which may ſerve, inſtead of Goddard's Drops, *to keep you alive for Two Days, till Nature be able to recover it ſelf, or till you meet with ſome better Help from other Hands. Therefore, without further Ceremony, I will go on to relate a ſingular Adventure juſt happened in the Place where I am writing, wherein it may be highly uſeful for the Publick to be informed.*

Three young Ladies of our Town were on Saturday *laſt indicted for* Witchcraft. *The Witneſſes againſt the Firſt depoſed upon Oath before Juſtice* Bindover, *That ſhe kept Spirits lock'd up in Veſſels, which ſometimes appeared in Flames of blue Fire; That ſhe uſed Magical Herbs, with ſome of which ſhe drew in Hundreds of Men daily to her, who went out from her Preſence all inflamed, their Mouths parched, and a hot Steam iſſuing from them, attended with a grievous Stench; That many of the ſaid Men were by the Force of that Herb metamorphoſed into Swine, and lay wallowing in the Kennels for Twenty four Hours, before they could reaſſume their Shapes or their Senſes.*

It was proved againſt the Second, That ſhe cut off by Night the Limbs from dead Bodies that were hanged, and were ſeen to dig Holes in the Ground, to mutter ſome conjuring Words, and bury Pieces of the Fleſh, after the uſual Manner of Witches.

The Third was accuſed for a notorious Piece of Sorcery, long practiſed by Hags, of moulding up Pieces of Dough into the Shapes of Men, Women, and Children; then heating them at a gentle Fire, which had a Sympathetick Power to torment the Bowels of thoſe in the Neighbourhood.

This was the Sum of what was objected against the Three Ladies, who indeed had nothing to say in their own Defence, but downright denying the Facts, which is like to avail very little when they come upon their Trials.

But the Parson of our Parish, a strange refractory Man, will believe nothing of all this; so that the whole Town cries out, Shame! That one of his Coat should be such an Atheist? *And design to complain of him to the Bishop. He goes about very odly to solve the Matter. He supposes, That the First of these Ladies keeping a Brandy and Tobacco Shop, the Fellows went out smoaking, and got drunk towards Evening, and made themselves Beasts. He says, The Second is a Butcher's Daughter, and sometimes brings a Quarter of Mutton from the Slaughter-house over Night against a Market-Day, and once buried a Bit of Beef in the Ground, as a known Receipt to cure Warts on her Hands. The Parson affirms, That the Third sells Gingerbread, which, to please the Children, she is forced to stamp with Images before 'tis baked; and if it burns their Guts, 'tis because they eat too much, or do not drink after it.*

These are the Answers he gives to solve these wonderful Phænomena; *upon which I shall not animadvert, but leave it among Philosophers: And so wishing you all Success in your Undertakings for the Amendment of the World, I remain,*

Dear Cousin,

Your most Affectionate Kinsman,

and Humble Servant,

Ephraim Bedstaff.

P. S. Those

P. S. Thoſe who were condemn'd to Death among the *Athenians,* were obliged to take a Doſe of Poiſon, which made them die upwards, ſeizing firſt upon their Feet, making them cold and inſenſible, and ſo aſcending gradually, till it reach'd the Vital Parts. I believe your Death, which you foretold would happen on the 17th Inſtant, will fall out the ſame Way, and that your Diſtemper hath already ſeized on you, and makes Progreſs daily. The lower Part of you, that is, the *Advertiſements,* is dead; and theſe have riſen for theſe Ten Days laſt paſt, ſo that they now take up almoſt a whole Paragraph. Pray, Sir, do your Endeavour to drive this Diſtemper as much as poſſible to the extreme Parts, and keep it there, as wiſe Folks do the Gout; for if it once gets into your Stomach, it will ſoon fly up into your Head, and you are a dead Man.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, May 27.

We hear from *Leghorn,* That Sir *Edward Whitaker,* with Five Men of War, Four Tranſports, and Two Fireſhips, was arrived at that Port, and Admiral *Bing* was ſuddenly expected. Their Squadrons being joined, they deſign to ſail directly for *Final,* to tranſport the Reinforcements, lodged in thoſe Parts, to *Barcelona.*

They write from *Milan,* That Count *Thaun* arrived there on the 16th Inſtant, *N. S.* and proceeded on his Journey to *Turin* on the 21ſt, in order to concert ſuch Meaſures with his Royal Highneſs, as ſhall appear neceſſary for the Operations of the enſuing Campaign.

Advices from *Dauphine* ſay, That the Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* begin already to appear in thoſe Valleys, whereof he made himſelf Maſter the laſt Year; and that the Duke of *Berwick* apply'd himſelf with all imaginable Diligence to ſecure the Paſſes of

the Mountains, by ordering Intrenchments to be made towards *Brianzon, Tourneau,* and the Valley of *Queiras.* That General has alſo been at *Marſeilles* and *Thoulon,* to haſten the Tranſportation of the Corn and Proviſions deſigned for his Army.

Letters from *Vienna,* bearing Date *May* 23. *N. S.* import, That the Cardinal of *Saxe-Zeits* and the Prince of *Litchtenſtein* were preparing to ſet out for *Presburgh,* to aſſiſt at the Diet of the States of *Hungary,* which is to be aſſembled at that Place on the 25th of this Month. General *Heiſter* would ſhortly appear at the Head of his Army at *Trentſchin,* which Place is appointed for the general Rendezvous of the Imperial Forces in *Hungary*; from whence he will advance to lay Siege in *Newhauſel:* In the mean Time, Reinforcements, with a great Train of Artillery, are marching the ſame Way. The King of *Denmark* arrived on the 10th Inſtant at *Inſpruck,* and on the 26th at *Dreſden,* under a Triple Diſcharge of the Artillery of that Place; but his Majeſty refuſed the Ceremonies of a Publick Entry.

Our Letters from the *Upper Rhine* ſay, That the Imperial Army began to form it ſelf at *Etlingen*; where the reſpective Deputies of the Elector Palatine, the Prince of *Baden Durlach,* the Biſhoprick of *Spires, &c.* were aſſembled, and had taken the neceſſary Meaſures for the Proviſion of Forage, the Security of the Country againſt the Incurſions of the Enemy, and laying a Bridge over the *Rhine.* Several Veſſels laden with Corn are daily paſſing before *Frankfort* for the *Lower Rhine.*

Letters from *Poland* inform us, That a Detachment of *Muſcovite* Cavalry, under the Command of General *Infland,* had joined the Confederate Army; and the Infantry, commanded

by

by General *Goltz*, was expected to come up within few Days. These Succours will amount to 26000 Men.

Our last Advices from the *Hague*, dated *June* the 4th, *N.S.* say, That they expected a Courier from the *French* Court with the Ratification of the Preliminaries that Night or the Day following. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* will set out for *Brussels* on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next, if the Dispatches which are expected from *Paris* don't alter his Resolutions. Letters from *Majorca* confirm the Honourable Capitulation of the Castle of *Alicant*, and also the Death of the Governour Major-General *Richards*, Colonel *Sibourg*, and Major *Vignolles*, who were all buried in the Ruins of that Place by the springing of their great Mine, which did, it seems more Execution than was reported. Monsieur *Torcy* passed thro' *Mons* in his Return, and had there a long Conference with the Elector of *Bavaria*; after which, that Prince spoke publickly of the Treatment he had received from *France* with the utmost Indignation.

Any Person that shall come publickly Abroad in a fantastical Habit, contrary to the present Mode and Fashion, except Don Diego Desmallo, *or any other out of Poverty, shall have his Name and Dress inserted in our next.*

N. B. *Mr.* Howd'call *is desired to leave off those Buttons.*

The

The TATLER. [Nº 21.

From *Saturd.* *May* 28. to *Tueſd.* *May* 31. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 28.

I Came hither this Evening to ſee Faſhions, and who ſhould I firſt encounter but my old Friend *Cynthio* (encompaſſed by a Crowd of young Fellows) dictating on the Paſſion of Love with the gayeſt Air imaginable. ‘ Well, ſays he, as to what I know of the Matter, there is nothing but Ogling with Skill carries a Woman; but indeed it is not every Fool that is capable of this Art: You will find Twenty can ſpeak eloquently, Fifty can fight manfully, and a Thouſand that can dreſs genteely at a Miſtreſs, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquiſite Judgment, to take the Language of her Eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too faſt for hers; as at a Play between the Acts, when Beau *Friſk* ſtands upon a Bench full in *Lindamira*'s Face, and her dear Eyes are ſearching round to avoid that ſtaring open Fool; ſhe meets the watchful Glance of her true Lover, and ſees his Heart attentive on her Charms, and waiting for a ſecond Twinkle of her Eye for its next Motion. Here the good Company ſneer'd; but he goes on. Nor is this Attendance a Slavery, when a Man meets Encouragement, and her Eye comes often in his Way: For, after an Evening ſo ſpent, and the Repetition of Four or Five ſignificant Looks at him, the happy Man goes Home to his Lodging, full of Ten thouſand pleaſing Images: His Brain is dilated, and gives him all the Idea's and Proſpects which it ever lets in to its Seat of Pleaſure.

'sure. Thus a kind Look from *Lindamira* re-'vives in his Imagination all the Beauteous 'Launs, Green Fields, Woods, Forests, Rivers, 'and Solitudes, which he had ever before seen 'in Picture, Description, or Real Life: And all 'with this Addition, That he now sees 'em with 'the Eyes of an happy Lover, as before only 'with those of a common Man. You laugh, 'Gentlemen: But consider your selves, (you 'common People that were never in Love) and 'compare your selves in good Humour with 'your selves out of Humour, and you will then 'acknowledge, that all External Objects affect 'you according to the Disposition you are in to 'receive their Impressions, and not as those Ob-'jects are in their own Nature. How much 'more shall all that passes within his View and 'Observation, touch with Delight a Man who is 'prepossess'd with successful Love, which is an 'Assemblage of soft Affections, gay Desires, and 'hopeful Resolutions?

Poor *Cynthio* went on at this Rate to the Crowd about him, without any Purpose in his Talk, but to vent an Heart overflowing with Sense of Success. I wondered what could exalt him from the Distress in which he had long appeared, to so much Alacrity. But my Familiar has given me the State of his Affairs. It seems then, that lately coming out of the Playhouse, his Mistress, who knows he is in her Livery, as the Manner of insolent Beauties, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much Wages, as to complain to him of the Crowd she was to pass through. He had his Wits and Resolution enough about him to take her Hand, and say, He would attend her to her Coach. All the Way thither, my good young Man stammer'd at every Word, and stumbled at every Step. His Mistress, wonderfully pleased with her Triumph, put him to a Thousand Questi-

ons,

ons, to make a Man of his natural Wit ſpeak with Heſitation, and let drop her Fan, to ſee him recover it aukwardly. This is the whole Foundation of *Cynthio*'s Recovery to the ſprightly Air he appears with at preſent.

I grew mighty curious to know ſomething more of that Lady's Affairs, as being amaz'd how ſhe could dally with an Offer of one of his Merit and Fortune. I ſent *Pacolet* to her Lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following Letter to her Friend and Confident *Amanda* in the Country, wherein ſhe has open'd her Heart and all its Folds.

Dear Amanda,

THE Town grows ſo empty, that you muſt expect my Letter ſo too, except you will allow me to talk of my ſelf inſtead of others: You cannot imagine what Pain it is, after a whole Day ſpent in Publick, to want your Company, and the Eaſe which Friendſhip allows in being vain to each other, and ſpeaking all our Minds. An Account of the Slaughter which theſe unhappy Eyes have made within Ten Days laſt paſt, would make me appear too great a Tyrant to be allowed in a Chriſtian Country. I ſhall therefore confine my ſelf to my Principal Conqueſts, which are the Hearts of Beau Friſk, *and* Jack Freeland, *beſides* Cynthio, *who, you know, wore my Fetters before you went out of Town. Shall I tell you my Weakneſs? I begin to love* Friſk: *It is the beſt humoured Impertinent Thing in the World: He is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one Time or other.* Freeland's *Father and mine have been upon Treaty without conſulting me; and* Cynthio *has been eternally watching my Eyes, without approaching me, my Friends, my Maid, or any one about me: He hopes to get me, I believe, as they ſay the Rattle Snake does the*

the Squirrel, by staring at me till I drop into his Mouth. Freeland *demands me for a Jointure which he thinks deserves me;* Cynthio *thinks nothing high enough to be my Value:* Freeland *therefore will take it for no* Obligation *to have me; and* Cynthio's *Idea of me, is what will vanish by knowing me better. Familiarity will equally turn the Veneration of the one, and the Indifference of the other, into* Contempt. *I will stick therefore to my old Maxim, To have that Sort of Man, who can have no greater Views than what are in my Power to give him Possession of. The utmost of my Dear* Frisk's *Ambition is, to be thought a Man of Fashion; and therefore has been so much in Mode, as to resolve upon me, because the whole Town likes me. Thus I choose rather a Man who loves me because others do, than one who approves me on his own Judgment. He that judges for himself in Love, will often change his Opinion; but he that follows the Sense of others, must be constant, as long as a Woman can make Advances. The Visits I make, the Entertainments I give, and the Addresses I receive, will be all Arguments for me with a Man of* Frisk's *second-hand* Genius; *but would be so many Bars to my Happiness with any other Man. However, since* Frisk *can wait, I shall enjoy a Summer or Two longer, and remain a single Woman, in the sublime Pleasure of being followed and admired; which nothing can equal, except that of being beloved by you.*

I am, &c.

Will's Coffee-house, May 30.

My chief Business here this Evening was to speak to my Friends in Behalf of honest *Cave Underhill*, who has been a Comick for Three Generations: My Father admired him extremely when he was a Boy. There is certainly Nature-

ture excellently represented in his Manner of Action; in which he ever avoided that general Fault in Players, of doing too much. It must be confess'd, he has not the Merit of some ingenious Persons now on the Stage, of adding to his Authors; for the Actors were so dull in the last Age, that many of them have gone out of the World, without having ever spoke one Word of their own in the Theatre. Poor *Cave* is so mortified, that he quibbles, and tells you, he pretends only to act a Part fit for a Man who has one Foot in the Grave; *viz.* a *Grave-digger.* All Admirers of true Comedy, it is hoped, will have the Gratitude to be present on the last Day of his Acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say, That it is his first Offence.

But there is a Gentleman here, who says he has it from good Hands, that there is actually a Subscription made by many Persons of Wit and Quality, for the Encouragement of new Comedies. This Design will very much contribute to the Improvement and Diversion of the Town: But as every Man is most concerned for himself, I, who am of a *Saturnine* and Melancholy Complexion, cannot but murmur, that there is not an equal Invitation to write Tragedies, having by me, in my Book of Common Places, enough to enable me to finish a very Sad one by the Fifth of the next Month. I have the Farewell of a General, with a Truncheon in his Hand, dying for Love, in Six Lines. I have the Principles of a Politician, (who does all the Mischief in the Play,) together with his Declaration on the Vanity of Ambition in his last Moments, express'd in a Page and an half. I have all my Oaths ready, and my Similies want nothing but Application. I won't pretend to give you an Account of the Plot, it being the

same

ſame Deſign upon which all Tragedies have been writ for ſeveral Years laſt paſt; and from the Beginning of the Firſt Scene, the Frequenters of the Houſe may know, as well as the Author, when the Battle is to be fought, the Lady to yield, and the Hero proceed to his Wedding and Coronation. Beſides theſe Advantages which I have in Readineſs, I have an eminent Tragedian very much my Friend, who ſhall come in, and go through the whole Five Acts, without troubling me for one Sentence, whether he is to kill or be killed, love or be loved, win Battles or loſe them, or whatever other Tragical Performance I ſhall pleaſe to aſſign him.

From my own Apartment, May 30.

I have this Day received a Letter, ſubſcribed *Fidelia*, that gives me an Account of an Inchantment under which a young Lady ſuffers, and deſires my Help to exorciſe her from the Power of the Sorcerer. Her Lover is a Rake of Sixty; the Lady a virtuous Woman of Twenty five: Her Relations are to the laſt Degree afflicted, and amazed at this irregular Paſſion: Their Sorrow I know not how to remove, but can their Aſtoniſhment; for there is no Spirit in Woman half ſo prevalent as that of Contradiction, which is the ſole Cauſe of her Perſeverance. Let the whole Family go dreſs'd in a Body, and call the Bride to Morrow Morning to her Nuptials, and I'll undertake, the Inconſtant will forget her Lover in the midſt of all his Aches. But if this Expedient does not ſucceed, I muſt be ſo juſt to the young Lady's diſtinguiſhing Senſe, as to applaud her Choice. A fine young Woman, at laſt, is but what is due from Fate to an honeſt Fellow, who has ſuffered ſo unmercifully by the Sex; and I think we cannot enough celebrate her Heroick Vertue, who (like the Patriot that ended a Peſtilence by plunging

plunging himſelf into a Gulph) gives her ſelf up to gorge that Dragon which has devoured ſo many Virgins before her.

A Letter directed to Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq; Aſtrologer and Phyſician in Ordinary to Her Majeſty's Subjects of* Great Britain, *with Reſpect, is come to Hand.*

The TATLER. [N° 23.

From *Tueſday May* 31. to *Thurſday June* 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 31.

THE Generality of Mankind are ſo very fond of this World, and of ſtaying in it, that a Man cannot have eminent Skill in any one Art, but they will, in Spite of his Teeth, make him a Phyſician alſo, that being the Science the Worldlings have moſt Need of. I pretended, when I firſt ſet up, to Aſtrology only; but I am told, I have deep Skill alſo in Medecine. I am applied to now by a Gentleman for my Advice in Behalf of his Wife, who, upon the leaſt Matrimonial Difficulty, is exceſſively troubled with Fits, and can bear no Manner of Paſſion without falling into immediate Convulſions. I muſt confeſs, it is a Caſe I have known before, and remember the Party was recovered by certain Words pronounced in the midſt of the Fit, by the Learned Doctor who performed the Cure. Theſe Ails have uſually their Beginning from the Affections of the Mind: Therefore you muſt have Patience to let me give you an Inſtance, whereby you may diſcern the Cauſe of the Diſtemper, and then proceed in the Cure as follows:

A fine Town Lady was married to a Gentleman of ancient Deſcent in one of the Counties of

of *Great Britain*, who had good Humour to a Weakneſs, and was that Sort of Perſon, of whom it is uſually ſaid, He is no Man's Enemy but his own: One who had too much Tenderneſs of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife; and ſhe too little Senſe to give him Authority for that Reaſon. His kind Wife obſerved this Temper in him, and made proper Uſe of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, ſhe reſolved upon an Expedient to ſave Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the ſame Time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever ſhe was repulſed in a Requeſt, or contradicted in a Diſcourſe. It was a Fiſh-Day, when in the midſt of her Husband's good Humour at Table, ſhe bethought her ſelf to try her Project. She made Signs that ſhe had ſwallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Aſhes, and ran to her Aſſiſtance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, recovering, It is down; don't be frighten'd. This Accident betrayed his Softneſs enough. The next Day ſhe complained, a Lady's Chariot, whoſe Husband had not half his Eſtate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that hers did. He anſwered, Madam, You know my Income, you know I have loſt Two Coach-Horſes this Spring.--- Down ſhe fell.--- *Hartshorn!* Betty, Suſan, Alice, *throw Water in her Face.* With much Care and Pains ſhe was at laſt brought to her ſelf, and the Vehicle in which ſhe viſited was amended in the niceſt Manner, to prevent Relapſes; but they frequently happen'd during that Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in few Years after. The Diſconſolate ſoon pitched upon a very agreeable Succeſſor, whom ſhe very prudently deſigned to govern by the ſame Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and reſolved to break through all Tender-

Tenderneſs, and be abſolute Maſter, as ſoon as Occaſion offered. One Day it happened, that a Diſcourſe aroſe about Furniture: He was very glad of the Occaſion, and fell into an Invective againſt *China*, proteſting he would never let Five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that Way as long as he breathed. She immediately fainted---- He ſtarts up as amaz'd, and calls for Help--- The Maids ran to the Cloſet--- He chafes her Face, bends her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulſions increaſe, and down ſhe tumbles on the Floor, where ſhe lies quite dead, in Spight of what the whole Family, from the Nurſery to the Kitchin, could do for her Relief.

While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Miſtreſs, he, fixing his Cheek to hers, ſeemed to be following her in a Trance of Sorrow; but ſecretly whiſpers her, *My Dear, This will never do: What is within my Power and Fortune, you may always command, but none of your Artifices: You are quite in other Hands than thoſe you paſſed theſe pretty Paſſions upon.* This made her almoſt in the Condition ſhe pretended; her Convulſions now come thicker, nor was ſhe to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts; and when the ſinking Part of the Fit came again, *Well, my Dear,* (ſaid he) *I applaud your Action; but I muſt take my Leave of you till you are more ſincere with me. Farewell for ever: You ſhall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing.* With that, he ordered the Maids to keep plying her with Hartſhorn, while he went for a Phyſician: He was ſcarce at the Stair-head when ſhe followed, and pulling him into a Cloſet, thank'd him for her Cure; which was ſo abſolute, that ſhe gave me this Relation her ſelf, to be communi-

cated

cated for the Benefit of all the voluntary Invalids of her Sex.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 1.

Advices from *Brussels* of the 6th Instant, *N. S.* say, His Highness Prince *Eugene* had received a Letter from Monsieur *Torcy*, wherein that Minister, after many Expressions of great Respect, acquaints him, That his Master had absolutely refused to sign the Preliminaries to the Treaty which he had, in his Majesty's Behalf, consented to at the *Hague*. Upon the Receipt of this Intelligence, the Face of Things at that Place were immediately altered, and the necessary Orders were transmitted to the Troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move towards the Place of Rendezvous with all Expedition. The Enemy seem also to prepare for the Field, and have at present drawn together Twenty five Thousand Men in the Plains of *Lenz*. Mareschal *Villars* is at the Head of those Troops; and has given the Generals under his Command all possible Assurances, that he will turn the Fate of the War to the Advantage of his Master.

They write from the *Hague* of the 7th, That Monsieur *Rouille* had received Orders from the Court of *France*, to signify to the States-General and the Ministers of the High Allies, That the King could not consent to the Preliminaries of a Treaty of Peace, as it was offered to him by Monsieur *Torcy*. The great Difficulty is the Business of *Spain*, on which Particular his Ministers seemed only to say, during the Treaty, that it was not so immediately under their Master's Direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquished by the Duke of *Anjou*: But now he positively answers, That he cannot comply with what his Minister has promised in his Behalf, even in such Points as are wholly in himself to act in or not. This has had no

other

other Effect, than to give the Alliance fresh Arguments for being diffident of Engagements entered into by *France*. The Pensioner made a Report of all which this Minister had declared to the Deputies of the States-General, and all Things turn towards a vigorous War. The Duke of *Marlborough* designed to leave the *Hague* within Two Days, in order to put himself at the Head of the Army, which is to assemble on the 17th Instant between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*. A Fleet of Eighty Sail, laden with Corn from the *Baltick*, is arrived in the *Texel*. The States have sent Circular Letters to all the Provinces, to notify this Change of Affairs, and animate their Subjects to new Resolutions in Defence of their Country.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

The Publick is not so little my Concern, tho' I am but a Student, as that I should not interest my self in the present great Things in Agitation. I am still of Opinion, the *French* King will sign the Preliminaries. With that View, I have sent him by my Familiar the following Epistle, and admonish'd him, on Pain of what I shall say of him to future Generations, to act with Sincerity on this Occasion.

London, May 31.

Isaac Bickerstaff *Esq*; *of* Great Britain, *to* Lewis *the Fourteenth of* France.

THE surprising News which arrived this Day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the Treaty your Ministers have in a Manner sued for, is what gives Ground to this Application to your Majesty, from one whose Name, perhaps, is too obscure to have ever reached your Territories; but one, who with all the *European* World, is affected with your Determinations. Therefore,

as it is mine and the common Cauſe of Mankind, I preſume to expoſtulate with you on this Occaſion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the Vulgar extravagant, that the Actions of a mighty Prince ſhould be ballanced by the Cenſure of a private Man, whoſe Approbation or Diſlike are equally contemptible in their Eyes, when they regard the Thrones of Sovereigns. But your Majeſty has ſhown, through the whole Courſe of your Reign, too great a Value for Liberal Arts to be inſenſible, that true Fame lies only in the Hands of Learned Men, by whom it is to be tranſmitted to Futurity, with Marks of Honour or Reproach to the End of Time. The Date of Humane Life is too ſhort to recompence the Cares which attend the moſt private Condition: Therefore it is, that our Souls are made as it were too big for it, and extend themſelves in the Proſpect of a longer Exiſtence, in a good Fame and Memory of worthy Actions after our Deceaſe. The whole Race of Men have this Paſſion in ſome Degree implainted in their Boſoms, which is the ſtrongeſt and nobleſt Incitation to honeſt Attempts: But the baſe Uſe of the Arts of Peace, Eloquence, Poetry, and all the Parts of Learning, have been poſſeſſed by Souls ſo unworthy thoſe Faculties, that the Names and Appellations of Things have been confounded by the Labours and Writings of proſtituted Men, who have ſtamp'd a Reputation upon ſuch Actions, as are in themſelves the Objects of Contempt and Diſgrace. This is that which has miſled your Majeſty in the Conduct of your Reign, and made that Life, which might have been the moſt imitable, the moſt to be avoided. To this it is, that the great and excellent Qualities of which your Majeſty is Maſter, are loſt in their Application; and your Majeſty has been carrying on for many Years the moſt cruel

cruel Tyranny, with all the noble Methods which are used to support a just Reign. Thus it is, that it avails nothing that you are a Bountiful Master; that you are so Generous as to reward even the Unsuccessful with Honour and Riches; that no laudable Action passes unrewarded in your Kingdoms; that you have searched all Nations for obscure Merit. In a Word, that you are in your private Character endowed with every Princely Quality, when all this is subjected to unjust and ill-taught Ambition, which to the Injury of the World, is gilded by those Endowments. However, if your Majesty will condescend to look into your own Soul, and consider all its Faculties and Weaknesses with Impartiality; if you will but be convinced, that Life is supported in you by the ordinary Methods of Food, Rest, and Sleep; you would think it impossible that you could ever be so much imposed on, as to have been wrought into a Belief, that so many Thousands of the same Make with your self were formed by Providence for no other End, but by the Hazard of their very Being to extend the Conquests and Glory of an Individual of their own Species. A very little Reflection will convince your Majesty, that such cannot be the Intent of the Creator; and if not, What Horror must it give your Majesty to think of the vast Devastations your Ambition has made among your Fellow-Creatures? While the Warmth of Youth, the Flattery of Crowds, and a continual Series of Success and Triumph, indulged your Majesty in this Allusion of Mind, it was less to be wondered at, that you proceeded in this mistaken Pursuit of Grandeur; but when Age, Disappointments, Publick Calamities, Personal Distempers, and the Reverse of all that makes Men forget their true Being, are fallen upon you: Heavens! Is it possible you can live without

of Remorse? Can the wretched Man be a Tyrant? Can Grief study Torments? Can Sorrow be Cruel? ——

Your Majesty will observe, I do not bring against you a railing Accusation; but as you are a [illegible] Professor of Religion, I beseech your Majesty to stop the Effusion of Blood, by receiving the Opportunity which presents it self, for the Preservation of your distressed People. Be no longer so infatuated, as to hope for Renown from Murder and Violence: But consider, that the Great Day will come, in which this World and all its Glory shall change in a Moment; when Nature shall sicken, and the Earth and Sea give up the Bodies committed to them, to appear before the last Tribunal. Will it then, Oh King! be an Answer for the Lives of Millions who have fallen by the Sword? *They perished for my Glory.* That Day will come on, and one like it is immediately approaching: Injur'd Nations advance towards thy Habitation: Vengeance has began its March, which is to be diverted only by the Penitence of the Oppressor. Awake, O Monarch, from thy Lethargy! Disdain the Abuses thou hast received: Pull down the Statue which calls thee Immortal: Be truly Great: Tear thy Purple, and put on Sackcloth. I am

Thy Generous Enemy,

Isaac Bickerstaff.

The TATLER. [Nº 4.

From *Thursd. June* 2. to *Saturd. June* 4. 17[illegible]

White's Chocolate-house, June 2.

IN my Paper of the 28th of the last Month, I mentioned several Characters which want Explanation to the Generality of Readers: Among others, I spoke of a Pretty Fellow. I have since received a kind Admonition in a Letter, to take Care that I do not omit to show also what is meant by a *very* Pretty Fellow, which is to be allowed as a Character by it self, and a Person exalted above the other by a peculiar Sprightliness; as one who, by a distinguishing Vigour, outstrips his Companions, and has thereby deserved and obtained a particular Appellation, or Nick-name of Familiarity. Some have this Distinction from the Fair Sex, who are so generous as to take into their Protection such as are laughed at by the Men, and place them for that Reason in Degrees of Favour.

The chief of this Sort is Colonel *Brunett*, who is a Man of Fashion, because he will be so; and practises a very janty Way of Behaviour, because he is too careless to know when he offends, and too sanguine to be mortified if he did know it. Thus the Colonel has met with a Town ready to receive him, and cannot possibly see why he should not make use of their Favour, and set himself in the first Degree of Conversation. Therefore he is very successfully loud among the Wits, familiar among the Ladies, and dissolute among the Rakes. Thus he is admitted in one Place, because he is so in another; and every Man treats *Brunett* well, not out of his particular Esteem for

for him, but in Reſpect to the Opinion of others. It is to me a ſolid Pleaſure to ſee the World thus miſtaken on the good-natur'd Side; for 'tis Ten to one but the Colonel mounts into a General Officer, marries a fine Lady, and is Maſter of a good Eſtate, before they come to explain upon him. What gives moſt Delight to me in this Obſervation, is, that all this ariſes from pure Nature, and the Colonel can account for his Succeſs no more than thoſe by whom he ſucceeds. For theſe Cauſes and Conſiderations, I pronounce him a true Woman's Man, and in the firſt Degree, *A very Pretty Fellow*.

The next to a Man of this univerſal Genius, is one who is peculiarly formed for the Service of the Ladies, and his Merit chiefly is to be of no Conſequence. I am indeed a little in Doubt, Whether he ought not rather to be called a *very Happy*, than a *very Pretty* Fellow? For he is admitted at all Hours: All he ſays or does, which would offend in another, are paſſed over in him; and all Actions and Speeches which pleaſe, doubly pleaſe if they come from him: No one wonders or takes Notice when he's wrong; but all admire him when he's in the Right. ----- By the Way it is fit to remark, That there are People of better Senſe than theſe, who endeavour at this Character; but they are out of Nature; and tho', with ſome Induſtry, they get the Characters of Fools, they cannot arrive to be *very*, ſeldom to be meerly *Pretty Fellows*. But where Nature has formed a Perſon for this Station amongſt Men, he is gifted with a peculiar Genius for Succeſs, and his very Errors and Abſurdities contribute to it; this Felicity attending him to his Life's End. For it being in a Manner neceſſary that he ſhould be of no Conſequence, he is as well in old Age as Youth; and I know a Man, whoſe Son has been ſome Years a pretty Fellow, who is himſelf at this Hour a *very* Pretty Fellow.

One must move tenderly in this Place, for w[illegible] are now in the Ladies Lodgings, and speaking of such as are supported by their Influence and F[illegible]vour; against which there is not, neither o[illegible]nt there to be, any Dispute or Observation[illegible]t when we come into more free Air, one ma[illegible] a little more at large.

Give me Leave then to mention Three, whom I do not doubt but we shall see make considerable Figures; and these are such as, for their *Bacchanalian* Performances, must be admitted into this Order. They are Three Brothers lately landed from *Holland:* As yet, indeed, they have not made their publick Entry, but lodge and converse at *Wapping*. They have merited already on the Water-side particular Titles: The First is called *Hogshead*; the Second, *Culverin*; and the Third, *Musquet*. This Fraternity is preparing for our End of the Town by their Ability in the Exercises of *Bacchus*, and measure their Time and Merit by Liquid Weight and Power of Drinking. *Hogshead* is a prettier Fellow than *Culverin* by Two Quarts, and *Culverin* than *Musquet* by a full Pint. It is to be feared, *Hogshead* is so often too full, and *Culverin* over-loaded, that *Musquet* will be the only lasting *very* Pretty Fellow of the Three.

A Third Sort of this Denomination are such as, by very daring Adventures in Love, have purchased to themselves Renown and new Names; as, *Jo. Carry*, for his excessive Strength and Vigour; *Tom. Drybones*, for his generous Loss of Youth and Health; and *Cancrum*, for his meritorious Rottenness.

These great and leading Spirits are proposed to all such of our *British* Youth as would arrive at Perfection in these different Kinds; and if their Parts and Accomplishments were well imitated, it is not doubted but that our Nation

would

would ſoon excel all others in Wit and Arts, as they already do in Arms.

[*N. B.* The Gentleman who ſtole *Betty Pepin*, m own it, for he is allowed to be a *very* Pret- low.]

Bu we muſt proceed to the Explanation of other Terms in our Writings.

To know what a Toaſt is in the Country, gives as much Perplexity as ſhe her ſelf does in Town: And indeed, the Learned differ very much upon the Original of this Word, and the Acceptation of it among the Moderns. However, it is by all agreed to have a joyous and chearful Import. A Toaſt in a cold Morning, heightened by Nutmeg, and ſweeten'd with Sugar, has for many Ages been given to our Rural Diſpenſers of Juſtice, before they enter'd upon Cauſes, and has been of great and politick Uſe to take off the Severity of their Sentences; but has indeed been remarkable for one ill Effect, that it inclines thoſe who uſe it immoderately, to ſpeak *Latin*, to the Admiration, rather than Information of an Audience. This Application of a Toaſt makes it very obvious, that the Word may, without a Metaphor, be underſtood as an apt Name for a Thing which raiſes us in the moſt ſovereign Degree. But many of the Wits of the laſt Age will aſſert, That the Word, in its preſent Senſe, was known among them in their Youth, and had its Riſe from an Accident at the Town of *Bath*, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

It happened, that on a Publick Day a celebrated Beauty of thoſe Times was in the *Croſs-Bath*, and one of the Crowd of her Admirers took a Glaſs of the Water in which the Fair One ſtood, and drank her Health to the Company. There was in the Place a Gay Fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and ſwore, Tho' he liked not

the Liquor, he would have the Toaſt. He was oppoſed in his Reſolution; yet this Whim gave Foundation to the preſent Honour which is done to the Lady we mention in our Liquors, who has ever ſince been called a *Toaſt*.

Tho' this Inſtitution had ſo trivial a Beginning, it is now elevated into a formal Order; and that happy Virgin who is received and drunk to at their Meetings, has no more to do in this Life, but to judge and accept of the firſt good Offer. The Manner of her Inauguration is much like that of the Choice of a Doge in *Venice*: It is performed by Ballotting; and when ſhe is ſo choſen, ſhe reigns indiſputably for that enſuing Year; but muſt be elected anew to prolong her Empire a Moment beyond it. When ſhe is regularly choſen, her Name is written with a Diamond on a Drinking-glaſs. The Hieroglyphick of the Diamond is to ſhew her, that her Value is imaginary; and that of the Glaſs to acquaint her, that her Condition is frail, and depends on the Hand which holds her. This wiſe Deſign admoniſhes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her Charms; as well conſidering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the Humour and Taſte of the Company, whether the Toaſt is eaten, or left as an Offal.

The Foremoſt of the whole Rank of Toaſts, and the moſt undiſputed in their preſent Empire, are Mrs. *Gatty* and Mrs. *Frontlet*: The Firſt an Agreeable, the Second an Awful Beauty. Theſe Ladies are perfect Friends, out of a Knowledge, that their Perfections are too different to ſtand in Competition. He that likes *Gatty*, can have no Reliſh for ſo ſolemn a Creature as *Frontlet*; and an Admirer of *Frontlet*, will call *Gatty* a May-pole Girl. *Gatty* for ever ſmiles upon you; and *Frontlet* diſdains to ſee you ſmile. *Gatty*'s Love is a ſhining quick Flame; *Frontlet*'s a ſlow waſt-

ing

ig Fire. *Gatty* likes the Man that diverts her; *Frontlet* him who adores her. *Gatty* always improves the Soil in which ſhe travels; *Frontlet* ... waſte the Country. *Gatty* does not only ...e, but laughs at her Lover; *Frontlet* not only ... ſerious, but frowns at him. All the Men of ...it, (and Coxcombs their Followers) are profeſſ'd Servants of *Gatty*: The Politicians and Pretenders give ſolemn Worſhip to *Frontlet*. Their Reign will be beſt judged of by its Duration. *Frontlet* will never be choſen more; and *Gatty* is a Toaſt for Life.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 3.

Letters from *Hamburg* of the 7th Inſtant, *N. S.* inform us, That no Art or Coſt is omitted to make the Stay of his *Daniſh* Majeſty at *Dreſden* agreeable; but there are various Speculations upon the Interview between King *Auguſtus* and that Prince, many putting Politick Conſtructions upon his *Daniſh* Majeſty's Arrival, at a Time when his Troops are marching out of *Hungary*, with Orders to paſs through *Saxony*, where it is given out, that they are to be recruited. It is ſaid alſo, That ſeveral *Poliſh* Senators have invited K. *Auguſtus* to return into *Poland*. His Majeſty of *Sweden*, according to the ſame Advices, has paſſed the *Nieper* without any Oppoſition from the *Muſcovites*, and advances with all poſſible Expedition towards *Volhinia*, where he propoſes to join King *Staniſlaus* and General *Creſſau*.

We hear from *Bern* of the 1ſt Inſtant, *N. S.* That there is not a Province in *France*, from whence the Court is not apprehenſive of receiving Accounts of Publick Emotions, occaſion'd by the Want of Corn. The General Diet of the 13 Cantons is aſſembled at *Baden*, but have not yet enter'd upon Buſineſs, ſo that the Affair of *Tockenburgh* is yet at a Stand.

Letters from the *Hague*, dated the 11th Insta[illegible] *N. S.* advise, That Monsieur *Rouillé* having ac[illegible] quainted the Ministers of the Allies, that his M[illegible] ster had refused to ratify the Preliminaries [illegible] Treaty adjusted with Monsieur *Torcy*, set o[illegible] *Paris* on *Sunday* Morning. The same [illegible] Foreign Ministers met a Committee of the [illegible]tate[illegible] General, where Monsieur *van Hessen* op[illegible]ned the Business upon which they were assembled, and in a very warm Discourse laid before them the Conduct of *France* in the late Negociations, representing the abject Manner in which she had laid open her own Distresses, that reduced her to a Compliance with the Demands of all the Allies, and her Meannesses in receding from those Points to which Monsieur *Torcy* had consented. The respective Minister of each Potentate of the Alliance severally expressed their Resentment of the faithless Behaviour of the *French*, and gave each other mutual Assurances of the Constancy and Resolution of their Principals, to proceed with the utmost Vigour against the common Enemy. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* set out from the *Hague* on the 9th in the Afternoon, and lay that Night at *Rotterdam*, from whence at Four the next Morning he proceeded towards *Antwerp*, with a Design to reach *Ghent* the next Day. All the Troops in the *Low-Countries* are in Motion towards the general Rendezvous between the *Scheld* and the *Lis*, the whole Army will be formed on the 12th Instant; and 'tis said, That on the 14th they will advance towards the Enemy's Country. In the mean Time, the Mareschal *de Villars* has assembled the *French* Forces between *Lens*, *la Bassee*, and *Douay*.

Yesterday Morning Sir *John Norris*, with the Squadron under his Command, sailed from the *Downes* for *Holland*.

From

From my own Apartment, June 3.

I have the Honour of the following Letter from a Gentleman whom I receive into my Family, and order the Heralds at Arms to enroll him accordingly.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

'THO' you have excluded me the Honour of ' your Family, yet I have ventured to cor-' reſpond with the ſame great Perſons as your-' ſelf, and have wrote this Poſt to the King of ' *France*; tho' I am in a Manner unknown in his ' Country, and have not been ſeen there theſe ' many Months.

To LEWIS le Grand.

Tho' in your Country I'm unknown,
  Yet, Sir, I muſt adviſe you;
Of late ſo poor and mean you're grown,
  That all the World deſpiſe you.

Here Vermin eat your Majeſty,
  There meagre Subjects ſtand unfed;
What ſurer Signs of Poverty,
  Than many Lice, and little Bread?

Then, Sir, the preſent Minute chuſe,
  Our Armies are advanced;
Thoſe Terms you at the *Hague* refuſe,
  At *Paris* won't be granted.

Conſider this, and *Dunkirk* raze,
  And *Anna*'s Title own;
Send one Pretender out to graze,
  And call the other Home.

Your Humble Servant,

Bread, the Staff of Life.

The TATLER. [N° 25.

From *Saturd. June* 4. to *Tueſd. June* 7. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 6.

A Letter from a young Lady, written in the moſt paſſionate Terms, wherein ſhe laments the Misfortune of a Gentleman, her Lover, who was lately wounded in a Duel, has turned my Thoughts to that Subject, and inclined me to examine into the Cauſes which precipitate Men into ſo fatal a Folly. And as it has been propoſed to treat of Subjects of Gallantry in the Article from hence, and no one Point in Nature is more proper to be conſidered by the Company who frequent this Place than that of Duels, it is worth our Conſideration to examine into this Chimærical groundleſs Humour, and to lay every other Thought aſide, till we have ſtrip'd it of all its falſe Pretences to Credit and Reputation amongſt Men.

But I muſt confeſs, when I conſider what I am going about, and run over in my Imagination all the endleſs Crowd of Men of Honour who will be offended at ſuch a Diſcourſe; I am undertaking, methinks, a Work worthy an invulnerable Hero in Romance, rather than a private Gentleman with a ſingle Rapier: But as I am pretty well acquainted by great Opportunities with the Nature of Man, and know of a Truth, that all Men fight *againſt their Will*, the Danger vaniſhes, and Reſolution riſes upon this Subject. For this Reaſon I ſhall talk very freely on a Cuſtom which all Men wiſh exploded, though no Man has Courage enough to reſiſt it.

But there is one unintelligible Word which I fear will extremely perplex my Diſſertation; and I con-

I confeſs to you I find very hard to explain, which is, the Term *Satisfaction.* An honeſt Country Gentleman had the Misfortune to fall into Company with Two or Three modern Men of Honour, where he happened to be very ill treated; and one of the Company being conſcious of his Offence ſends a Note to him in the Morning, and tells him, He was ready to give him Satisfaction. This is fine Doing (ſays the plain Fellow). Laſt Night he ſent me away curſedly out of Humour, and this Morning he fancies it would be a Satiſfaction to be run through the Body.

As the Matter at preſent ſtands, it is not to do handſome Actions denominates a Man of Honour; it is enough if he dares to defend ill Ones. Thus you often ſee a common Sharper in Competition with a Gentleman of the firſt Rank; though all Mankind is convinced, that a fighting Gameſter is only a Pick-pocket with the Courage of an Highway-Man. One cannot with any Patience reflect on the unaccountable Jumble of Perſons and Things in this Town and Nation, which occaſions very frequently, that a brave Man falls by a Hand below that of the common Hangman, and yet his Executioner eſcapes the Clutches of the Hangman for doing it. I ſhall therefore hereafter conſider, how the braveſt Men in other Ages and Nations have behaved themſelves upon ſuch Incidents as we decide by Combat; and ſhow, from their Practice, that this Reſentment neither has its Foundation from true Reaſon, or ſolid Fame; but is an Impoſture, made up of Cowardice, Falſhood, and Want of Underſtanding. For this Work, a good Hiſtory of Quarrels would be very edifying to the Publick, and I apply my ſelf to the Town for Particulars and Circumſtances within their Knowledge, which may ſerve to embelliſh the Diſſertation with proper Cuts. Moſt of the Quarrels I have ever known,

have

have proceeded from some valiant Coxcomb's persisting in the Wrong, to defend some prevailing Folly, and preserve himself from the Ingenuity of owning a Mistake.

By this Means it is called, *Giving a Man Satisfaction,* to urge your Offence against him with your Sword; which puts me in Mind of Peter's Order to the Keeper, in *The Tale of a Tub*: *if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your Generation for ever; and so we bid you heartily farewel.* If the Contradiction in the very Terms of one of our Challenges were as well explained, and turned into downright *English*, would it not run after this Manner?

SIR,

'YOur extraordinary Behaviour last Night, 'and the Liberty you were pleased to take 'with me, makes me this Morning give you this, 'to tell you, because you are an ill-bred Puppy, 'I will meet you in *Hide-Park* an Hour hence; 'and because you want both Breeding and Humanity, I desire you would come with a Pistol 'in your Hand, on Horseback, and endeavour to 'shoot me through the Head; to teach you more 'Manners. If you fail of doing me this Pleasure, 'I shall say, You are a Rascal on every Post in 'Town: And so, Sir, if you will not injure me 'more, I shall never forgive what you have done 'already. Pray Sir, do not fail of getting every 'Thing ready, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant, &c.

From my own Apartment, June 6.

Among the many Employments I am necessarily put upon by my Friends, that of giving Advice

ice is the moft unwelcome to me; and indeed, I am forced to ufe a little Art in the Matter; for fome People will ask Counfel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is ftill un-d[illegible] Deliberation. I had almoft loft a very good [illegible] t'other Day, who came to know how I [illegible]ke his Defign to marry fuch a Lady. I an-fwere[illegible], By no Means; and I muft be pofitive a-gainft it, for very folid Reafons, which are not proper to communicate. Not proper to communicate! (faid he with a grave Air) I will know the Bottom of this. I faw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by faying, To tell you the Truth, dear *Frank*, Of all Women living, I would have her my felf. *Ifaac*, faid he, Thou art too late, for we have been both one thefe two Months.

I learned this Caution by a Gentleman's confulting me formerly about his Son. He railed at his damn'd Extravagance, and told me, In a very little Time, he would beggar him by the exorbitant Bills which came from *Oxford* every Quarter. *Make the Rogue bite upon the Bridle*, faid I, *pay none of his Bills, it will but encourage him to further Trefpaffes.* He look'd plaguy fowr at me. His Son foon after fent up a Paper of Verfes, forfooth, in Print, on the laft publick Occafion; upon which, he is convinced the Boy has Parts, and a Lad of Spirit is not to be too much cramp'd in his Maintenance, left he take ill Courfes. Neither Father nor Son can ever fince endure the Sight of me.

Thefe Sort of People ask Opinions, only out of the Fulnefs of their Heart on the Subject of their Perplexity, and not from a Defire of Information.

There is nothing fo eafy as to find out which Opinion the Perfon in Doubt has a Mind to; therefore the fure Way is to tell him, that is certainly

tainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no Handle for Scruple. Bless me! Sir, there's no Room for a Question. This rivets you into his Heart; for you at once applaud his Wisdom, and gratify his Inclination. However, I had too much Bowels to be insincere to a Man who came Yesterday to know of me, With which of two eminent Men in the City he should place his Son? Their Names are *Paulo* and *Avaro*. This gave me much Debate with my self, because not only the Fortune of the Youth, but his Virtue also, depended upon this Choice. The Men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the Use and Application of their Riches, which you immediately see upon entring their Doors.

The Habitation of *Paulo* has at once the Air of a Nobleman and a Merchant. You see the Servants act with Affection to their Master, and Satisfaction in themselves: The Master meets you with an open Countenance, full of Benevolence and Integrity: Your Business is dispatched with that Confidence and Welcome which always accompanies honest Minds: His Table is the Image of Plenty and Generosity, supported by Justice and Frugality. After we had dined here, our Affair was to visit *Avaro*: Out comes an aukward Fellow with a careful Countenance; Sir, Would you speak with my Master? May I crave your Name? After the first Preambles, he leads us into a noble Solitude, a great House that seem'd uninhabited; but from the End of the spacious Hall moves towards us *Avaro*, with a suspicious Aspect; as if he believed us Thieves; and as for my Part, I approached him as if I knew him a Cut-purse. We fell into Discourse of his noble Dwelling, and the Great Estate all the World knew he had to enjoy in it: And I, to plague him, fell a commending *Paulo*'s Way of

[illegible]f Living. *Paulo*, anſwered *Avaro*, is a very good Man; but we who have ſmaller Eſtates, muſt cut our Coat according to our Cloth. Nay, ſays I, Every Man knows his own Circumſtance b[illegible]; you are in the Right, if you han't where[illegible]. He look'd very ſowr; (for it is, you mu[illegible] know, the utmoſt Vanity of a mean-ſpirit[illegible]d [illegible]ich Man to be contradicted, when he calls himſelf Poor.) But I was reſolved to vex him, by conſenting to all he ſaid; the main Deſign of which was, that he would have us find out, he was one of the wealthieſt Men in *London*, and lived like a Beggar. We left him, and took a Turn on the Change. My Friend was raviſhed with *Avaro*: This (ſaid he) is certainly a ſure Man. I contradicted him with much Warmth, and ſummed up their different Characters as well as I could. This *Paulo* (ſaid I) grows wealthy by being a common Good; *Avaro*, by being a general Evil: *Paulo* has the Art, *Avaro* the Craft, of Trade. When *Paulo* gains, all Men he deals with are the better: Whenever *Avaro* profits, another certainly loſes. In a Word, *Paulo* is a Citizen, and *Avaro* a Cit. I convinced my Friend, and carried the young Gentleman the next Day to *Paulo*, where he will learn the Way both to gain, and enjoy a good Fortune. And tho' I cannot ſay, I have, by keeping him from *Avaro*, ſaved him from the Gallows, I have prevented his deſerving it every Day he lives: For with *Paulo* he will be an honeſt Man, without being ſo for Fear of the Law; as with *Avaro*, he would have been a Villain within the Protection of it.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 6.

We hear from *Vienna* of the 1ſt Inſtant, That Baron *Imoff*, who attended her Catholick Majeſty with the Character of Envoy from the

Duke

Duke of *Wolfembuttel*, was returned thither. That Minister brought an Account, That Major-General *Stanhope*, with the Troops which embarked at *Naples*, was returned to *Barcelona*. We hear from *Berlin*, by Advices of the [illegible]h Instant, That his *Prussian* Majesty had re[illegible] Intelligence from his Minister at *Dresden* that the King of *Denmark* desired to meet his Majesty at *Magdeburg*. The King of *Prussia* has sent Answer, That his present Indisposition will not admit of so great a Journey; but has sent the King a very pressing Invitation to come to *Berlin* or *Potsdam*. These Advices say, That the Minister of the King of *Sweden* has produced a Letter from his Master to the King of *Poland*, dated from *Batitzau* the 30th of *March*, O. S. wherein he acquaints him, that he has been successful against the *Muscovites* in all the Occasions which have happened since his March into their Country. Great Numbers have revolted to the *Swedes* since General *Mazeppa* went over to that Side; and as many as have done so, have taken solemn Oaths to adhere to the Interests of his *Swedish* Majesty.

Advices from the *Hague* of the 14th Instant, *N. S.* say, That all Things tended to a vigorous and active Campagne; the Allies having strong Resentments against the late Behaviour of the Court of *France*; and the *French* using all possible Endeavours to animate their Men to defend their Country against a victorious and exasperated Enemy. Monsieur *Rouillé* had passed through *Brussels* without visiting either the Duke of *Marlborough* or Prince *Eugene*, who were both there at that Time. The States have met, and publickly declared their Satisfaction in the Conduct of their Deputies during the whole Treaty. Letters from *France* say, That the Court is resolved to put all to the Issue of the ensuing

Cam-

Campaign. In the mean Time, they have order'd the Preliminary Treaty to be publiſhed, with Obſervation upon each Article, in order to quiet the Minds of the People, and perſwade them, that it has not been in the Power of the King to procure a Peace, but to the Diminution of his Majeſty's Glory, and the Hazard of his Dominions. His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Ghent* on *Wedneſday* laſt, where, at an Aſſembly of all the General Officers, it was thought proper, by reaſon of the great Rains which have lately fallen, to defer forming a Camp, or bringing the Troops together; but as ſoon as the Weather would permit, to march upon the Enemy with all Expedition.

The TATLER. [N° 26.

From *Tueſd. June* 7. to *Thurſd. June* 9. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 8.

I Have read the following Letter with Delight and Approbation, and I hereby order Mr. *Kidney* at *St. James*'s, and Sir *Thomas* at *White*'s, (who are my Clerks for enrolling all Men in their diſtant Claſſes, before they preſume to drink Tea or Chocolate in thoſe Places) to take Care, that the Perſons within the Deſcriptions in the Letter be admitted, and excluded according to my Friend's Remonſtrance.

SIR, *June* 6. 1709.

'YOur Paper of *Saturday* has raiſed up in me 'a noble Emulation, to be recorded in the 'foremoſt Rank of Worthies therein mentioned; 'and if any Regard be had to Merit or Induſtry, 'I may hope to ſucceed in the Promotion, for I 'have

'have omitted no Toil or Expence to be a Proficient; and if my Friends do not flatter, they assure me, I have not lost my Time since I came to Town. To enumerate but a few Particulars; There's hardly a Coachman I meet with, but desires to be excused taking me, because he has had me before. I have compounded Two or Three Rapes; and let out to Hire as many Bastards to Beggars. I never saw above the First Act of a Play: And as to my Courage, it is well known, I have more than once had sufficient Witnesses of my drawing my Sword both in Tavern and Playhouse. Dr. *Wall* is my particular Friend; and if it were any Service to the Publick to compose the Difference between *Martin* and *Sintilaer* the *Pearl-driller*, I don't know a Judge of more Experience than my self: For in that I may say with the Poet;

Quæ Regio in Villâ nostri non plena Laboris?

'I omit other less Particulars, the necessary Consequences of greater Actions. But my Reason for troubling you at this present is, to put a Stop, if it may be, to an insinuating, increasing Set of People, who sticking to the *Letter* of your Treatise, and not to the Spirit of it, do assume the Name of *Pretty* Fellows; nay, and even get new Names, as you very well hint. Some of them I have heard calling to one another as I have sate at *White*'s and *St. James*'s, by the Names of, *Betty*, *Nelly*, and so forth. You see them accost each other with effeminate Airs: They have their Signs and Tokens like Free-Masons: They rail at Womenkind; receive Visits on their Beds in Gowns, and do a Thousand other unintelligible Prettinesses that I cannot tell what to make of. I therefore heartily desire you would exclude all this Sort of Animals.

'There

‘There is another Matter I am foreſeeing an ill Conſequence from, but may be timely prevented by Prudence; which is, that for the laſt Fortnight, prodigious Shoals of Volunteers have gone over to bully the *French*, upon hearing the Peace was juſt ſigning; and this is ſo true, that I can aſſure you, all Ingroſſing Work about the *Temple* is riſen above 3 *s.* in the Pound for want of Hands. Now, as 'tis poſſible, ſome little Alteration of Affairs may have broken their Meaſures, and that they will poſt back again, I am under the laſt Apprehenſion, that theſe will, at their Return, all ſet up for *Pretty Fellows*, and thereby confound all Merit and Service, and impoſe on us ſome new Alteration in our Night-cap-Wigs and Pockets, unleſs you can provide a particular Claſs for them. I cannot apply my ſelf better than to you, and I am ſure I ſpeak the Mind of a very great Number as deſerving as my ſelf.

The Pretenſions of this Correſpondent are worthy a particular Diſtinction: He cannot indeed be admitted as a *Pretty*, but is, what we moſt juſtly call, a *Smart Fellow*. Never to pay at the Playhouſe, is an Act of Frugality that lets you into his Character; and his Expedient in ſending his Children a begging before they can go, are Characteriſtical Inſtances that he belongs to this Claſs. I never ſaw the Gentleman; but I know by his Letter, he hangs his Cane on his Button; and by ſome Lines of it, he ſhould wear red-heel'd Shoes; which are eſſential Parts of the Habit belonging to the Order of *Smart Fellows*.

My Familiar is returned with the following Letter from the *French* King:

Ver-

Versailles, June 13. 1709.

Lewis the Fourteenth, to *Isaac Bickerstaff* Esq;

SIR,

'I Have your Epistle, and must take the Liberty to say, That there has been a Time, when there were Generous Spirits in *Great-Britain*, who would not have suffered my Name to be treated with the Familiarity you think fit to use. I thought Liberal Men would not be such Time-servers, as to fall upon a Man because his Friends are not in Power. But having some Concern for what you may transmit to Posterity concerning me, I am willing to keep Terms with you, and make a Request to you, which is, That you would give my Service to the Nineteenth Century, (if ever you or yours reach to them) and tell them, That I have settled all Matters between them and me by Monsieur *Boileau*. I should be glad to see you here.

It is very odd this Prince should offer to invite me into his Dominions, or believe I should accept the Invitation. No, no, I remember too well how he served an Ingenious Gentleman, a Friend of mine, whom he locked up in the *Bastile* for no Reason in the World, but because he was a Wit, and feared he might mention him with Justice in some of his Writings. His Way is, That all Men of Sense are preferred, banished, or imprisoned. He has indeed a Sort of Justice in him, like that of the Gamesters; for if a Stander-by sees one at Play cheat, he has a Right to come in for Shares, as knowing the Mysteries of the Game.

This is a very wise and just Maxim; and if I have not left at Mr. *Morphew*'s, directed to me, Bank Bills for 200 *l.* on or before this Day Sevennight, I shall tell how *Tom Cash* got his Estate.

I expect

I expect Three Hundred Pounds of Mr. *Soilett*, for concealing all the Money he has lent to himself, and his Landed Friend bound with him, at Thirty *per Cent*. at his Scrivener's. Absolute Princes make People pay what they please in Deference to their Power: I do not know why I should not do the same, out of Fear or Respect to my Knowledge. I always preserve Decorums and Civilities to the Fair Sex: Therefore if a certain Lady, who left her Coach at the *New Exchange* Door in the *Strand*, and whipt down *Durham-Yard* into a Boat with a young Gentleman for *Fox-Hall*; I say, if she will send me Word, that I may give the Fan which she dropp'd, and I found, to my Sister *Jenny*, there shall be no more said of it. I expect Hush-Money to be regularly sent for every Folly or Vice any one commits in this whole Town; and hope, I may pretend to deserve it better than a Chamber-Maid, or Valet de Chambre: They only whisper it to the little Set of their Companions; but I can tell it to all Men living, or who are to live. Therefore I desire all my Readers to pay their Fines, or mend their Lives.

White's Chocolate-house, June 8.

My Familiar being come from *France*, with an Answer to my Letter to *Lewis* of that Kingdom, instead of going on in a Discourse of what he had seen in that Court, he put on the immediate Concern of a Guardian, and fell to enquiring into my Thoughts and Adventures since his Journey. As short as his Stay had been, I confess'd I had had many Occasions for his Assistance in my Conduct; but communicated to him my Thoughts of putting all my Force against the horrid and senseless Custom of Duels; If it were possible, said he, to laugh at Things in themselves so deeply Tragical as the impertinent Profusion of Humane Life, I think I could divert

divert you with a Figure I ſaw juſt after my Death, when the Philoſopher threw me, as I told you ſome Days ago, into the Pail of Water.

' You are to know, That when Men leave the ' Body, there are Receptacles for them as ſoon ' as they depart, according to the Manner in ' which they lived and died. At the very Inſtant ' that I was killed, there came away with me a ' Spirit which had loſt its Body in a Duel. We ' were both examined. Me, the whole Aſſem' bly looked at with Kindneſs and Pity, but at ' the ſame Time with an Air of Welcome, and ' Conſolation: They pronounced me very happy, ' who had died in Innocence; and told me, a ' quite different Place was allotted to me, than ' that which was appointed for my Companion; ' there being a great Diſtance from the Manſions ' of Fools and Innocents: Tho' at the ſame Time, ' ſaid one of the Ghoſts, there is a great Affinity ' between an Idiot who has been ſo for long Life, ' and a Child who departs before Maturity. But ' this Gentleman who has arrived with you is a ' Fool of his own making, is ignorant out of ' Choice, and will fare accordingly. The Aſſembly ' began to flock about him, and one ſaid to him, ' Sir, I obſerved you came into the Gate of Per' ſons murdered, and I deſire to know, What ' brought you to your untimely End? He ſaid, He ' had been a Second. *Socrates* (who may be ſaid ' to have been murdered by the Commonwealth ' of *Athens*) ſtood by, and began to draw near ' him, in order, after his Manner, to lead him into ' a Senſe of his Error by Conceſſions in his own ' Diſcourſe. *Sir*, ſaid that Divine and Amicable ' Spirit, *What was the Quarrel?* He anſwered, ' *We ſhall know very ſuddenly, when the Princi' pal in the Buſineſs comes, for he was deſperately ' wounded before I fell. Sir*, ſaid the Sage, *Had ' you an Eſtate? Yes, Sir*, the new Gueſt anſwer' ed;

'ed, *I have left it in a very good Condition, and* '*made my Will the Night before this Occasion.* 'Did you read it before you signed it? Yes sure, 'Sir, said the new Comer. *Socrates* replies, Could 'a Man, that would not give his Estate without 'reading the Instrument, dispose of his Life with-'out asking a Question? That illustrious Shade 'turned from him, and a Crowd of impertinent 'Goblins, who had been Droles and Parasites in 'their Life-time, and were knock'd on the Head 'for their Sawciness, came about my Fellow-'Traveller, and made themselves very merry 'with Questions about the Words *Cart* and '*Terce*, and other Terms of Fencers. But his 'Thoughts began to settle into Reflection upon 'the Adventure which had robbed him of his 'late Being; and with a wretched Sigh, said he, '*How terrible are Conviction and Guilt when they* '*come too late for Penitence!*

Pacolet was going on in this Strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, " It was too soon 'to give my Discourse on this Subject so serious 'a Turn; you have chiefly to do with that Part 'of Mankind which must be led into Reflection 'by Degrees, and you must treat this Custom 'with Humour and Raillery to get an Audience, 'before you come to pronounce Sentence upon 'it. There is Foundation enough for raising such 'Entertainments from the Practice on this Occa-'sion. Don't you know, that often a Man is cal-'led out of Bed to follow implicitly a Coxcomb '(with whom he would not keep Company on 'any other Occasion) to Ruin and Death? --Then 'a good List of such as are qualified by the Laws 'of these uncourteous Men of Chivalry to enter 'into Combat (who are often Persons of Honour 'without common Honesty): These, I say, ran-'ged and drawn up in their proper Order, would 'give an Aversion to doing any Thing in com-

'mon

'mon with such Men as laugh at and contemn.
'But to go through this Work, you must not let
'your Thoughts vary, or make Excursions from
'your Theme: Consider at the same Time, that
'the Matter has been often treated by the ablest
'and greatest Writers; yet that must not discen-
'courage you; for the properest Person to handle
'it, is one who has roved into mix'd Conversa-
'tions, and must have Opportunities (which I
'shall give you) of seeing these Sort of Men in
'their Pleasures and Gratifications; among
'which, they pretend to reckon Fighting. It
'was pleasantly enough said of a Bully in *France*,
'when Duels first began to be punished: The
'King has taken away Gaming, and Stage-play-
'ing, and now Fighting too; How does he ex-
'pect Gentlemen shall divert themselves?

The TATLER. [N° 27.

From *Thursd. June* 9. to *Saturd. June* 11. 1709.

White's Chocolate house, June 9.

PAcolet being gone a strolling among the Men of the Sword, in order to find out the secret Causes of the frequent Disputes we meet with, and furnish me with Materials for my Treatise on Duelling; I have Room left to go on in my Information to my Country Readers, whereby they may understand the bright People whose Memoirs I have taken upon me to write. But in my Discourse of the 28th of the last Month, I omitted to mention the most agreeable of all bad Characters; and that is, a *Rake*.

A Rake is a Man always to be pitied; and if he lives, is one Day certainly reclaimed; for his

his Faults proceed not from Choice or Inclination, but from strong Passions and Appetites, which are in Youth too violent for the Club of Reason, good Sense, good Manners, and good Nature: All which he must have by Nature and Education, before he can be allowed to be, or have been of this Order. He is a poor unwieldy Wretch, that commits Faults out of the Redundance of his good Qualities. His Pity and Compassion makes him sometimes a Bubble to all his Fellows, let 'em be never so much below him in Understanding. His Desires run away with him through the Strength and Force, of a lively Imagination, which hurries him on to unlawful Pleasures, before Reason has Power to come into his Rescue. Thus, with all the good Intentions in the World to Amendment, this Creature sins on against Heaven, himself, his Friends, and his Couutry, who all call for a better Use of his Talents. There is not a Being under the Sun so miserable as this: He goes on in a Pursuit he himself disapproves, and has no Enjoyment but what is followed by Remorse; no Relief from Remorse, but the Repetition of his Crime. It's possible I may talk of this Person with too much Indulgence; but I must repeat it, that I think this, a Character which is the most the Object of Pity of any in the World. The Man in the Pangs of the Stone, Gout, or any acute Distempers, is not in so deplorable a Condition in the Eye of right Sense, as he that errs and repents, and repents and errs on. The Fellow with broken Limbs justly deserves your Alms for his impotent Condition; but he that can't use his own Reason, is in a much worse State; for you see him in miserable Circumstances, with his Remedy at the same Time in his own Possession, if he would or could use it. This is the Cause

K that

that, of all ill Characters, the Rake has the best Quarter in the World; for when he is himself, and unruffled with Intemperance, you see his natural Faculties exert themselves, and attract an Eye of Favour towards his Infirmities.

But if we look round us here, how many dull Rogues are there, that would fain be what this poor Man hates himself for? All the Noise towards Six in the Evening is caused by his Mimicks and Imitators. How ought Men of Sense to be careful of their Actions, if it were meerly from the Indignation of seeing themselves ill drawn by such little Pretenders? Not to say, he that leads, is guilty of all the Actions of his Followers: And a Rake has Imitators whom you would never expect should prove so. Second-hand Vice sure of all is the most nauseous. There is hardly a Folly more absurd, or which seems less to be accounted for, (tho' 'tis what we see every Day) than that grave and honest Natures give into this Way, and at the same Time have good Sense, if they thought fit to use it: But the Fatality (under which most Men labour) of desiring to be what they are not, makes 'em go out of a Method, in which they might be received with Applause, and would certainly excel, into one, wherein they will all their Life have the Air of Strangers to what they aim at.

For this Reason, I have not lamented the Metamorphosis of any one I know so much as of *Nobilis*, who was born with Sweetness of Temper, just Apprehension, and every Thing else that might make him a Man fit for his Order. But instead of the Pursuit of sober Studies, and Applications, in which he would certainly be capable of making a considerable Figure in the noblest Assembly of Men in the World; I say, in spight of that good Nature, which is his proper Bent, he

he will say ill-natur'd Things aloud, put such as he was, and still should be, out of Countenance, and drown all the natural Good in him, to receive an artificial ill Character, in which he will never succeed: For *Nobilis* is no Rake. He may guzzle as much Wine as he pleases, talk Bawdy if he thinks fit; but he may as well drink Water-gruel, and go twice a Day to Church, for it will never do. I pronounce it again, *Nobilis* is no Rake. To be of that Order, he must be vicious against his Will, and not so by Study or Application. All Pretty Fellows are also excluded to a Man, as well as all Inamoratoes, or Persons of the Epicene Gender, who gaze at one another in the Presence of Ladies. This Class, of which I am giving you an Account, is pretended to also by Men of strong Abilities in Drinking; tho' they are such whom the Liquor, not the Conversation, keeps together. But Blockheads may roar, fight, and stab, and be never the nearer; their Labour is also lost; they want Sense: They are no Rakes.

As a Rake among Men is the Man who lives in the constant Abuse of his Reason, so a Coquet among Women is one who lives in continual Misapplication of her Beauty. The chief of all, whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, is pretty Mrs. *Toss*: She is ever in Practice of something which disfigures her, and takes from her Charms; tho' all she does, tends to a contrary Effect. She has naturally a very agreeable Voice and Utterance, which she has changed for the prettiest Lisp imaginable. She sees what she has a Mind to see, at half a Mile Distance; but poring with her Eyes half shut at every one she passes by, she believes much more becoming. The *Cupid* on her Fan and she have their Eyes full on each other, all the Time in which they are not both in Motion. Whenever her Eye is turned from that dear Object,

you may have a Glance and your Bow, if ſhe is in Humour, returned as civilly as you make it; but that muſt not be in the Preſence of a Man of greater Quality: For Mrs. *Toſs* is ſo thoroughly well bred, that the chief Perſon preſent has all her regards. And ſhe, who giggles at Divine Service, and laughs at her very Mother, can compoſe her ſelf at the Approach of a Man of a good Eſtate.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 9.

A fine Lady ſhewed a Gentleman of this Company, for an eternal Anſwer to all his Addreſſes, a Paper of Verſes, with which ſhe is ſo captivated, that ſhe profeſs'd, the Author ſhould be the happy Man in Spite of all other Pretenders. It is ordinary for Love to make Men Poetical, and it had that Effect on this enamour'd Man: But he was reſolved to try his Vein upon ſome of her Confidents or Retinue, before he ventured upon ſo high a Theme as her ſelf. To do otherwiſe than ſo, would be like making an Heroick Poem a Man's firſt Attempt. Among the Favourites to the Fair One, he found her Parrat not to be in the laſt Degree: He ſaw *Poll* had her Ear, when his Sighs were neglected. To write againſt him, had been a fruitleſs Labour; therefore he reſolved to flatter him into his Intereſts, in the following Manner:

To a Lady on her Parrat.

When Nymphs were coy, and Love could not prevail,
The Gods diſguis'd were ſeldom known to fail:
Leda *was chaſte, but yet a Feather'd* Jove
Surpriz'd the Fair, and taught her how to love.
There's no Celeſtial but his Heav'n would quit,
For any Form which might to thee admit.
See how the wanton Bird, at ev'ry Glance,
Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an am'rous Trance.
The Queen of Beauty has forſook the Dove,
Henceforth the Parrat be the Bird of Love.

It

It is indeed a very juſt Propoſition, to give that Honour rather to the Parrat than the other Volatile. The Parrat repreſents us in the State of making Love: The Dove, in the Poſſeſſion of the Object beloved. But inſtead of turning the Dove off, I fancy it would be better if the Chaiſe of *Venus* had hereafter a Parrat added, (as we ſee ſometimes a Third Horſe to a Coach) which might intimate that to be a Parrat, is the only Way to ſucceed; and to be a Dove, to preſerve your Conqueſts. If the Swain would go on ſucceſsfully, he muſt imitate the Bird he writes upon. For he who would be loved by Women, muſt never be ſilent before the Favour, or open his Lips after it.

From my own Apartment, June 10.

I have ſo many Meſſages from young Gentlemen who expect Preferment and Diſtinction, that I am wholly at a Loſs in what Manner to acquit my ſelf. The Writer of the following Letter tells me in a Poſtſcript, he cannot go out of Town till I have taken ſome Notice of him, and is very urgent to be ſome Body in it, before he returns to his Commons at the Univerſity. But take it from himſelf.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq; Monitor General of *Great Britain.*

SIR, Sheer-Lane, June 8.

I Have been above 6 Months from the Univerſity, of Age theſe 3 Months, and ſo long in Town. I was recommended to one Charles Bubbleboy *near the* Temple, *who has ſupply'd me with all the Furniture he ſays a Gentleman ought to have. I deſired a Certificate thereof from him, which he ſaid would require ſome Time to conſider of; and when I went Yeſterday Morning for it, he tells me, upon due Conſideration, I ſtill want ſome few odd*

Things more, to the Value of Threescore or Fourscore Pounds to make me compleat. I have bespoke them; and the Favour I beg of you is, to know, when I am equipp'd, in what Part or Class of Men in this Town you will place me. Pray send me Word what I am, and you shall find me,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Jeffry Nicknack.

I am very willing to encourage young Beginners; but am extreamly in the Dark how to dispose of this Gentleman. I cannot see either his Person or Habit in this Letter; but I'll call at *Charles*'s and know the Shape of his Snuff-Box, by which I can settle his Character. Tho' indeed, to know his full Capacity, I ought to be informed, whether he takes *Spanish* or *Musty*.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.

Letters from the *Low-Countries* of the 17th Instant say, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* intended to leave *Ghent* on that Day, and join the Arny, which lies between *Pont d'Espiere* and *Courtray*, their Head Quarters being at *Helchin*. The same Day the *Palatine* Foot was expected at *Brussels*. Lieutenant-General *Dompre*, with a Body of Eight Thousand Men, is posted at *Alost*, in order to cover *Ghent* and *Brussels*. The Marshal *de Villars* was still on the Plains of *Lenz*; and it is said, the Duke of *Vendosme* is appointed to command in Conjunction with that General. Advices from *Paris* say, Monsieur *Voisin* is made Secretary of State, upon Mounsieur *Chamillard*'s Resignation of that Employment. The Want of Money in that Kingdom is so great, that the Court has thought fit to command all the

Plate

Plate of private Families to be brought into the Mint. They write from the *Hague* of the 18th, That the States of *Holland* continue their Sessions; and that they have approved the Resolution of the States General, to publish a Second Edict to prohibit the Sale of Corn to the Enemy. Many eminent Persons in that Assembly have declared that they are of Opinion, that all Commerce whatsoever with *France* should be wholly forbidden: Which Point is under present Deliberation; but it is feared it will meet with powerful Opposition.

The TATLER. [N° 28.

From *Saturd. June* 11. to *Tuesd. June* 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, June 13.

I Had suspended the Business of Duelling to a distant Time, but that I am called upon to declare my self on a Point proposed in the following Letter.

S I R, June 9. at Night.

I *Desire the Favour of you to decide this Question, Whether calling a Gentleman a* Smart-Fellow, *is an Affront or not? A Youth entering a certain* Coffee-house, *with his Cane tied at his Button, wearing red-heel'd Shoes, I thought of your Description, and could not forbear telling a Friend of mine next to me, There enters a Smart Fellow. The Gentleman hearing it, had immediately a Mind to pick a Quarrel with me, and desired Satisfaction: At which I was more puzzled than at the other, remembring what Mention your Familiar makes of those that had lost their Lives on such Occasions. The Thing is referred to your*

Judgment, and I expect you to be my Second, ſince you have been the Cauſe of our Quarrel. I am,

SIR,

Your Friend and humble Servant.

I abſolutely pronounce, that there is no Occaſion of Offence given in this Expreſſion; for a *Smart Fellow* is always an Appellation of Praiſe, and is a Man of double Capacity. The true Caſt or Mould in which you may be ſure to know him is, when his Livelihood or Education is in the Civil Liſt, and you ſee him expreſs a Vivacity or Mettle above the Way he is in by a little Jerk in his Motion, ſhort Trip in his Steps, well fancied Lining of his Coat, or any other Indications which may be given in a vigorous Dreſs. Now, What poſſible Inſinuation can there be, that 'tis a Cauſe of Quarrel for a Man to ſay, he allows a Gentleman really to be, what he, his Tailor, his Hoſier, and his Milliner have conſpired to make him? I confeſs, if this Perſon who appeals to me had ſaid, He was *not a Smart Fellow*, there had been Cauſe for Reſentment; but if he ſtands to it that he is one, he leaves no Manner of Ground for Miſunderſtanding. Indeed, it is a moſt lamentable Thing, that there ſhould be a Diſpute raiſed upon a Man's ſaying another is, what he plainly takes Pains to be thought.

But this Point cannot be ſo well adjuſted, as by enquiring what are the Sentiments of wiſe Nations, and Communities, of the Uſe of the Sword, and from thence conclude, Whether it is honourable to draw it ſo frequently or not? An Illuſtrious Commonwealth of *Italy* has preſerved it ſelf for many Ages, without letting one of their Subjects handle this deſtructive Inſtrument, always leaving that Work to ſuch of Mankind as underſtand the Uſe of a whole Skin ſo

so little, as to make a Profession of exposing it to Cuts and Scars.

But what need we run to such Foreign Instances: our most ancient and well-governed Cities are conspicuous Examples to all Mankind in their Regulation of Military Atchievements. The chief Citizens, like the noble *Italians*, hire Mercenaries to carry Arms in their Stead; and you shall have a Fellow of a desperate Fortune, for the Gain of one Half-Crown, go through all the Dangers of *Tuttle-Fields*, or the *Artillery-Ground*, clap his Right Jaw within Two Inches of the Touch-hole of a Musquet, fire it off, and Huzza, with as little Concern as he tears a Pullet. Thus you see, to what Scorn of Danger these Mercinaries arrive, out of a meer Love of sordid Gain: But methinks it should take off the strong Prepossession Men have in Favour of bold Actions, when they see upon what low Motives Men aspire to 'em. Do but observe the common Practice in the Government of those Heroick Bodies, our Militia and Lieutenancies, the most ancient Corps of Soldiers, perhaps, in the Universe; I question, Whether there is one Instance of an Animosity between any Two of these illustrious Sons of *Mars* since their Institution, which was decided by Combat? I remember indeed to have read the Chronicle, of an Accident which had like to have occasioned Bloodshed in the very Field before all the General Officers, tho' most of them were Justices of the Peace: Captain *Crabtree* of *Birching-Lane*, Haberdasher, had drawn a Bill upon Major General *Maggot*, Cheesemonger in *Thames-Street*. *Crabtree* draws this upon Mr. *William Maggot* and *Company*. A Country Lad received this Bill, and not understanding the Word *Company*, us'd in drawing Bills on Men in Partnership, carried it to Mr. *Jeffery Stitch* of *Crooked-Lane* (Lieutenant of

the Major-General's Company) whom he had the Day before ſeen march by the Door in all the Pomp of his Commiſſion. The Lieutenant accepts it, for the Honour of the Company, ſince it had come to him. But Repayment being ask'd from the Major-General, he abſolutely refuſes. Upon this, the Lieutenant thinks of nothing leſs than to bring this to a Rupture, and takes for his Second, *Tobias Armſtrong* of the *Counter*, and ſends him with a Challenge in a Scrip of Parchment, wherein was written, *Stitch contra Maggot*, and all the Fury vaniſhed in a Moment. The Major-General gives Satisfaction to the Second, and all was well.

Hence it is, that the bold Spirits of our City are kept in ſuch Subjection to the Civil Power. Otherwiſe, Where would our Liberties ſoon be? If Wealth and Valour were ſuffered to exert themſelves with their utmoſt Force: If ſuch Officers as are employed in the terrible Bands abovementioned, were to draw Bills as well as Swords: Theſe dangerous Captains, who could victual an Army as well as lead it, would be too powerful for the State. But the Point of Honour juſtly gives Way to that of Gain; and by long and wiſe Regulation, the richeſt is the braveſt Man. I have known a Captain riſe to a Colonel in Two Days by the Fall of Stocks; and a Major, my good Friend, near the *Monument*, aſcended to that Honour by the Fall of the Price of Spirits and the Riſing of right *Nantz*. By this true Senſe of Honour, that Body of Warriors are ever in good Order and Diſcipline, with their Colours and Coats all whole: As in other Battalions (where their Principles of Action are leſs ſolid) you ſee the Men of Service look like Specters with long Sides, and lank Cheeks. In this Army, you may meaſure a Man's Services by his Waſte, and the moſt prominent

prominent Belly is certainly the Man who has been most upon Action. Besides all this, there is another excellent Remark to be made in the Discipline of these Troops. It being of absolute Necessity that the People of *England* should see what they have for their Money, and be Eye-witnesses of the Advantages they gain by it, all Battels which are fought abroad are represented here. But since one Side must be beaten, and the other conquer, which might create Disputes, the eldest Company is always to make the other run, and the younger retreats, according to the last News and best Intelligence. I have my self seen Prince *Eugene* make *Catinat* fly from the Back-side of *Grays-Inn-Lane* to *Hockley in the Hole*, and not give over the Pursuit, till obliged to leave the *Bear-Garden* on the Right, to avoid being borne down by Fencers, Wild Bulls and Monsters, too terrible for the Encounter of any Heroes, but such whose Lives are their Livelihood.

We have here seen, that wise Nations do not admit of Fighting, even in the Defence of their Country, as a laudable Action; and they live within the Walls of our own City in great Honour and Reputation without it. It would be very necessary to understand, by what Force of the Climate, Food, Education, or Employment, one Man's Sense is brought to differ so essentially from that of another; that one is ridiculous and contemptible for forbearing a Thing which makes for his Safety; and another applauded for consulting his Ruin and Destruction.

It will therefore be necessary for us (to show our Travelling) to examine this Subject fully, and tell you how it comes to pass, That a Man of Honour in *Spain*, tho' you offend him never so gallantly, stabs you basely; in *England*, tho' you offend him never so basely, challenges fairly:

The

The former kills you out of Revenge; the latter out of good Breeding. But to probe the Heart of Man in this Particular to its utmost Thoughts and Recesses, I must wait for the Return of *Pacolet*, who is now attending a Gentleman lately in a Duel, and sometimes visits the Person, by whose Hand he received his Wounds.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 13.

Letters from *Vienna* of the 8th Instant say, There has been a Journal of the Marches and Actions of the King of *Sweden*, from the Beginning of *January* to the 11th of *April*, *N. S.* communicated by the *Swedish* Ministers to that Court. These Advices inform, That his *Swedish* Majesty entered the Territories of *Muscovy* in *February* last with the main Body of his Army, in order to oblige the Enemy to a general Engagement; but that the *Muscovites* declining a Battel, and an universal Thaw having rendred the Rivers unpassable, the King returned into *Ukrania*. There are mentioned several Rencounters between considerable Detachments of the *Swedish* and *Russian* Armies. Marshal *Heister* intended to take his Leave of the Court on the Day after the Date of these Letters, and put himself at the Head of the Army in *Hungary*. The Malecontents had attempted to send in a Supply of Provisions into *Newhausel*; but their design was disappointed by the *Germans*.

Advices from *Berlin* of the 15th Instant, *N. S.* say, That his *Danish* Majesty having received an Invitation from the King of *Prussia* to an Interview, designed to come to *Potsdam* within few Days; and that King *Augustus* resolved to accompany him thither. To avoid all Difficulties in Ceremony, the Three Kings and all the Company who shall have the Honour to sit with them at Table, are to draw Lots, and take Precedence accordingly.

They

They write from *Hamburgh* of the 18th Instant, *N. S.* That ſome particular Letters from *Dantzick* ſpeak of a late Action between the *Swedes* and *Muſcovites* near *Jeroſlaw*; but that Engagement being mentioned from no other Place, there is not much Credit given to this Intelligence.

We hear from *Bruſſels*, by Letters dated the 20th, That on the 14th in the Evening the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* arrived at *Courtray*, with a Deſign to proceed the Day following to *Liſle*, in the Neigbonrhood of which City the Confederate Army was to rendezvous the ſame Day. Advices from *Paris* inform us, that the Marſhal *de Bezons* is appointed to command in *Dauphine*, and that the Duke of *Berwick* is ſet out for *Spain*, with a Deſign to follow the Fortunes of the Duke of *Anjou*, in caſe the *French* King ſhould comply with the late Demands of the Allies.

The Court of *France* has ſent a Circular Letter to all the Governours of the Provinces, to recommend to their Conſideration his Majeſty's late Conduct in the Affair of Peace. It is thought fit in that Epiſtle, to condeſcend to a certain Appeal to the People, Whether it is conſiſtent with the Dignity of the Crown or the *French* Name, to ſubmit to the Preliminaries demauded by the Confederates? That Letter dwells upon the Unreaſonableneſs of the Allies, in requiring his Majeſty's Aſſiſtance in dethroning his Grandſon, and treats this Particular in Language more ſuitable to it, as it is a Topick of Oratory, than a real Circumſtance on which the Intereſts of Nations, and Reaſons of State which affect all *Europe*, are concerned.

The Cloſe of this Memorial ſeems to prepare the People to expect all Events, attributing the Confidence of the Enemy to the Goodneſs of their Troops;

Troops; but acknowledging, that his ſole Dependance is upon the Intervention of Providence.

The TATLER. [N° 29.

From *Tueſday Jun.* 14. to *Thurſday June* 16. 1710.

White's Chocalate-houſe, June 14.

HAving a very ſolid Reſpect for humane Nature, however it is diſtorted from its natural Make, by Affection, Humours, Cuſtom, Misfortune, or Vice, I do apply my ſelf to my Friends to help me in raiſing Arguments for preſerving it in all its Individuals, as long as it is permitted. To one of my Letters on this Subject, I have received the following Anſwer:

SIR,

I*N Anſwer to your Queſtion, Why Men of Senſe, Virtue and Experience, are ſeen ſtill to comply with that ridiculous Cuſtom of Duelling? I muſt deſire you to reflect, that Cuſtom has diſh'd up in Ruffs the wiſeſt Heads of our Anceſtors, and put the beſt of the preſent Age into huge Falbala Periwigs. Men of Senſe would not impoſe ſuch Incumbrances on themſelves; but be glad they might ſhow their Faces decently in Publick upon eaſier Terms. If then ſuch Men appear reaſonably Slaves to the Faſhion, in what regards the Figure of their Perſons, we ought not to wonder, that they are at leaſt ſo in what ſeems to touch their Reputations. Beſides, you can't be ignorant, that Dreſs and Chivalry have been always encouraged by the Ladies, as the Two principal Branches of Gallantry. 'Tis to avoid being ſneer'd at for his Singularity, and from a Deſire to appear more agreeable to his Miſtreſs, that a wiſe, experienced, and polite Man,* complies

complies with the Dress commonly received, and is prevailed upon to violate his Reason and Principles, in hazarding his Life and Estate by a Tilt, as well as suffering his Pleasures to be constrained and sowred by the Constant Apprehension of a Quarrel. This is the more surprising, because Men of the most delicate Sense and Principles have naturally in other Cases a particular Repugnance in accommodating themselves to the Maxims of the World: But one may easily distinguish the Man that is affected with Beauetry, and the Reputation of a Tilt, from him who complies with both, meerly as they are imposed upon him by Custom; for in the former you'll remark an Air of Vanity and Triumph; whereas when the latter appears in a long Duvellier full of Powder, or has decided a Quarrel by the Sword, you may perceive in his Face, that he appeals to Custom for an Excuse. I think it may not be improper to enquire into the Genealogy of this Chimerical Monster, called a Duel, *which I take to be an illegitimate Species of the ancient Knight-Errantry. By the Laws of this Whim, your Heroick Person, or Man of Gallantry, was indispensibly obliged to starve in Armour a certain Number of Years in the Chase of Monsters, encounter them at the Peril of his Life, and suffer greater Hardships, in order to gain the Affection of the Fair Lady, and qualifie himself for assuming the* Bel-Air, *that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or Man of Honour according to the Fashion: But since the Publishing of* Don Quixot, *and Extinction of the Race of Dragons, which* Suetonius *says happn'd in that of* Wantley, *the gallant and Heroick Spirits of these latter Times have been under the Necessity of creating new Chimerical Monsters to entertain themselves with by Way of single Combat, as the only Proof they aro able to give their own Sex, and the Ladies, that they are in all*

Points

Points Men of nice Honour. But to do Justice to the ancient and real Monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a Humour to hunt for them in Woods and Desarts; whereas on the contrary, our modern Monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the Courts and Cities of Europe, *(except* France*) that one can scarce be in the most humaniz'd Society without risking one's Life; the People of the best Sort, and the fine Gentlemen of the Age, being so fond of 'em that they seldom appear in any publick Place without one. I have some further Considerations upon this Subject, which as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you, by, Sir, a Cousin; but once removed from the best Family of the* Staffs, *namely,*

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Kinsman and Friend,

Tim. Switch.

It is certain Mr. *Switch* has hit upon the true Source of this Evil; and that it proceeds only from the Force of Custom that we contradict our selves in half the Particulars and Occurrences of Life. But such a Tyranny in Love, which the Fair impose upon us, is a little too severe, that we must demonstrate our Affection for 'em by no certain Proof but Hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does to an Estate) by Survivorship. This Way of Application to gain a Lady's Heart, is taking her as we do Towns and Castles, by distressing the Place, and letting none come near 'em without our Pass. Were such a Lover once to write the Truth of his Heart, and let her know his whole Thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a Passion for her; but it would hardly be called Love. The Billet-Doux would run to this Purpose:

Madam,

Madam,

'I Have ſo tender a Regard for you and your 'Intereſts, that I'll knock any Man on the 'Head whom I obſerve to be of my Mind, and 'like you. Mr. *Trueman* the other Day looked 'at you in ſo languiſhing a Manner, that I am 'reſolved to run him though to morrow Morn-'ing: This, I think, he deſerves for his Guilt 'in admiring you; than which I cannot have 'a greater Reaſon for murdering him, except it 'be that you alſo approve him. Whoever ſays 'he dies for you, I will make his Words good, 'for I will kill him. I am,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

I am juſt come hither at Ten at Night, and have ever ſince Six been in the moſt celebrated, though moſt nauſeous, Company in Town: The Two Leaders of the Society were a Critick and a Wit. Theſe Two Gentlemen are great Opponents upon all Occaſions, not diſcerning that they are the neareſt each other in Temper and Talents of any Two Claſſes of Men in the World; for to profeſs Judgment, and to profeſs Wit, both ariſe from the ſame Failure, which is Want of Judgment. The Poverty of the Critick this Way proceeds from the Abuſe of his Faculty; that of the Wit, from the Neglect of it. It's a particular Obſervation I have always made, That of all Mortals, a Critick is the ſillieſt; for by inuring himſelf to examine all Things, whether they are of Conſequence or not, he never looks upon any Thing but with a Deſign of paſſing Sentence upon it; by which Means, he is never a Companion,

but

but always a Cenſor. This makes him earneſt upon Trifles; and diſpute on the moſt indifferent Occaſions with Vehemence. If he offers to ſpeak or write, that Talent which ſhould approve the Work of the other Faculties, prevents their Operation. He comes upon Action in Armour; but without Weapons: He ſtands in Safety; but can gain no Glory. The Wit on the other Hand has been hurried ſo long away by Imagination only, that Judgment ſeems not to have ever been one of his natural Faculties. This Gentleman takes himſelf to be as much obliged to be merry, as the other to be grave. A thorough Critick is a Sort of Puritan in the polite World. As an Enthuſiaſt in Religion ſtumbles at the ordinary Occurences of Life, if he cannot quote Scripture-Examples on the Occaſion; ſo the Critick is never ſafe in his Speech or Writing, without he has among the celebrated Writers an Authority for the Truth of his Sentence. You will believe we had a very good Time with theſe Brethren, who were ſo far out of the Dreſs of their native Country, and ſo loſt in its Dialect, that they were as much Strangers to themſelxes, as to their Relation to each other. They took up the whole Diſcourſe; ſometimes the Critick grew paſſionate, and when reprimanded by the Wit for any Trip or Heſitation in his Voice, he would anſwer, Mr. *Dryden* makes ſuch a Character on ſuch an Occaſion break off in the ſame Manner; ſo that the Stop was according to Nature; and as a Man in a Paſſion ſhould do. The Wit, who is as far gone in Letters as himſelf, ſeems to be at a Loſs to anſwer ſuch an Apology; and concludes only, that though his Anger is juſtly vented, it wants Fire in the Utterance. If Wit is to be meaſured by the Circumſtances of Time and Plaee, there is no

Man

Man has generally so little of that Talent, as he who is a Wit by Profession. What he says, instead of arising from the Occasion, has an Occasion invented to bring it in. Thus he is new for no other Reason, but that he talks like no Body else; but has taken up a Method of his own, without Commerce or Dialogue with other People. The lively *Jasper Dactyle* is one of this Character. He seems to have made a Vow to be witty to his Life's End. When you meet him, What do you think, says he, I have been entertaining my self with? Then out comes a premeditated Turn; to which 'tis to no Purpose to answer, for he goes on in the same Strain of Thought he designed without your speaking. Therefore I have a general Answer to all he can say; as, *Sure there never was any Creature had so much Fire*; *Spondee*, who is a Critick, is seldom out of this fine Man's Company. They have no manner of Affection for each other, but keep together, like *Novell* and *Oldfox* in the *Plain-Dealer*, because they show each other. I know several of Sense who can be diverted with this Couple; but I see no Curiosity in the Thing, except it be, that *Spondee* is dull, and seems dull; but *Dactyle* is heavy with a brisk Face. It must be own'd also, that *Dactyle* has almost Vigour enough to be a Coxcomb; but *Spondee* by the Lowness of his Constitution, is only a Blockhead.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 15.

We have no Particulars of Moment since our last, except it be, that the Copy of the following Original Letter came by the Way of *Ostend*. It is said to have been found in the Closet of Monsieur *Chamillard*, the late Secretary of State of *France*, since his Disgrace. It was signed by Two Brothers of the famous

mous *Cavalier*, who led the *Cevennois*, and had a Perſonal Interview with the King, as well as a Capitulation to lay down his Arms, and leave the Dominions of *France*. There are many other Names to it; among whom, is the Chief of the Family of the Marquiſs *Guiſcard*. It is not yet known, whether Monſieur *Chamillard* had any real Deſign to favour the Proteſtant Intereſt, or only thought to place himſelf at the Head of that People to make himſelf conſiderable enough to oppoſe his Enemies at Court, and re-inſtate himſelf in Power there.

SIR,

'WE have read your Majeſty's * Letter ' to the Governours of your Provinces, ' with Inſtructions what Sentiments to inſinu- ' ate into the Minds of your People: But as you ' have always acted upon the Maxim, That we ' were made for you, and not you for us; we ' muſt take Leave to aſſure your Majeſty, that ' we are exactly of the contrary Opinion, and ' muſt deſire you to ſend for your Grandſon ' Home, and acquaint him, that you now know ' by Experience, Abſolute Power is only a Ver- ' tigo in the Brain of Princes, which for a ' Time may quicken their Motion, and double ' in their diſeaſed Sight the Inſtances of Power ' above 'em; but muſt end in their Fall and ' Deſtruction. Your Memorial ſpeaks a good ' Father of your Family, but a very ill one of ' your People. Your Majeſty is reduced to hear

* *Soon after the Concluſion of the late Treaty of Peace, the* French *King diſpers'd a Letter through his Dominions, wherein he ſhows the Reaſons why he could not ratiſie the Preliminaries.* Vide *the publick News-Papers of this Date.*

' Truth

'Truth when you are oblig'd to ſpeak it: There 'is no governing any but Savages by other Me-'thods than their own Conſent, which you ſeem 'to acknowledge, in appealing to us for our Opi-'nion of your Conduct in treating of Peace. 'Had your People been always of your Council, 'the King of *France* had never been reduced ſo 'low, as to acknowledge his Arms were fallen 'into Contempt. But ſince it is thus, we muſt 'ask, How is any Man of *France*, but they of 'the Houſe of *Bourbon*, the better that *Philip* is 'King of *Spain*? We have out-grown that Fol-'ly of placing our Happineſs in your Majeſty's 'being called, *The Great*: Therefore as you and 'we are all alike * Bankrupts, and undone, let 'us not deceive our ſelves, but compound with 'our Adverſaries, and not talk like their Equals. 'Your Majeſty muſt forgive us that we cannot 'wiſh you Succeſs, or lend you Help; for if 'you loſe one Battel more, we may have an 'Hand in the Peace you make; and doubt not 'but your Majeſty's Faith in Treaties will require 'the Ratification of the States of your Kingdoms. 'So we bid you heartily farewel, till we have 'the Honour to meet you aſſembled in Parlia-'ment. This happy Expectation makes us wil-'ling to wait the Event of another Campaign, 'from whence we hope to be raiſed from the Mi-'ſery of Slaves, to the Privileges of Subjects. 'We are,

Your Majeſty's

Truly Faithful, and

Loyal Subjects, &c.

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* N. B. *Monſ.* Bernard *and the chief Bankers of* France *became Bankrupts about this Time.*

The

The TATLER. [N° 30.

From *Thursd. June* 16. to *Saturd. June* 18. 1710.

From my own Apartment, June 16.

THE Vigilance, the Anxiety, the Tenderness, which I have for the good People of *England*, I am perswaded will in Time be much commended; but I doubt whether they will ever be rewarded. However, I must go on chearfully in my Work of Reformation: That being my great Design, I am studious to prevent my Labour's increasing upon me; Therefore am particularly observant of the Temper and Inclinations of Childhood and Youth, that we may not give Vice and Folly Supplies from the growing Generation. It is hardly to be imagined, how useful this Study is, and what great Evils or Benefits arise from putting us in our tender Years to what we are fit, or unfit: Therefore on *Tuesday* last (with a Design to sound their Inclinations) I took Three Lads, who are under my Guardianship, a rambling, in a Hackney-Coach, to show them the Town, as the Lions, the Tombs, *Bedlam*, and the other Places which are Entertainments to raw Minds, because they strike forcibly on the Fancy. The Boys are Brothers, the one of Sixteen, the other of Fourteen, the other of Twelve. The First was his Father's Darling, the Second his Mother's, and the Third is mine, who am their Unkle. Mr. *William* is a Lad of true Genius; but being at the upper End of a great School, and having all the Boys below him, his Arrogance is insupportable. If I begin to show a little of my *Latin*, he immediately interrupts: Unkle, under Favour, that which you say is not understood in that Manner.

Bro-

Brother, says my Boy *Jack*, You do not ſhow your Manners much in contradicting my Unkle *Iſaac*? You queer Cur, ſays Mr. *William*, Do you think my Unkle takes any Notice of ſuch a dull Rogue as you are? Mr. *William* goes on; He is the moſt ſtupid of all my Mother's Children: He knows nothing of his Book: When he ſhould mind that, he is hiding or hoarding his Taws and Marbles, or laying up Farthings. His Way of Thinking is, Four and twenty Farthings make Sixpence, and Two Sixpences a Shilling, Two Shillings and Sixpence Half a Crown, and Two Half-Crowns Five Shillings. So within theſe Two Months, the cloſe Hunks has ſcrap'd up Twenty Shillings, and we'll make him ſpend it all before he comes Home. *Jack* immediately claps his Hands into both Pockets, and turns as Pale as Aſhes. There is nothing touches a Parent (and ſuch I am to *Jack*) ſo nearly, as a provident Conduct. This Lad has in him the true Temper of a good Husband, a kind Father, and an honeſt Executor. All the great People you ſee make conſiderable Figures on the Change, in Court, and ſometimes in Senates, are ſuch as in Reality have no greater Faculty than what may be called Humane Inſtinct, which is a natural Tendency to their own Preſervation, and that of their Friends, without being capable of ſtriking out of the Road for Adventures. There's Sir *William Scrip* was of this Sort of Capacity from his Childhood: He has bought the Country round him, and makes a Bargain better than Sir *Harry Wildfire* with all his Wit and Humour. Sir *Harry* never wants Money but he comes to *Scrip*, laughs at him half an Hour, and then gives Bond for t'other Thouſand. The cloſe Men are incapable of placing Merit any where but in their Pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger Capacities,

pacities, are diverted from the Purſuit by Enjoyments, which can be ſupported only by that Caſh which they deſpiſe; and therefore are in the End, Slaves to their Inferiors both in Fortune and Underſtanding. I once heard a Man of excellent Senſe obſerve, That more Affairs in the World failed by being in the Hands of Men of too large Capacities for their Buſineſs, than by being in the Conduct of ſuch as wanted Abilities to execute them. *Jack* therefore being of a plodding Make, ſhall be a Citizen; and I deſign him to be the Refuge of the Family in their Diſtreſs, as well as their Jeſt in Proſperity. His Brother *Will* ſhall go to *Oxford* with all Speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a Man of Senſe, he will ſoon be informed wherein he is a Coxcomb. There is in that Place ſuch a true Spirit of Raillery and Humour, that if they can't make you a wiſe Man, they will certainly let you know you are a Fool, which is all my Couſin wants to ceaſe to be ſo. Thus having taken theſe Two out of the Way, I have Leiſure to look at my Third Lad. I obſerve in the young Rogue a natural Subtilty of Mind, which diſcovers it ſelf rather in forbearing to declare his Thoughts on any Occaſion, than in any viſible Way of exerting himſelf in Diſcourſe. For which Reaſon I will place him where, if he commits no Faults, he may go further than thoſe in other Stations, though they excel in Virtues. The Boy is well faſhioned and will eaſily fall into a graceful Manner, wherefore, I have a Deſign to make him a Page to a great Lady of my Acquaintance; by which Means he will be well ſkill'd in the common Modes of Life, and make a greater Progreſs in the World by that Knowledge, than with the greateſt Qualities without it. A good Mien in a Court will carry a Man greater Lengths than

a good Underſtanding in any other Place. We ſee a World of Pains taken, and the beſt Years of Life ſpent, in collecting a Set of Thoughts in a College for the Conduct of Life; and after all, the Man ſo qualified ſhall heſitate in his Speech to a good Suit of Clothes, and want common Senſe before an agreeable Woman. Hence it is, that Wiſdom, Valour, Juſtice, and Learning, can't keep a Man in Countenance that is poſſeſſed with theſe Excellencies, if he wants that inferior Art of Life and Behaviour, call'd Good Breeding. A Man endow'd with great Perfections without this, is like one who has his Pockets full of Gold, but always wants Change for his ordinary Occaſions.

Will. Courtly is a living Inſtance of this Truth, and has had the ſame Education which I am giving my Nephew. He never ſpoke a Thing but what was ſaid before, and yet can converſe with the wittieſt Men without being ridiculous. Among the Learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the Wiſe, indiſcreet. Living in Converſation from his Infancy, makes him no where at a Loſs; and a long Familiarity with the Perſons of Men, is in a Manner of the ſame Service to him, as if he knew their Arts. As Ceremony is the Invention of wiſe Men to keep Fools at a Diſtance, ſo good Breeding is an Expedient to make Fools and wiſe Men Equals.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

The Suſpenſion of the Playhouſe has made me have nothing to ſend you from hence; but calling here this Evening, I found the Party I uſually ſit with, upon the Buſineſs of Writing, and examining what was the handſomeſt Style in which to addreſs Women, and write Letters of Gallantry. Many were the Opinions which were immediately declared on this Subject: Some were for a certain Softneſs; ſome for I

know not what Delicacy; others for ſomething inexpreſſibly Tender: When it came to me, I ſaid there was no Rule in the World to be made for writing Letters, but that of being as near what you ſpeak Face to Face as you can; which is ſo great a Truth, that I am of Opinion, Writing has loſt more Miſtreſſes than any one Miſtake in the whole Legend of Love. For when you write to a Lady for whom you have a ſolid and honourable Paſſion, the great Idea you have of her, join'd to a quick Senſe of her Abſence, fills your Mind with a Sort of Tenderneſs, that gives your Language too much the Air of Complaint, which is ſeldom ſucceſsful. For a Man may flatter himſelf as he pleaſes, but he will find, that the Women have more Underſtanding in their own Affairs than we have, and Women of Spirit are not to be won by Mourners. He that can keep handſomely within Rules, and ſupport the Carriage of a Companion to his Miſtreſs, is much more likely to prevail, than he who lets her ſee, the whole Reliſh of his Life depends upon her. If poſſible therefore divert your Miſtreſs, rather than ſigh to her. The pleaſant Man ſhe will deſire for her own Sake; but the languiſhing Lover has nothing to hope from, but her Pity. To ſhew the Difference, I produced two Letters a Lady gave me, which had been writ by two Gentlemen, who pretended to her, but were both kill'd the next Day after the Date at the Battle of *Almanza*. One of them was a mercurial gay-humour'd Man; the other a Man of a ſerious, but a great and gallant Spirit. Poor *Jack Careleſs*! This is his Letter: You ſee how it is folded: The Air of it is ſo negligent, one might have read half of it by peeping into it, without breaking it open. He had no Exactneſs.

MADAM,

MADAM,

'IT is a very pleaſant Circumſtance I am in, 'that while I ſhould be thinking of the 'good Company we are to meet within a Day 'or two, where we ſhall go to Loggerheads, my 'Thoughts are running upon a Fair Enemy in '*England*. I was in Hopes I had left you there; 'but you follow the Camp, tho' I have endea-'voured to make ſome of our Leaguer Ladies 'drive you out of the Field. All my Comfort 'is, you are more troubleſome to my Colonel 'than my ſelf: I permit you to viſit me only 'now and then; but he downright keeps you. 'I laugh at his Honour as far as his Gravity will 'allow me: But I know him to be a Man of 'too much Merit to ſucceed with a Woman. 'Therefore defend your Heart as well as you 'can, I ſhall come Home this Winter irreſiſti-'bly dreſs'd, and with quite a new Foreign Air. 'And ſo I had like to ſay, I reſt, but alas! I re-'main,

Madam,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant.

John Careleſs.

Now for Colonel *Conſtant*'s Epiſtle; you ſee it is folded and directed with the utmoſt Care.

MADAM,

'I Do my ſelf the Honour to write to you this 'Evening, becauſe I believe to Morrow will 'be a Day of Battle, and ſomething forebodes 'in my Breaſt that I ſhall fall in it. If it proves 'ſo, I hope you will hear, I have done nothing

‘ below a Man who had the Love of his Country, quickened by a Paſſion for a Woman of Honour. If there be any Thing noble in going to a certain Death; if there be any Merit, that I meet it with Pleaſure, by promiſing my ſelf a Place in your Eſteem; if your Applauſe, when I am no more, is preferable to the moſt glorious Life without you: I ſay, Madam, If any of theſe Conſiderations can have Weight with you, you will give me a kind Place in your Memory, which I prefer to the Glory of *Cæſar*. I hope, this will be read, as it is writ, with Tears.

The beloved Lady is a Woman of a ſenſible Mind; but ſhe has confeſs'd to me, that after all her true and ſolid Value for *Conſtant*, ſhe had much more Concern for the Loſs of *Careleſs*. Theſe noble and ſerious Spirits have ſomething equal to the Adverſities they meet with, and conſequently leſſen the Objects of Pity. Great Accidents ſeem not cut out ſo much for Men of familiar Characters, which makes them more eaſily pitied, and ſoon after beloved. Add to this, that the Sort of Love which generally ſucceeds, is a Stranger to Awe and Diſtance. I asked *Romana*, Whether of the Two ſhe ſhould have choſen had they ſurvived? She ſaid, She knew ſhe ought to have taken *Conſtant*; but believed, ſhe ſhould have choſen *Careleſs*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 17.

Letters from *Lisbon* of the 9th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That the Enemy's Army, having block'd up *Olivenza*, was poſted on the *Guadiana*. The *Portugueſe* are very apprehenſive that the Garriſon of that Place, tho' it conſiſts of five of the beſt Regiments of their Army, will be obliged to ſurrender, if not timely relieved, they not being ſupplied with Proviſions for more than Six Weeks.

Weeks. Hereupon their Generals held a Council of War on the 4th Inſtant, wherein it was concluded to advance towards *Badajos.* With this Deſign the Army decamped on the 5th from *Jerumena*, and marched to *Cancaon.* 'Tis hoped, that if the Enemy follow their Motions, they may have Opportunity to put a ſufficient Quantity of Proviſion and Ammunition into *Olivenza.*

Mr. Bickerſtaff *gives Notice to all Perſons that dreſs themſelves as they pleaſe, without Regard to Decorum, (as with blue and red Stockings in Mourning; tuck'd Cravats, and Nightcap Wigs, before People of the Firſt Quality) That he has yet received no Fine for indulging them in that Liberty, and that he expects their Compliance with this Demand, or that they go Home immediately and ſhift themſelves. This is further to acquaint the Town, That the Report of the Hoſiers, Toymen, and Milleners, having compounded with Mr.* Bickerſtaff *for tolerating ſuch Enormities, is utterly falſe and ſcandalous.*

The TATLER. [N° 31.

From *Saturday June* 18. to *Tueſd. June* 21. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, June 18.

IN my Diſſertation againſt the Cuſtom of ſingle Combat, it has been objected, that there is not Learning, or much Reading, ſhown therein, which is the very Life and Soul of all Treatiſes; for which Reaſon, being always eaſy to receive Admonitions, and reform my Errors, I thought fit to conſult this learned

Board on the Subject. Upon proposing some Doubts, and desiring their Assistance, a very hopeful young Gentleman, my Relation, who is to be called to the Bar within a Year and an half at farthest, told me, That he had ever since I first mentioned Duelling turned his Head that Way; and that he was principally moved thereto, because he designed to follow the Circuits in the North of *England* and the South of *Scotland*, and to reside mostly at his own Estate at *Landbadernawz* in *Cardiganshire*. The Northern *Britains* and the Southern *Scots* are a warm People, and the *Welsh a Nation of Gentlemen*; so that it behov'd him to understand well the Science of Quarrelling. The young Gentleman proceeded admirably well, and gave the Board an Account, that he had read *Fitzherbert's Grand Abridgment*, and had found, that Duelling is a very ancient Part of the Law: For when a Man is sued, be it for his Life or his Land, the Person that joins the Issue, whether Plaintiff or Defendant, may put the Trial upon the Duel. Further he argued, under Favour of the Court, that when the Issue is joined by the Duel in Treason or other Capital Crimes, the Parties accused and Accuser must fight in their own proper Persons: But if the Dispute be for Lands, you may hire a Champion at *Hockley in the Hole*, or any where else. This Part of the Law we had from the *Saxons*; and they had it, as also the Trial by *Ordeal*, from the *Laplanders*. It is indeed agreed, said he, the Southern and Eastern Nations never knew any Thing of it; for though the ancient *Romans* would scold, and call Names filthily, yet there is not an Example of a Challenge that ever passed amongst them.

His quoting the Eastern Nations, put another Gentleman in Mind of an Account he had from

a Boat-

a Boatswain of an *East-India* Man; which was, that a *Chinese* had tricked and bubbled him, and that when he came to demand Satisfaction the next Morning, and like a true Tar of Honour called him Son of a Whore, Lyar, Dog, and other rough Appellatives used by Persons conversant with Winds and Waves; the *Chinese*, with great Tranquility, desired him not to come Abroad fasting, nor put himself in a Heat, for it would prejudice his Health. Thus the East knows nothing of this Gallantry.

There sate at the Left of the Table a Person of a venerable Aspect, who asserted, That half the Impositions which are put upon these Ages, have been transmitted by Writers who have given too great Pomp and Magnificence to the Exploits of the ancient *Bear-Garden*, and made their Gladiators, by fabulous Tradition, greater than *Gorman* and others of *Great-Britain*. He informed the Company, that he had searched Authorities for what he said, and that a learned Antiquary, *Humphrey Scarecrow* Esq; of *Hockley in the Hole*, Recorder to the *Bear-Garden*, was then writing a Discourse on the Subject. It appears by the best Accounts, says this Gentleman, that the high Names which are used among us with so great Veneration, were no other than Stage-fighters, and Worthies of the ancient *Bear-Garden*. The renowned *Hercules* always carried a Quarterstaff, and was from thence called *Claviger*. A learned Chronologist is about proving what Wood this Staff was made of, whether Oak, Ash, or Crab-Tree. The first Trial of Skill he ever performed, was with one *Cacus*, a Deer-Stealer; the next was with *Typhonus*, a Giant of Forty Foot Four Inches. Indeed it was unhappily recorded, that meeting at last with a Sailor's Wife, she made his Staff of Prowess serve her own Use, and dwindle

away to a Diſtaff: She clapt him on an old Tar-Jacket of her Husband's; ſo that this great Hero drooped like a ſcabbed Sheep. Him his Contemporary *Theſeus* ſucceeded in the *Bear-Garden*, which Honour he held for many Years: This grand Duelliſt went to Hell, and was the only One of that Sort that ever came back again. As for *Achilles* and *Hector*, (as the Ballads of thoſe Times mention) they were pretty Smart Fellows; they fought at Sword and Buckler; but the former had much the better of it; his Mother, who was an Oyſter-Woman, having got a Black-Smith of *Lemnos* to make her Son's Weapons. There's a Pair of truſty *Trojans* in a Song of *Virgil*'s, that were famous for handling their Gauntlets, *Dares*, and *Entellus*; and indeed it does appear, they fought no Sham Prize. What Arms the great *Alexander* uſed, is uncertain; however, the Hiſtorian mentions, when he attack'd *Thaleſtris*, it was only at ſingle Rapier; but the Weapon ſoon failed; for it was always obſerved, that the *Amazons* had a Sort of Enchantment about them, which made the Blade of the Weapon, though never of ſo good Metal, at every home Puſh loſe its Edge and grow feeble.

The *Roman Bear-Garden* was abundantly more magnificent than any Thing *Greece* could boaſt of; it flouriſhed moſt under thoſe Delights of Mankind, *Nero* and *Domitian*: At one Time it's recorded, 400 Senators enter'd the Liſt, and thought it an Honour to be cudgelled and quarterſtaffed. I obſerve, the *Laniſtæ* were the People chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our *Bear-Garden* copied much after this, the Butchers being the greateſt Men in it.

Thus far the Glory and Honour of the *Bear-Garden* ſtood ſecure, till Fate, that irreſiſtible Ruler of ſublunary Things, in that univerſal Ruin

Ruin of Arts and politer Learning, by thoſe ſavage People the *Goths* and *Vandals*, deſtroyed and levelled it to the Ground. Then fell the Grandeur and Bravery of the *Roman* State, till at laſt the Warlike Genius (but accompanied with more Courteſie) revived in the Chriſtian World under thoſe puiſſant Champions, St. *George*, St. *Dennis*, and other dignified Heroes: One kill'd his Dragon, another his Lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red Letters before them to illuſtrate their Martial Temper. The *Spaniſh* Nation, it muſt be own'd, were devoted to Gallantry and Chivalry above the reſt of the World. What a great Figure does that great Name, Don *Quixot*, make in Hiſtory? How ſhines this glorious Star in the *Weſtern* World? O renown'd Hero! O Mirror of Knighthood!

Thy braniſh'd Winyard all the World defies,
And kills as ſure as del Toboſa'*s Eyes.*

I am forced to break off abruptly, being ſent for in Haſte, with my Rule, to meaſure the Degree of an Affront, before the Two Gentlemen (who are now in their Breeches and Pumps ready to engage behind *Mountague*-Houſe) have made a Paſs.

From my own Apartment, June 18.

It is an unreaſonable Objection I find againſt my Labours, that my Stock is not all my own, and therefore the kind Reception I have met with is not ſo deſerved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never ſo true, that I am obliged to my Friends for laying their Caſh in my Hands, ſince I give it them again when they pleaſe, and leave them at their Liberty to call it Home, it will not hurt me with my gentle Readers. Ask all the Merchants who act upon Conſignments, Where is the Neceſſity (if they anſwer readily what their Correſpondents

 draw)

draw) of their being wealthy themſelves? Ask the greateſt Bankers, If all the Men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the Conſequence? But indeed a Country Friend has writ me a Letter which gives me great Mortification; wherein I find I am ſo far from expecting a Supply from thence, that ſome have not heard of me, and the reſt do not underſtand me. His Epiſtle is as follows:

Dear Couſin,

'I Thought when I left the Town to have raiſed your Fame here, and helped you to ſupport it by Intelligence from hence; but alas! they had never heard of the *Tatler* till I brought down a Set. I lent them from Houſe to Houſe; but they asked we what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were ſuppoſed to be intended by the Characters drawn. I ſaid for Inſtance, *Chloe* and *Clariſſa* are two eminent Toaſts. A Gentleman (who keeps his Greyhound and Gun, and one would think might know better) told me, he ſuppoſed they were Papiſhes, for their Names were not *Engliſh*: Then, ſaid he, Why do you call live People Toaſts? I anſwered, That was a new Name found out by the Wits, to make a Lady have the ſame Effect as Burridge in the Glaſs when a Man is drinking. But ſays I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all bamboozling; why you look as if you were *Don Diego'd* to the Tune of a Thouſand Pounds. All this good Language was loſt upon him: He only ſtared, though he is as good a Scholar as any Layman in the Town, except the Barber. Thus, Couſin, you muſt be content with *London* for the Center of your Wealth and Fame; we have no Reliſh for you. Wit muſt deſcribe its proper Circumference, and not go beyond it, leſt

'(like

'(like little Boys, when they ſtraggle out of 'their own Pariſh) it may wander to Places 'where it is not known, and be loſt. Since it is 'ſo, you muſt excuſe me that I am forced at a 'Viſit to ſit ſilent, and only lay up what excel-'lent Things paſs at ſuch Converſations.

'This Evening I was with a Couple of young 'Ladies; one of them has the Character of the 'prettieſt Company, yet really I thought her but 'ſilly; the other, who talked a great deal leſs, 'I obſerved to have Underſtanding. The Lady 'who is reckoned ſuch a Companion among 'her Acquaintance, has only, with a very briſk 'Air, a Knack of ſaying the commoneſt Things: 'The other, with a ſly ſerious one, ſays home 'Things enough. The firſt (Miſtreſs *Giddy*) 'is very quick; but the ſecond (Mrs. *Slim*) 'fell into *Giddy*'s own Style, and was as good 'Company as ſhe. *Giddy* happens to drop her 'Glove; *Slim* reaches it to her: Madam (ſays '*Giddy*) I hope you'll have a better Office. 'Upon which *Slim* immediately repartees, and 'ſits in her Lap, and cries, Are you not ſorry 'for my Heavineſs? This ſly Wench pleaſed 'me to ſee how ſhe hit her Height of Under-'ſtanding ſo well. We ſate down to Supper. 'Says *Giddy*, mighty prettily, Two Hands in a 'Diſh, and One in a Purſe: Says *Slim*, Ay, 'Madam, the More the Merrier; but the Few-'er the Better Chear. I quickly took the 'Hint, and was as witty and talkative as they. 'Says I,

'*He that will not when he may,*
'*When he will he ſhall have Nay;*

'And

'and so helped my self. *Giddy* turns about, 'What have you found your Tongue? Yes, '(says I) 'tis Manners to speak when I am 'spoken to; but your greatest Talkers are the 'least Doers, and the still Sow eats up all the 'Broth. Ha! Ha! says *Giddy*, One would 'think he had nothing in him, and do you 'hear how he talks when he pleases! I grew 'immediately roguish and pleasant to a De-'gree in the same Strain. *Slim*, who knew 'how good Company we had been, cries, 'You'll certainly print this bright Conversa-'tion.

It is so; and hereby you may see how small an Appearance the prettiest Things said in Company make when in Print.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 20.

A Mail from *Lisbon* has brought Advices of *June* the 12th, from the King of *Portugal's* Army encamped at *Torre Allegada*, which inform us, That the General of the Army called a Court-Martial on the 4th at the Camp of *Gerumbena*, where it was resolved to march with a Design to attempt the Succour of *Olivenza*. Accordingly the Army moved on the 5th, and marched towards *Badajos*. Upon their Approach, the Marquis *de Bay* detached so great a Party from the Blockade of *Olivenza*, that the Marquis *das Minas*, at the Head of a large Detachment, covered a great Convoy of Provisions towards *Olivenza*, which threw in their Stores, and marched back to the main Army, without Molestation from the *Spaniards*. They add, That each Army must necessarily march into Quarters within Twenty Days.

Who

Whosoever can discover a Surgeon's Apprentice, who fell upon Mr. Bickerstaff's *Messenger, or (as the Printers call him)* Devil, *going to the Press, and tore out of his Hand Part of his Essay against Duels, in the Fragments of which were the Words,* You lie, *and* Man of Honour, *taken up at the* Temple-Gate; *and the Words,* Perhaps, —— May be not, —— By your Leave, Sir, —— *and other Terms of Provocation, taken up at the Door of* Young Man's *Coffee-house, shall receive Satisfaction from Mr.* Morphew, *besides a Set of Arguments to be spoken to any Man in a Passion, which, if the said enraged Man listens to, will prevent Quarrelling.*

Mr. Bickerstaff *does hereby give Notice, That he has taken the Two famous Universities of this Land under his immediate Care, and does hereby promise all Tutors and Pupils, That he will hear what can be said of each Side between them, and to correct them impartially, by placing them in Orders and Classes in the Learned World, according to their Merit.*

The TATLER. [N° 32.

From *Tuesday June* 21. to *Thursd. June* 23. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, June 22.

AN Answer to the following Letter being absolutely necessary to be dispatched with all Expedition, I must trespass upon all that come with Horary Questions into my Antichamber, to give the Gentleman my Opinion.

To

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

S I R, *June* 18. 1709.

'I Know not whether you ought to pity or laugh at me; for I am fallen deſperately in Love with a profeſs'd *Platonne*, the moſt unaccountable Creature of her Sex. To hear her talk Seraphicks, and run over *Norris* and *Moor*, and *Milton*, and the whole Set of Intellectual Triflers, torments me heartily; for to a Lover who underſtands Metaphors, all this pretty Prattle of Idea's gives very fine Views of Pleaſure, which only the dear Declaimer prevents, by underſtanding them literally. Why ſhould ſhe wiſh to be a Cherubim, when 'tis Fleſh and Blood that makes her adorable? If I ſpeak to her, that's a high Breach of the Idea of Intuition: If I offer at her Hand or Lip, ſhe ſhrinks from the Touch like a Senſitive Plant, and would contract her ſelf into meer Spirit. She calls her Chariot, Vehicle; her furbelow'd Scarf, Pinnions: Her blue Mant and Petticoat is her Azure Dreſs.; and her Footman goes by the Name of *Oberon*. 'Tis my Misfortune to be Six Foot and a half high, Two full Spans between the Shoulders, Thirteen Inches Diameter in the Calves; and before I was in Love, I had a noble Stomach, and uſually went to Bed ſober with Two Bottles. I am not quite Six and twenty, and my Noſe is marked truly Aquiline. For theſe Reaſons, I am in a very particular Manner her Averſion. What ſhall I do? Impudence it ſelf cannot reclaim her. If I write miſerable, ſhe reckons me among the Children of Perdition, and diſcards me her Region: If I aſſume the Groſs and Subſtantial, ſhe plays the real Ghoſt with me, and vaniſhes in a Moment.

'I had

'I had Hopes in the Hypocrisy of her Sex; but 'Perseverance makes it as bad as fixed Aversion. 'I desire your Opinion, Whether I may not law-'fully play the Inquisition upon her, make use 'of a little Force, and put her to the Rack and 'the Torture, only to convince her, she has real-'ly fine Limbs, without spoiling or distorting 'them. I expect your Directions, e're I proceed 'to dwindle and fall away with Despair; which 'at present I don't think advisable, because, if 'she should recant, she may then hate me per-'haps in the other Extreme for my Tenuity. I 'am (with Impatience)

Your most humble Servant,

Charles Sturdy.

My Patient has put his Case with very much Warmth, and represented it in so lively a Manner, that I see both his Torment and Tormenter with great Perspicuity. This Order of *Platonick* Ladies are to be dealt with in a peculiar Manner from all the rest of the Sex. Flattery is the general Way, and the Way in this Case; but it is not to be done grosly. Every Man that has Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, can make a good Flatterer for Woman in general; but a *Platonne* is not to be touched with Panegyrick: She will tell you, it is a Sensuality in the Soul to be delighted that Way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does, and says. You are to consider in her, the Scorn of you is not Humour, but Opinion.

There were some Years since a Set of these Ladies who were of Quality, and gave out, That Virginity was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore resolved to join their Fortunes, and erect a Nun-

Nunnery. The Place of Reſidence was pitched upon; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Riſings of Waters, with ſhady Coverts, and flowry Arbours, was approved by Seven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex who took the Liberty to viſit thoſe Manſions of intended Severity; among others, a famous *Rake* of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in firſt; but upon ſeeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Deſign to tell him, this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid: Young Woman, ſaid he, if any of the Ladies are in the Way on this Side of the Houſe, pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens: We are, you muſt know, Gentlemen that are travelling *England*; after which we ſhall go into Foreign Parts, where ſome of us have already been. Here he bows in the moſt humble Manner, and kiſſed the Girl, who knew not how to behave to ſuch a Sort of Carriage. He goes on: Now you muſt know we have an Ambition to have it to ſay, That we have a Proteſtant Nunnery in *England*: But pray Mrs. *Betty* —— Sir, ſhe replied, my Name is *Suſan*, at your Service. Then I heartily beg your Pardon —— No Offence in the leaſt (ſays ſhe) for I have a Couſin-German whoſe Name is *Betty*. Indeed, ſaid he, I proteſt to you that was more than I knew, I ſpoke at Random: But ſince it happens that I was near in the Right, give me Leave to preſent this Gentleman to the Favour of a civil Salute. His Friend advances, and ſo on, till that they had all ſaluted her. By this Means, the poor Girl was in the middle of the Crowd of theſe Fellows at a Loſs what to do, without Courage to paſs through 'em; and the *Platonicks*, at ſeveral Peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fret-

ting

ting. *Rake* perceiv'd they were obſerv'd, and therefore took Care to keep *Suky* in Chat with Queſtions concerning their Way of Life; when appeared at laſt *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluſe Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall; and *Rake*, knowing the Dignity of his own Mien and Aſpect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins; Sir, I am obliged to follow the Servant, who was ſent out to know, What Affair could make Strangers preſs upon a Solitude which we, who are to inhabit this Place, have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts? Madam, replies *Rake*, (with an Air of great Diſtance, mixed with a certain Indifference, by which he could diſſemble Diſſimulation) your great Intention has made more Noiſe in the World than you deſign it ſhould; and we Travellers, who have ſeen many foreign Inſtitutions of this Kind, have a Curioſity to ſee, in its firſt Rudiments, this Seat of Primitive Piety; for ſuch it muſt be called by future Ages, to the Eternal Honour of the Founders. I have read *Madonella*'s excellent and ſeraphick Diſcourſe on this Subject. The Lady immediately anſwers, If what I have ſaid could have contributed to raiſe any Thoughts in you that may make for the Advancement of intellectual and divine Converſation, I ſhould think my ſelf extremely happy. He immediately fell back with the profoundeſt Veneration; then advancing, Are you then that admired Lady? If I may approach Lips which have uttered Things ſo ſacred—— He ſalutes her. His Friends followed his Example. The Devoted within ſtood in Amazement where this would end, to ſee *Madonella* receive their Addreſs and their Company. But *Rake* goes on—— We

would

would not tranſgreſs Rules; but if we may take the Liberty to ſee the Place you have thought fit to chuſe for ever, we would go into ſuch Parts of the Gardens as is conſiſtent with the Severities you have impoſed on your ſelves. To be ſhort, *Madonella* permitted *Rake* to lead her into the Aſſembly of Nuns, followed by his Friends, and each took his Fair One by the Hand, after due Explanation, to walk round the Gardens. The Converſation turned upon the Lillies, the Flowers, the Arbors, and the growing Vegetables; and *Rake* had the ſolemn Impudence, when the whole Company ſtood round him, to ſay, That he ſincerely wiſhed Men might riſe out of the Earth like Plants; and that our Minds were not of Neceſſity to be ſullied with carnivorous Appetites for the Generation, as well as Support of our Species. This was ſpoke with ſo eaſie and fixed an Aſſurance, that *Madonella* anſwer'd, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive your ſelf in wiſhing an Inſtitution foreign to that of Providence: Theſe Deſires were implanted in us for reverend Purpoſes, in preſerving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chaſtity more Heroick. The Conference was continued in this Celeſtial Strain, and carried on ſo well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a Second and a Second Interview; and, without entring into further Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

Any unnatural Part is long taking up, and as long laying aſide; therefore Mr. *Sturdy* may aſſure himſelf, *Platonica* will fly for ever from a forward Behaviour; but if he approaches her according to this Model, ſhe will fall in with the Neceſſities of mortal Life, and condeſcend

to

to look with Pity upon an unhappy Man, impriſoned in ſo much Body, and urged by ſuch violent Deſires.

From my own Apartment, June 22.

The Evils of this Town increaſe upon me to ſo great a Degree, that I am half afraid I ſhall not leave the World much better than I found it. Several worthy Gentlemen and Criticks have applied to me, to give my Cenſure of an Enormity which has been revived (after being long oppreſſed) and is called *Punning.* I have ſeveral Arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a Man of Honour who is guilty of this Abuſe of Humane Society. But the Way to expoſe it, is, like the Expedient of curing Drunkenneſs, ſhowing a Man in that Condition: Therefore I muſt give my Reader Warning, to expect a Collection of theſe Offences; without which Preparation, I thought it too adventurous to introduce the very Mention of it in good Company; and hope, I ſhall be underſtood to do it, as a Divine mentions Oaths and Curſes, only for their Condemnation. I ſhall dedicate this Diſcourſe to a Gentleman my very good Friend, who is the *Janus* of our Times, and whom, by his Years and Wit, you would take to be of the laſt Age; but by his Dreſs and Morals, of this.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 22.

Laſt Night arrived Two Mails from *Holland,* which bring Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* with Advice, That the Enemy lay encamped behind a ſtrong Retrenchment, with the Marſh of *Remieres* on their Right and Left, extending it ſelf as far as *Bethune*: *La Baſſee* is in their Front, *Lens* in their Rear, and their Camp is ſtrengthened by another Line from *Lens* to *Douay.* The Duke of *Marlborough* cauſed an exact

exact Obſervation to be made of their Ground, and the Works by which they were covered, which appeared ſo ſtrong, that it was not thought proper to attack them in their preſent Poſture. However, the Duke thought fit to make a Feint as if he deſign'd it; His Grace accordingly marching from the Abbey at *Looze*, as did Prince *Eugene* from *Lampret*, and advanced with all poſſible Diligence towards the Enemy. To favour the Appearance of an intended Aſſault, the Ways were made, and Orders diſtributed in ſuch a Manner, that none in either Camp could have Thoughts of any Thing but charging the Enemy by Break of Day the next Morning: But ſoon after the Fall of the Night of the 2[illegible]th, the whole Army faced towards *Tournay*, which Place they inveſted early in the Morning of the 27th. The Mareſchal *Villars* was ſo confident that we deſigned to attack him, that he had drawn great Part of the Garriſon of the Place, which is now inveſted, into the Field: For which Reaſon, it is preſumed it muſt ſubmit within a ſmall Time; which the Enemy cannot prevent, but by coming out of their preſent Camp, and hazarding a general Engagement. Theſe Advices add, That the Garriſon of *Mons* had marched out under the Command of Mareſchal *d'Arco*; which, with the *Bavarians*, *Walloons*, and the Troops of *Cologne*, have join'd the grand Army of the Enemy.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 33.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

From *Thurſd. June* 23. to *Saturd. June* 25. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

MY Brother has made an Excurſion into the Country, and the Work againſt *Saturday* lies upon me. I am very glad I have got Pen and Ink in my Hand; for I have for ſome Time longed for his Abſence, to give a Right Idea of Things, which I thought he put in a very odd Light, and ſome of them to the Diſadvantage of my own Sex. It is much to be lamented, that it is neceſſary to make Diſcourſes, and publiſh Treatiſes, to keep the horrid Creatures, the Men, within the Rules of common Decency. Turning over the Papers of Memorials or Hints for the enſuing Diſcourſes, I find a Letter ſubſcribed by Mr. *Truman.*

SIR,

‘I Am lately come to Town, and have read your Works with much Pleaſure. You make Wit ſubſervient to good Principles and good Manners. Yet, becauſe I deſign to buy the *Tatlers* for my Daughters to read, I take the Freedom to deſire you, for the future, to ſay nothing about any Combat between *Alexander* and *Thaleſtris.*

This Offence gives me Occaſion to expreſs my ſelf with the Reſentment I ought, on People who take Liberties of Speech before that Sex of whom

whom the honoured Names of Mother, Daughter, and Siſter, are a Part: I had like to have named Wife in the Number; but the ſenſeleſs World are ſo miſtaken in their Sentiments of Pleaſure, that the moſt amiable Term in Humane Life is become the Deriſion of Fools and Scorners. My Brother and I have at leaſt Fifty Times quarrell'd upon this Topick. I ever argue, That the Frailties of Women are to be imputed to the falſe Ornaments which Men of Wit put upon our Folly and Coquetry. He lays all the Vices of Men upon Women's ſecret Approbation of Libertine Characters in them. I did not care to give up a Point; but now he is out of the Way, I cannot but own I believe there is very much in what he aſſerted: For if you will believe your Eyes, and own, that the wickedeſt and the wittieſt of them all marry one Day or other; Is it poſſible to believe, that if a Man thought he ſhould be for ever incapable of being received by a Woman of Merit and Honour, he would perſiſt in an abandon'd Way, and deny himſelf the Poſſibility of enjoying the Happineſs of well-govern'd Deſires, orderly Satisfactions, and honourable Methods of Life? If our Sex were wiſe, a Lover ſhould have a Certificate from the laſt Woman he ſerved, how he was turned away, before he was received into the Service of another: But at preſent any Vagabond is welcome, provided he promiſes to enter into our Livery. It is wonderful, that we will not take a Footman without Credentials from his laſt Maſter; and in the greateſt Concern of Life, we make no Scruple of falling into a Treaty with the moſt notorious Offender in his Behaviour againſt others. But this Breach of Commerce between the Sexes, proceeds from an unaccountable Prevalence of Cuſtom, by which a Woman is to the laſt Degree reproachable

able for being deceived, and a Man suffers no Loss of Credit for being a Deceiver.

Since this Tyrant Humour has gained Place, Why are we represented in the Writings of Men in ill Figures for Artifice in our Carriage, when we have to do with a professed Impostor? When Oaths, Imprecations, Vows, and Adorations, are made use of as Words of Course, What Arts are not necessary to defend us from such as glory in the Breath of 'em? As for my Part, I am resolved to hear all, and believe none of 'em; and therefore solemnly declare, no Vow shall deceive me, but that of Marriage: For I am turned of Twenty, and being of a small Fortune, some Wit, and (if I can believe my Lovers and my Glass) Handsome, I have heard all that can be said towards my Undoing, and shall therefore, for Warning-sake, give an Account of the Offers that have been made me, my Manner of rejecting 'em, and my Assistances to keep my Resolution.

In the Sixteenth Year of my Life, I fell into the Acquaintance of a Lady extremely well known in this Town for the quick Advancement of her Husband, and the Honours and Distinctions which her Industry has procured him, and all who belong to her. This excellent Body sate next to me for some Months at Church, and took the Liberty (which she said her Years and the Zeal she had for my Welfare gave her Claim to) to assure me, that she observed some Parts of my Behaviour which would lead me into Errors, and give Encouragement to some to entertain Hopes I did not think of. What made you (said she) look through your Fan at that Lord, when your Eyes should have been turned upward, or closed in Attention upon better Objects? I blushed, and pretended Fifty odd Excuses;——but confounded my self the more. She wanted nothing

nothing but to ſee that Confuſion, and goes on: Nay, Child, do not be troubled that I take Notice of it, my Value for you made me ſpeak it; for though he is my Kinſman, I have a nearer Regard to Virtue than any other Conſideration. She had hardly done ſpeaking, when this noble Lord came up to us, and lead her to her Coach.

My Head ran all that Day and Night on the exemplary Carriage of this Woman, who could be ſo virtuouſly impertinent, as to admoniſh one ſhe was hardly acquainted with. However it ſtruck upon the Vanity of a Girl that it may poſſibly be, his Thoughts might have been as favourable of me, as mine were amorous of him, and as unlikely Things as that have happened, if he ſhould make me his Wife. She never mentioned this more to me; but I ſtill in all publick Places ſtole Looks at this Man, who eaſily obſerved my Paſſion for him. It is ſo hard a Thing to check the Return of agreeable Thoughts, that he became my Dream, my Viſion, my Food, my Wiſh, my Torment.

That Miniſter of Darkneſs, the Lady *Semphronia*, perceived too well the Temper I was in, and would one Day after Evening Service needs take me to the Park. When we were there, my Lord paſſes by; I fluſhed into a Flame. Mrs. *Diſtaff*, (ſaid ſhe) You may very well remember the Concern I was in upon the firſt Notice I took of your Regard to that Lord, and forgive me, who had a tender Friendſhip for your Mother (now in her Grave) that I am vigilant of your Conduct. She went on with much Severity, and after great Solicitation, prevailed on me to go with her into the Country, and there ſpend the enſuing Summer out of the Way of a Man ſhe ſaw I loved, and one whom

ſhe

ſhe perceived meditated my Ruin, by frequently deſiring her to introduce him to me; which ſhe abſolutely refuſed, except he would give his Honour that he had no other Deſign but to marry me. To her Country-Houſe a Week or Two after we went: There was at the farther End of her Garden a Kind of Wilderneſs, in the Middle of which ran a ſoft Rivulet by an Arbour of Jeſſamin. In this Place I uſually paſſed my retired Hours, and read ſome Romantick or Poetical Tale till the Cloſe of the Evening. It was near that Time in the Heat of Summer, when gentle Winds, ſoft Murmurs of Water, and Notes of Nightingals, had given my Mind an Indolence, which added to that Repoſe of Soul, Twilight and the End of a warm Day naturally throws upon the Spirits. It was at ſuch an Hour, and in ſuch a State of Tranquility I ſat, when, to my unexpreſſible Amazement, I ſaw my Lord walking towards me, whom I knew not till that Moment to have been in the Country. I could obſerve in his Approach the Perplexity which attends a Man big with Deſign; and I had, while he was coming forward, Time to reflect that I was betrayed; the Senſe of which gave me a Reſentment ſuitable to ſuch a Baſeneſs: But when he entered into the Bower where I was, my Heart flew towards him, and, I confeſs, a certain Joy came into my Mind, with an Hope, that he might then make a Declaration of Honour and Paſſion. This threw my Eye upon him with ſuch Tenderneſs, as gave him Power, with a broken Accent, to begin. Madam, —— You will wonder —— For it is certain, you muſt have obſerved —— though I fear you will miſinterpret the Motives —— But by Heaven, and all that's Sacred! If you could —— Here he

made a full Stand. And I recovered Power to ſay, The Conſternation I am in you will not, I hope, believe---- An helpleſs innocent Maid--- Beſides that, the Place---- He ſaw me in as great Confuſion as himſelf; which attributing to the ſame Cauſes, he had the Audaciouſneſs to throw himſelf at my Feet, talk of the Stilneſs of the Evening, and then ran into Deifications of my Perſon. Pure Flames, Conſtant Lov Eternal Raptures, and a Thouſand other hraſes drawn from the Images we have of Heaven, which ill Men uſe for the Service of He l, were run over with uncommon Vehemenc. After which, he ſeiz'd me in his Arms: His Deſign was too evident. In my utmoſt Di . I fell upon my Knees--- My Lord, pity me, on my Knees--- On my Knees in the Cauſe of Virtue, as you were lately in that of Wickedneſs. Can you think of deſtroying the Labour of a whole Life, the Purpoſe of a long Education, for the baſe Service of a ſudden Appetite; to throw one that loves you, that doats on you, out of the Company and Road of all that is virtuous and Praiſe-worthy? Have I taken in all the Inſtructions of Piety, Religion and Reaſon, for no other End, but to be the Sacrifice of Luſt, and abandoned to Scorn? Aſſume your ſelf, my Lord, and do not attempt to vitiate a Temple Sacred to Innocence, Honour, and Religion. If I have injured you, ſtab this Boſom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the Hand I love. The Ardency of my Paſſion made me incapable of uttering more; and I ſaw my Lover aſtoniſhed and reformed by my Behaviour: When ruſhed in *Semphronia*. Ha! Faithleſs baſe Man, could you then ſteal out of Town, and lurk like a Robber about my Houſe for ſuch brutiſh Purpoſes!

My

My Lord was by this Time recovered, and fell into a violent Laughter at the Turn which *Semphronia* deſigned to give her Villany. He bowed to me with the utmoſt Reſpect: Mrs. *Diſtaff*, ſaid he, be careful hereafter of your Company; and ſo retired. The Fiend *Semphronia* congratulated my Deliverance with a Flood of Tears.

This Nobleman has ſince very frequently made his Addreſſes to me with Honour, but I have as often refuſed them; as well knowing, that Familiarity and Marriage will make him, on ſome ill-natured Occaſion, call all I ſaid in the Arbour a Theatrical Action. Beſides that, I glory in contemning a Man, who had Thoughts to my Diſhonour. If this Method were the Imitation of the whole Sex, Innocence would be the only Dreſs of Beauty; and all Affectation by any other Arts to pleaſe the Eyes of Men, would be baniſhed to the Stews for ever. The Conqueſt of Paſſion gives Ten times more Happineſs than we can reap from the Gratification of it; and ſhe that has got over ſuch a one as mine, will ſtand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much Safety as in a Summer's Day among Graſs-hoppers and Butterflies.

P.S. *I have Ten Millions of Things more againſt Men, if I ever get the Pen again.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, June 24.

Our laſt Advices from the *Hague*, dated the 28th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That on the 25th a Squadron of *Dutch* Men of War ſailed out of the *Texel* to join Admiral *Baker* at *Spithead*. The 26th was obſerved as a Day of Faſting and Humiliation, to implore a Bleſſing on the Arms of the Allies this enſuing Campaign. Letters from *Dreſden* are very particular in the Account of the Gallantry and Magnificence in which that Court has ap-

peared ſince the Arrival of the King of *Denmark*. No Day has paſſed in which publick Shews have not been exhibited for his Entertainment and Diverſion: The laſt of that Kind which is mentioned is a Carouſal, wherein many of the Youth of the firſt Quality, dreſſed in the moſt ſplendid Manner, ran for the Prize. His *Daniſh* Majeſty condeſcended to the ſame; but having obſerved that there was a Deſign laid to throw it in his Way, paſſed by without attempting to gain it. The Court of *Dreſden* was preparing to accompany his *Daniſh* Majeſty to *Potſdam*, where the Expectation of an Interview of three Kings had drawn together ſuch Multitudes of People, that many Perſons of Diſtinction will be obliged to lodge in Tents as long as thoſe Courts continue in that Place.

The TATLER. [N° 34.

By Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

From *Saturd. June* 25. to *Tueſd. June* 28. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 25.

HAving taken upon me to cure all the Diſtempers which proceed from Affections of the Mind, I have laboured, ſince I firſt kept this publick Stage, to do all the Good I could, and have perfected many Cures at my own Lodgings; carefully avoiding the common Method of Mountebanks, to do their moſt eminent Operations

tions in Sight of the People; but muſt be ſo juſt to my Patients as to declare, they have teſtified under their Hands their Senſe of my poor Abilities, and the Good I have done them, which I publiſh for the Benefit of the World, and not out of any Thoughts of private Advantage.

I have cured fine Mrs. *Spy* of a great Imperfection in her Eyes, which made her eternally rolling them from one Coxcomb to another in publick Places, in ſo languiſhing a Manner, that it at once leſſened her own Power, and her Beholders Vanity. Twenty Drops of my Ink, placed in certain Letters on which ſhe attentively looked for half an Hour, have reſtored her to the true Uſe of her Sight; which is, to guide, and not miſlead us. Ever ſince ſhe took this Liquor, which I call, *Bickerſtaff*'s *Circumſpection Water*, ſhe looks right forward, and can bear being looked at for half a Day without returning one Glance. This Water has a peculiar Vertue in it, which makes it the only true Coſmetick or Beauty-Waſh in the World: The Nature of it is ſuch, that if you go to a Glaſs, with a Deſign to admire your Face, it immediately changes it into downright Deformity. If you conſult it only to look with a better Countenance upon your Friends, it immediately gives an Alacrity to the Viſage, and new Grace to the whole Perſon. There is indeed a great deal owing to the Conſtitution of the Perſon to whom it is applied: It is in vain to give it when the Patient is in the Rage of the Diſtemper; a Bride in her firſt Month, a Lady ſoon after her Husband's being Knighted, or any Perſon of either Sex who has lately obtained any new good Fortune or Preferment, muſt be prepared ſome Time before they uſe it. It has an Effect upon others, as well as the Patient, when it is taken in due Form. Lady *Petulant* has by

the Uſe of it cured her Husband of Jealouſy, and Lady *Gad* her whole Neighbourhood of Detraction.

The Fame of theſe Things, added to my being an old Fellow, makes me extreamly acceptable to the Fair Sex. You would hardly believe me, when I tell you there is not a Man in Town ſo mu[illegible]ch their Delight as my ſelf. They make no more of [illegible]iſiting me, than going to Madam *d'Epingle*'s. Th[illegible]re were two of them, namely, *Damia* and *Clida[illegible]ira*, (I aſſure you Women of Diſtinction) who [illegible]ame to ſee me this Morning in their Way to Pr[illegible]yers, and being in a very diverting Humou[illegible] (a[illegible] Innocence always makes People chearful) th[illegible] would needs have me, according to the Di[illegible]ion of *pretty* and *very pretty* Fellows, inf[illegible]em, if I thought either of them had a Title [illegible] the *very Pretty* among thoſe of their own Sex; and if I did, which was the more deſerving of the Two?

To put them to the Tryal, Look ye, ſaid I, I muſt not raſhly give my Judgment in Matters of this Importance; pray let me ſee you dance: I play upon the Kit. They immediately fell back to the lower End of the Room (You may be ſure they curt'ſy'd low enough to me): And began. Never were Two in the World ſo equally matched, and both Scholars to my Nameſake *Iſaac*. Never was Man in ſo dangerous a Condition as my ſelf, when they began to expand their Charms. Oh! Ladies, Ladies, cried I, not half that Air, you'll fire the Houſe. Both ſmiled; for by the by, there's no carrying a Metaphor too far, when a Lady's Charms are ſpoke of. Some Body, I think, has called a fine Woman dancing, a Brandiſhed Torch of Beauty. Theſe Rivals moved with ſuch an agreeable Freedom, that you would believe their Geſture was the neceſſary Effect of the Muſick, and not the Product of Skill and Practice. Now *Clidamira* came on with

with a Crowd of Graces, and demanded my Judgment with ſo ſweet an Air---- And ſhe had no ſooner carried it, but *Damia* made her utterly forgot by a gentle ſinking, and a Rigadoon Step. The Conteſt held a full half Hour; and I proteſt, I ſaw no manner of Difference in their Perfections, till they came up together, and expected my Sentence. Look ye Ladies, ſaid I, I ſee no Differe[illegible]ce in the leaſt in your Performance; but you C[illegible]*damira* ſeem to be ſo well ſatisfied that I ſhall d[illegible]ermine for you, that I muſt give it to *Dami*[illegible] who ſtands with ſo much Diffidence and Fear, a[illegible]er ſhowing an equal Merit to what ſhe pretend[illegible] to. Therefore *Clidamira*, you are a *pretty*; b[illegible] *Damia*, you are a *very pretty* Lady. For, ſaid I, [illegible]auty loſes its Force, if not accompanied with [illegible]deſty. She that has an humble Opinion of he[illegible] will have every Body's Applauſe, becauſe [illegible]es not expect it; while the vain Creature loſes Approbation through too great a Senſe of deſerving it.

From my own Apartment, June 27.

Being of a very ſpare and hective Conſtitution, I am forced to make frequent Journies of a Mile or Two for freſh Air; and indeed by this laſt, which was no further than the Village of *Chelſea*, I am further convinced of the Neceſſity of travelling to know the World. For as it is uſual with young Voyagers, aſſoon as they land upon a Shore, to begin their Accounts of the Nature of the People, their Soil, their Government, their Inclinations, and their Paſſions; ſo really I fancied I could give you an immediate Deſcription of this Village, from the Five Fields where the Robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee-houſe where the *Literati* ſit in Council. A great Anceſtor of ours by the Mother's Side, Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*, (whoſe Hiſtory is

written by *Ben Johnson*) met with more Enormities by walking *incog.* than he was capable of correcting; and found great Mortifications in observing also Persons of Eminence, whom he before knew nothing of. Thus it fared with me, even in a Place so near the Town as this. When I came into the Coffee-house, I had not Time to salute the Company, before my Eye was diverted by Ten Thousand Gimcracks round the Room and on the Sieling. When my first Astonishment was over, come to me a Sage of a thin and meagre Countenance; which Aspect made me doubt, whether Reading or Fretting had made it so Philosophick: But I very soon perceived him to be of that Sect which the Ancients call *Gingivistæ*; in our Language, Tooth-Drawers. I immediately had a Respect for the Man; for these practical Philosophers go upon a very rational Hypothesis, not to cure, but take away the Part affected. My Love of Mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. *Salter*, for such is the Name of this eminent Barber and Antiquary. Men are usually, but unjustly, distinguished rather by their Fortunes, than their Talents, otherwise this Personage would make a great Figure in that Class of Men which I distinguish under the Title of *Odd Fellows*. But it is the Misfortune of Persons of great Genius, to have their Faculties dissipated by Attention to too many Things at once. Mr. *Salter* is an Instance of this: If he would wholly give himself up to the String, instead of playing Twenty Beginnings to Tunes, he might before he dies play *Roger de Caubly* quite out. I heard him go through his whole Round, and indeed I think he does play the merry *Christ-Church* Bells pretty justly; but he confess'd to me, he did that rather to show he was Orthodox, than that he valued himself upon

on the Muſick it ſelf. Or if he did proceed in his Anatomy, Why might he not hope in Time to cut off Legs, as well as draw Teeth? The Particularity of this Man put me into a deep Thought, whence it ſhould proceed, that of all the lower Order, Barbers ſhould go further in hitting the Ridiculous, than any other Set of Men. Watermen brawl, Coblers ſing: But why muſt a Barber be for ever a Politician, a Muſician, an Anatomiſt, a Poet, and a Phyſician? The learned *Voſſius* ſays, his Barber uſed to comb his Head in *Iambicks.* And indeed in all Ages, one of this uſeful Profeſſion, this Order of Coſmetick Philoſophers, has been celebrated by the moſt eminent Hands. You ſee the Barber [illegible] *Quixot* is one of the principal Characters [illegible] Hiſtory, which gave me Satisfaction in the [illegible], why Don *Saltero* writ his Name with a *Spaniſh* Termination: For he is deſcended in a right Line, not from *John Tradeſcan*, as he himſelf aſſerts, but from that memorable Companion of the Knight of *Mancha.* And I hereby certify all the worthy Citizens who travel to ſee his Rarities, that his double-barrelled Piſtols, Targets, Coats of Mail, his Sclopeta, and Sword of *Toledo*, were left to his Anceſtor by the ſaid Don *Quixot*, and by the ſaid Anceſtor to all his Progeny down to Don *Saltero*. Though I go thus far in Favour of Don *Saltero*'s great Merit, I cannot allow a Liberty he takes of impoſing ſeveral Names (without my Licence) on the Collections he has made, to the Abuſe of the good People of *England*; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive Religious Perſons, to the great Scandal of the Well-diſpoſed, and may introduce Heterodox Opinions. He ſhows you a Straw Hat, which I know to be made by *Madge Peskad*, within Three Miles of *Bedford*; and tells you,

it is Pontius Pilate's *Wife's Chambermaid's Siſter's Hat.* To my Knowledge of this very Hat, it may be added, that the Covering of Straw was never uſed among the *Jews*, ſince it was demanded of them to make Bricks without it. Therefore this is really nothing, but under the ſpecious Pretence of Learning and Antiquity, to impoſe upon the World. There are other Things which I cannot tolerate among his Ra ties; as, the *China* Figure of a Lady in the Glaſ Caſe; the *Italian* Engine for the Impriſonmen of thoſe who go Abroad with it: Both which I hereby order to be taken down, or elſe he ay expect to have his Letters Patents for king Punch ſuperſeded, be debarred weari is Muff next Winter, or ever coming t *n* without his Wife. It may perhaps b ght I have dwelt too long upon the Affairs is Operator; but I deſire the Reader to remember, that it is my Way to conſider Men as they ſtand in Merit, and not according to their Fortune or Figure; and if he is in a Coffee-houſe at the Reading hereof, let him look round, and he will find there may be more Characters drawn in this Account than that of Don *Saltero*; for half the Politicians about him, he may obſerve, are, by their Place in Nature, of the Claſs of Tooth-Drawers.

The TATLER. [N° 35.

From *Tuesd. June* 28. to *Thursd. June* 30. 1709.

Grecian Coffee-house, June 28.

TH[illegible]e is an Habit or Custom which I have p[illegible]t my Patience to the utmost Stretch to have su[illegible]ered so long, because several of my intimate F[illegible]nds are in the Guilt; and that is, the Humour o[illegible]king Snuff, and looking dirty about the Mouth [illegible] of Ornament.

My Metho[illegible] dive to the Bottom of a Sore before I pr[illegible]o apply a Remedy. For this Reason, I sat by an eminent Story-teller and Politician who takes half an Ounce in five Seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty Tenement near the Town, meerly to improve and dung his Brains with this prolifick Powder. I observed this Gentleman t'other Day in the midst of a Story diverted from it by looking at something at a Distance, and I softly hid his Box. But he returns to his Tale, and looking for his Box, he cries, *And so Sir*--- Then when he should have taken a Pinch; *As I was saying*, says he---*Has no Body seen my Box?* His Friend beseeches him to finish his Narration. Then he proceeds; *And so Sir*--- *Where can my Box be?* Then turning to m[illegible]; *Pray Sir, Did you see my Box?* Yes Sir, said I, I took it to see how long you could live without it. He resumes his Tale; and I took Notice, that his Dulness was much more regular and fluent than before. A Pinch supplied the Place of, *As I was saying, And so Sir*; and he went on currently enough in that Style which

which the Learned call the Insipid. This Observation easily led me into a Philosophick Reason for taking Snuff, which is done only to supply with Sensations the Want of Reflection. This I take to be an *Ευρημα*, a *nostrum*; upon which I hope to receive the Thanks of this Board. For as it is natural to lift a Man's Hand to a Sore, when you fear any Thing coming at you; so when a Person feels his Thoughts are run [illegible]ut, and has no more to say, it is as natural to su[illegible]ly his weak Brain with Powder at the nearest [illegible]lace of Access, *viz.* the Nostrils. This is so [illegible]vident, that Nature suggests the Use accordin[illegible] to the Indigence of the Persons who use this [illegible]edicine, without being prepossessed with the F[illegible]ce of Fashion or Custom. For Example [illegible] Native *Hibernians*, who are reckoned [illegible]ch unlike the ancient *Bæotians*, take this [illegible]ck for Emptiness in the Head, in greate[illegible]ndance than any other Nation under the Sun. The learned *Sotus*, as sparing as he is in his Words, would be still more silent if it were not for this Powder.

However low and poor, the taking Snuff argues a Man to be in his own Stock of Thought, or Means to employ his Brains and his Fingers; yet there is a poorer Creature in the World than He, and this is a Borrower of Snuff; a Fellow that keeps no Box of his own, but is always asking others for a Pinch. Such poor Rogues put me always in Mind of a common Phrase among School-Boys when they are composing their Exercise, who run to an upper Scholar, and cry, *Pray give me a little Sense.* But of all Things, commend me to the Ladies who are g[illegible]t into [illegible] Help to Discourse. I have been this three Years perswading *Sagissa* to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above Contradiction. However, an Accident t'other Day brought that about, which my Eloquence never

could

could accompliſh: She had a *very pretty Fellow* in her Cloſet, who ran thither to avoid ſome Company that came to viſit her. She made an Excuſe to go in to him for ſome Implement they were talking of. Her eager Gallant ſnatched a Kiſs; but being unuſed to Snuff, ſome Grains from off her upper Lip made him ſneeze aloud, which alarm'd the Viſitants, and has made a Diſcovery, that profound Reading, very much Intelligence, and a general Knowledge of who and who's together, cannot fill up her vacant Hours ſo much but that ſhe is ſometimes obliged to deſcend to Entertainments leſs intellectual.

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 29.

I know no [illegible] of News for this Place, but that *Cynthio*, h[illegible] long in Deſpair for the inexorable *Clariſſa*, [illegible] reſolved to fall in Love the good old Way of Bargain and Sale, and has pitched upon a very agreeable young Woman. He will undoubtedly ſucceed; for he accoſts her in a Strain of Familiarity, without breaking thro' the Deference that is due to Woman whom a Man would chuſe for his Life. I have hardly ever heard rough Truth ſpoken with a better Grace than in this his Letter.

MADAM,

'I Writ to you on *Saturday* by Mrs. *Lucy*, 'and give you this Trouble to urge the 'ſame Requeſt I made then, which was, that 'I may be admitted to wait upon you. I ſhould 'be [illegible] far from deſiring this, if it were a 'Tranſgreſſion of the moſt ſevere Rules to al'low it: I know you are very much above the 'little Arts which are frequent in your Sex, of 'giving unneceſſary Torments to their Admi'rers; therefore hope, you'll do ſo much Ju-

' ſtice

'ſtice to the generous Paſſion I have for you, as
'to let me have an Opportunity of acquainting
'you upon what Motives I pretend to your good
'Opinion. I ſhall not trouble you with my Sen-
'timents, till I know how they will be received;
'and as I know no Reaſon why Difference of
'Sex ſhould make our Language to each other
'differ from the ordinary Rules of right Reaſon,
'I ſhall affect Plainneſs and Sincerity in my Diſ-
'courſe to you, as much as other Lovers do Per-
'plexity and Rapture. Inſtead of ſaying, I ſhall
'die for you, I profeſs I ſhould be glad to lead
'my Life with you: You are as beautiful, as
'witty, as prudent, and as good humour'd, as
'any Woman breathing; but I muſt confeſs to
'you, I regard all theſe Excellencies as you will
'pleaſe to direct them, for Happineſs or Mi-
'ſery. With me, Madam, the only laſting Mo-
'tive to Love is the Hope of its becoming mu-
'tual. I beg of you to let Mrs. *Lucy* ſend me
'Word when I may attend you. I promiſe you,
'I'll talk of nothing but indifferent Things;
'though at the ſame Time I know not how I
'ſhall approach you in the tender Moment of firſt
'ſeeing you, after this Declaration of,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

and moſt Faithful

Humble Servant, &c.

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 2[illegible]

Having taken a Reſolution when Plays are acted next Winter by an entire good Company, to publiſh Obſervations from Time to Time on the Performance of the Actors, I think it but juſt to give an Abſtract of the Laws of Action, for the Help of the leſs learned Part of the Audience, that

that they may rationally enjoy ſo refined and inſtructive a Pleaſure as a juſt Repreſentation of humane Life. The great Errors in Playing are admirably well expoſed in *Hamlet*'s Direction to the Actors who are to play in his ſuppoſed Tragedy; by which we ſhall form our future Judgments on their Behaviour, and for that Reaſon you have the Diſcourſe as follows:

‘ Speak the Speech as I pronounce it to you, ‘ trippi[illegible]gly on the Tongue; but if you mouth ‘ it as [illegible]any of our Players do, I had as lieu the ‘ Town Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ‘ ſaw th[illegible] Air too much with your Hand thus; ‘ but uſe [illegible] gently: For in the very Torrent, ‘ Tempeſt, [illegible], as I may ſay, the Whirlwind of ‘ Paſſion, you [illegible]t acquire and beget a Tem‘ perance that [illegible] give it Smoothneſs. Oh! ‘ It offends me[illegible] Soul, to ſee a robuſtous ‘ Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Paſſion to Tatters, ‘ to very Rags, to ſplit the Ears of the Ground‘ lings, who (for the moſt Part) are capable of ‘ nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and ‘ Noiſe. I could have ſuch a Fellow whipt for ‘ o'erdoing *Termagant*: It out-*Herod's Herod*. ‘ Be not too tame neither; but let your own ‘ Diſcretion be your Tutor: Sute the Action to ‘ the Word, the Word to the Action; with this ‘ ſpecial Obſervance, that you o'erſtop not the ‘ Modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo over‘ done, is from the Purpoſe of Playing, whoſe ‘ End, both at the firſt and now, was, and is, ‘ to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to ‘ [illegible]tue her own Feature, Scorn her own ‘ Image, and the very Age and Body of the ‘ Time its Form and Preſſure. Now this over‘ done, or come tardy off, though it make the ‘ Unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the Judici‘ ous grieve. The Cenſures of which one muſt, ‘ in your Allowance, overſway a whole Theatre

of

‘ of others. Oh! there be Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it prophanely) that neither having the Accent of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, or *Norman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abominably. This ſhould be reformed altogether; and let thoſe that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: For there be of them that will of themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; though in the mean Time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uſes it.

From my own Apartment, June 29.

It would be a very great Obligation, and an Aſſiſtance to my Treatiſe upon *Punning*, if any one would pleaſe to inform in what Claſs, among the Learned who play with Words, to place the Author of the following Letter.

SIR,

‘ NOT long ſince you were pleaſed to give us a Chimerical Account of the famous Family of *Staffs*, from whence I ſuppoſe you would inſinuate, that it is the moſt ancient and numerous Houſe in all *Europe*. But I poſitively deny that it is either; and wonder much at your audacious Proceedings in this Matter, ſince 'tis well known, that our moſt illuſtrious, moſt renowned, and moſt celebrated *Roman* Family of *Ix*, has enjoyed the Precedency to all others from the Reign of good old *Saturn*. I could ſay much to the Defamation and Diſgrace of your Family; as, that

'your Relations *Distaff* and *Broomstaff* were 'both inconsiderate mean Persons, one spinning, 'the other sweeping the Streets, for their daily 'Bread. But I forbear to vent my Spleen on 'Objects so much beneath my Indignation. I 'shall only give the World a Catalogue of my 'Ancestors, and leave them to determine which 'hath hitherto had, and which for the future 'ought to have, the Preference.

'First then comes the most famous and popu-'lar Lady *Meretrix*, Parent of the fertile Fami-'ly of *Bellatrix, Lotrix, Netrix, Nutrix, Obste-'trix, Famulatrix, Coctrix, Ornatrix, Sarcina-'trix, Fextrix, Balneatrix, Portatrix, Saltatrix, 'Divinatrix, Conjectrix, Comtrix, Debitrix, Cre-'ditrix, Donatrix, Ambulatrix, Mercatrix, Adse-'ctrix, Affectatrix, Palpatrix, Preceptrix, Pistrix.*
'I am Yours,

Eliz. Potatrix.

St. James's Coffee-house, June 29.

Letters from *Brussels* of the 2d of *July, N. S.* say, That the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* having received Advice, That the Marshal *Villars* had drawn a considerable Body out of the Garrison of *Tournay* to reinforce his Army, marched towards that Place, and came before it early in the Morning of the 27th. As soon as they came into that Ground, the Prince of *Nassau* was sent with a strong Detachment to take Post at St. *Amand*; and at the same Time my Lord *Orkney* received Orders to possess himself of *Mortagne*; both which were successfully executed, whereby we are Masters of the *Scheld* and the *Scarp*. Eight Men were drawn out of each Troop of Dragoons and Company of Foot in the Garrison of *Tournay*, to make up the Reinforcement which was order'd to join Marshal *Villars*; but upon Advice that the Allies were march-

marching towards *Tournay*, they endeavoured to return into the Town; but were intercepted by the Earl of *Orkney*, by whom that whole Body was killed or taken. These Letters add, That 1200 Dragoons (each Horseman carrying a Foot-Soldier behind him) were detached from *Mons* to throw themselves into *Tournay*; but upon Appearance of a great Body of Horse of the Allies, retired towards *Condé*. We hear, That the Garrison does not consist of more than 3500 Men. Of the 60 Battalions design'd to be employ'd in this Siege, 7 are *English*, *viz.* Two of Guards, and the Regiments of *Argyle*, *Temple*, *Evans*, and *Meredith*.

The TATLER. [N° 36.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half-Sister to Mr.* Bickerstaff.

From *Thursd. June* 30. to *Saturd. July* 2. 1709.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

MANY Affairs calling my Brother into the Country, the Care of our Intelligence with the Town is left to me for some Time; therefore you must expect the Advices you meet with in this Paper to be such, as more immediately and naturally fall under the Consideration of our Sex. History therefore written by a Woman, you will easily imagine to consist of Love in all its Forms, both in the Abuse of and Obedience to that Passion. As to the Faculty of Writing it self, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded, that Stile and Ornament shall be so much consulted, as Truth and Simplicity; which latter Qualities we may more justly pretend to beyond

yond the other Sex. While therefore the Administration of our Affairs is in my Hands, you ſhall from Time to Time have an exact Account of all falſe Lovers, and their ſhallow Pretences for breaking off; of all Termagant Wives who make Wedlock a Yoke; of Men who affect the Entertainments and Manners ſuitable only to our Sex, and Women who pretend to the Conduct of ſuch Affairs as are only within the Province of Men. It is neceſſary further to advertiſe the Reader, that the uſual Places of Reſort being utterly out of my Province or Obſervation, I ſhall be obliged frequently to change the Dates of Places, as Occurrences come into my Way. The following Letter I lately received from *Epſom.*

Epſom, June 28.

'IT is now almoſt Three Weeks ſince what 'you writ about happen'd in this Place: The 'Quarrel between my Friends did not run ſo 'high as I find your Accounts have made it. 'The Truth of the Fact you ſhall have very 'faithfully. You are to underſtand, that the 'Perſons concern'd in this Scene were, Lady '*Autumn*, and Lady *Springly*: *Autumn* is a Per-'ſon of good Breeding, Formality, and a ſin-'gular Way practiſed in the laſt Age; and Lady '*Springly*, a modern Impertinent of our Sex, 'who affects as improper a Familiarity, as the 'other does Diſtance. Lady *Autumn* knows to 'an Hair's Breadth where her Place is in all Aſ-'ſemblies and Converſations; but *Springly* nei-'ther gives nor takes Place of any Body, but 'underſtands the Place to ſignify no more, 'than to have Room enough to be at Eaſe 'wherever ſhe comes. Thus while *Autumn* 'takes the Whole of this Life to conſiſt in un-'derſtanding Punctilio and Decorum, *Springly* 'takes every Thing to be becoming which con-

'tributes

tributes to her Eaſe and Satisfaction. Theſe Heroines have married Two Brothers, both Knights. *Springly* is the Spouſe of the elder, who is a Baronet; and *Autumn*, being a rich Widow, has taken the younger, and her Purſe endowed him with an equal Fortune and Knighthood of the ſame Order. This Jumble of Titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching Torment to *Autumn*, who took Place of the other on no Pretence, but her Careleſſneſs and Diſregard of Diſtinction. The ſecret Occaſion of Envy broiled long in the Breaſt of *Autumn*; but no Opportunity of Contention on that Subject happening, k[e]pt all Things quiet till the Accident, of whi[c]h you demand an Account.

'It was given out among all the gay People of this Place, That on the 9th Inſtant ſeveral Damſels, ſwift of Foot, were to run for a Sute of Head-Clothes at the *Old Wells*. Lady *Autumn* on this Occaſion invited *Springly* to go with her in her Coach to ſee the Race. When they came to the Place where the *Governour of Epſom* and all his Court of Citizens were aſſembled, as well as a Crowd of People of all Orders, a briſk young Fellow addreſſes himſelf to the younger of the Ladies, *viz. Springly*, and offers her his Service to conduct her into the Muſick-Room. *Springly* accepts the Compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing Crowd, while *Autumn* is left among the Rabble, and has much ado to get back into her Coach, [illegible] did it at laſt: And as it is uſual to ſee by the Horſes my Lady's preſent Diſpoſition, ſhe orders *John* to whip furiouſly Home to her Husband; where, when ſhe enters, down ſhe ſits, began to unpin her Hood, and lament her fooliſh fond Heart to marry into a Family where

'ſhe

she was so little regarded, she that might---- Here she stops; then rises up and stamps, and sits down again. Her gentle Knight made his Approaches with a supple beseeching Gesture. My Dear, said he,--- Tell me no Dears, replied *Autumn*,--- in the Presence of the Governour and all the Merchants--- What will the World say of a Woman that has thrown her self away at this Rate? Sir *Thomas* withdrew, and knew it would not be long a Secret to him; as well as that Experience told him, He that marries a Fortune is of Course guilty of all Faults against his Wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But *Springly*, an Hour or Two after, returns from the *Wells*, and finds the whole Company together. Down she sat, and a profound Silence ensued. You know a premeditated Quarrel usually begins and works up with the Words, *Some People*. The Silence was broken by Lady *Autumn*, who began to say, *There are Some People who fancy, that if Some People*----- *Springly* immediately takes her up; *There are Some People who fancy, if Other People*---- *Autumn* repartees; *People may give themselves Airs; but Other People, perhaps, who make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as People who set themselves out more.* All the other People at the Table sat mute, while these Two People, who were quarrelling, went on with the Use of the Word *People*, instancing the very Accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant Hints. *Therefore*, says *Autumn*, redning, *There are some People will go Abroad in other Peoples Coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves; and if, perhaps, those People have married the younger Brother; yet, perhaps, he may be beholden to those People for what he is.* *Springly* smartly

'smartly answers, *People may bring so much ill Humour into a Family, as People may repent their receiving their Money*; and goes on, --- *Every Body is not considerable enough to give her Uneasiness.* Upon this, *Autumn* comes np to her, and desired her to kiss her, and never to see her again; which her Sister refusing, my Lady gave her a Box on the Ear --- *Springly* returns; *Ay, ay,* said she, *I knew well enough you meant me by your Some People, and gives her another on t'other Side.* To it they went with most Masculine Fury: Each Husband ran in. The Wives immediately fell upon their Husbands, and tore Periwigs and Cravats. The Company interposed; when (according to the Slip-Knot of Matrimony, which makes them return to one another when any put in between) the Ladies and their Husbands fell upon all the rest of the Company; and having beat all their Friends and Relations out of the House, came to themselves Time enough to know, there was no bearing the Jest of the Place after these Adventures, and therefore marched off the next Day. It is said, the Governor has sent several Joints of Mutton, and has proposed divers Dishes very exquisitely dressed, to bring them down again. From his Address and Knowledge in Roast and Boiled, all our Hopes of the Return of this good Company depend. I am,

Dear Jenny,

Your Ready Friend

and Servant,

Martha Tatler.

White's

White's Chocolate-houſe, June 30.

This Day appear'd here a Figure of a Perſon, whoſe Services to the Fair Sex have reduced him to a Kind of Exiſtence, for which there is no Name. If there be a Condition between Life and Death, without being abſolutely dead or living, his State is that. His Aſpect and Complexion in his robuſt Days gave him the illuſtrious Title of *Africanus:* But it is not only from the warm Climates in which he has ſerved, nor from the Diſaſters in which he has ſuffered, that he deſerves the ſame Appellation with that renowned *Roman*; but the Magnanimity with which he appears in his laſt Moments, is what gives him the undoubted Character of *Hero*. *Cato* ſtabbed himſelf, and *Hannibal* drank Poiſon; but our *Africanus* lives in the continual Puncture of aching Bones and poiſoned Juices. The Old Heroes fled from Torments by Death, and this Modern lives in Death and Torments, with an Heart wholly bent upon a Supply for remaining in them. An ordinary Spirit would ſink under his Oppreſſions; but he makes an Advantage of his very Sorrow, and raiſes an Income from his Diſeaſes. Long has this Worthy been converſant in Bartering, and knows that when Stocks are loweſt, it is the Time to buy. Therefore, with much Prudence and Tranquility, he thinks, that now he has not a Bone ſound, but a Thouſand nodous Parts for which the Anatomiſt have not Words, and more Diſeaſes than the College ever heard of, it is the only Times to purchaſe an Annuity for Life. Sir *Thomas* told me, it was an Entertainment more ſurprizing and pleaſant than can be imagined, to ſee an Inhabitant of neither World without Hand to lift, or Leg to move, ſcarce Tongue to utter his Meaning, ſo keen upon

biting

biting the whole World, and making Bubbles at his Exit. Sir *Thomas* added, that he would have bought Twelve Shillings a Year of him, but that he feared there was ſome Trick in it, and believed him already dead: What, ſays that Knight, Is Mr. *Partridge*, whom I met juſt now going on both his Legs firmer than I can, allowed to be quite dead; and ſhall *Africanus*, without one Limb that can do its Office, be pronounced alive.

What heightened the Tragi-Comedy of this Market for Annuities was, that the Obſervation of it provoked *Monoculus* (who is the moſt Eloquent of all Men) to many excellent Reflections, which he ſpoke with the Vehemence and Language both of a Gameſter and an Orator. " When I caſt (ſaid that ' delightful Speaker) my Eye upon thee, thou ' unaccountable *Africanus*, I cannot but call my ' ſelf as unaccountable as thou art; for certainly we were born to ſhew what Contradictions Nature is pleaſed to form in the ' ſame Species. Here am I, able to eat, to ' drink, to ſleep, and do all Acts of Nature, ' except begetting my Like; and yet by an ' unintelligible Force of Spleen and Fancy, I ' every Moment imagine I am dying. It is ' utter Madneſs in thee to provide for Supper; ' for I'll bet you Ten to One, you don't live ' till half an Hour after Four; and yet I am ' ſo diſtracted as to be in Fear every Moment, ' though I'll lay Ten to Three, I drink Three ' Pints of burnt Claret at your Funeral Three ' Nights hence. After all, I envy thee; thou ' that haſt no Senſe of Death, art happier than ' one that always fears it." The Knight had gone on, but that a Third Man ended the Scene by applauding the Knight's Eloquence

and

and Philosophy, in a Laughter too violent for his own Constitution, as much as he mock'd that of *Africanus* and *Monoculus*.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 1.

This Day arrived Three Mails from *Holland*, with Advices relating to the Posture of Affairs in the *Low-Countries*, which say, That the Confederate Army extends from *Luchin*, on the Causeway between *Tournay* and *Lisle*, to *Epain* near *Mortagne* on the *Scheld*. The Marshal *Villars* remains in his Camp at *Lens*; but it is said, he detached Ten Thousand Men under the Command of the Chevalier *de Luxemburg*, with Orders to form a Camp at *Crepin* on the *Haine*, between *Condé* and St. *Guillain*, where he is to be joined by the Elector of *Bavaria* with a Body of Troops, and after their Conjunction, to attempt to march into *Brabant*. But they write from *Brussels*, That the Duke of *Marlborough* having it equally in his Power to make Detachments to the same Parts, they are under no Apprehensions from these Reports for the Safety of their Country. They further add from *Brussels*, that they have good Authority for believing, That the *French* Troops under the Conduct of Marshal *de Bezons* are retiring out of *Spain*.

The TATLER. [N° 37.

By Mrs. Jenny Diſtaff, *Half-Siſter to Mr.* Bickerſtaff.

From *Saturd. July* 2. to *Tueſd. July* 5. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, July 2.

IT may be thought very unaccountable, that I, who can never be ſuppoſed to go to *White's*, ſhould pretend to talk to you of Matters proper for, or in the Stile of, that Place. But though I never viſit theſe publick Haunts, I converſe with thoſe that do; and for all they pretend ſo much to the contrary, they are as talkative as our Sex, and as much at a Loſs to entertain the preſent Company, without ſacrificing the laſt, as we our ſelves. This Reflection has led me into the Conſideration of the Uſe of Speech; and made me look over in my Memory all my Acquaintance of both Sexes, to know to which I may more juſtly impute the Sin of ſuperfluous Diſcourſe, in Regard to Converſation, without entring into it as it reſpects Religion.

I foreſee my Acquaintance will immediately, upon ſtarting this Subject, ask me, How I ſhall celebrate Mrs. *Alſe Copſwood*, the *Yorkſhire* Huntreſs, who is come to Town lately, and moves as if ſhe were on her Nag, and going to take a Five-Bar Gate; and is as loud as if ſhe were following her Dogs? I can eaſily anſwer that; for ſhe is as ſoft as *Damon*, in Compariſon of her Brother-in-Law, *Tom Bellfrey*, who is the moſt accompliſhed Man in this Kingdom for all Gentleman-like Activities and Accompliſhments. It is allowed, that he is a profeſs'd Enemy to the *Italian*

Italian Performers in Muſick. But then for our own native Manner, according to the Cuſtoms and known Uſages of our Iſland, he is to be preferred, for the Generality of the Pleaſure he beſtows, much before thoſe Fellows, though they ſing to full Theatres. For what is a Theatrical Voice to that of a Fox-hunter? I have been at a Muſical Entertainment in an open Field, where it amaz'd me to hear to what Pitches the chief Maſters would reach. There was a Meeting near our Seat in *Staffordſhire*, and the moſt eminent of all the Counties of *England* were at it. How wonderful was the Harmony between Men and Dogs! *Robin Cartail* of *Bucks* was to anſwer to *Jowler*; Mr. *Tinbreaſt* of *Cornwal* was appointed to open with *Sweetlips*, and Beaux *Slimber*, a *Londoner*, undertook to keep up with *Trips*, a Whelp juſt ſet in: *Tom Bellfrey* and *Ringwood* were coupled together, to fill the Cry on [illegible] Occaſions, and be in at the Death of the Fox, Hare, or Stag; for which both the Dog and the Man were excellently ſuited, and loved one another, and were as much together as *Baniſter* and *King*. When *Jowler* firſt alarm'd the Field, *Cartail* repeated every Note; *Sweetlips*'s Treble ſucceeded, and ſhook the Wood; *Tinbreaſt* eccho'd a Quarter of a Mile beyond it. We were ſoon after all at a Loſs, till we rid up, and found *Trips* and *Slimber* at a Default in half Notes: But the Day and the Tune was recovered by *Tom Bellfrey* and *Ringwood*, to the great Joy of us all, tho' they drowned every other Voice: For *Bellfrey* carries a Note Four Furlongs, Three Rood, and Six Paces, further than any other in *England*.

I fear the Mention of this will be thought a Digreſſion from my Purpoſe about Speech: But I anſwer, No. Since this is uſed where Speech rather ſhould be employed, it may come into Conſideration in the ſame Chapter: For Mr. *Bell-*

frey being at a Visit where I was, *viz.* his Cousin's (Lady *Dainty*'s) in *Soho*, was asked, What Entertainments they had in the Country? Now *Bellfrey* is very ignorant, and much a Clown; but confident withal. In a Word, he struck up a Fox-Chase: Lady *Dainty*'s Dog, Mr. *Sippet*, as she calls him, started and jump'd out of his Lady's Lap, and fell a barking. *Bellfrey* went on, and call'd all the neighbouring Parishes into the Square. Never was Woman in such Confusion as that delicate Lady. But there was no stopping her Kinsman. A Room full of Ladies fell into the most violent Laughter: My Lady look'd as if she was shrieking; Mr. *Sippet* in the Middle of the Room, breaking his Heart with Barking, but all of us unheard. As soon as *Bellfrey* became silent, up gets my Lady, and takes him by the Arm to lead him off: *Bellfrey* was in his Boots. As she was hurrying him away, his Spurs takes hold of her Petticoat; his Whip throws down a Cabinet of *China*: He cries, *What! Are your Crocks rotten? Are your Petticoats ragged? A Man can't walk in your House for Trincums.*

Every County of *Great Britain* has One Hundred or more of this Sort of Fellows, who Roar instead of Speaking. Therefore if it be true, that we Women are also given to a greater Fluency of Words than is necessary, sure she that disturbs but a Room or a Family is more to be tolerated, than one who draws together Parishes and Counties, and sometimes (with an Estate that might make him the Blessing and Ornament of the World around him) has no other View and Ambition, but to be an Animal above Dogs and Horses, without the Relish of any one Enjoyment, which is peculiar to the Faculties of humane Nature. I know it will here be said, that talking of meer Country Squires at this Rate, is,

as

as it were, to write against *Valentine* and *Orson*. To prove any Thing against the Race of Men, you must take 'em as they are adorned with Education, as they live in Courts, or have received Instructions in Colleges.

But I am so full of my late Entertainment by Mr. *Bellfrey*, that I must defer pursuing this Subject to another Day; and wave the proper Observations upon the different Offenders in this Kind, some by profound Eloquence on small Occasions, others by degrading Speech upon great Circumstances. Expect therefore to hear of the Whisperer without Business, the Laugher without Wit, the Complainer without receiving Injuries, and a very large Crowd, which I shall not forestall, who are common (though not commonly observed) Impertinents, whose Tongues are too voluble for their Brains, and are the general Despisers of us Women, though we have their Superiors, the Men of Sense, for our Servants.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 4.

There has arrived no Mail since our last; so that we have no Manner of Foreign News, except we were to give you, for such, the many Speculations which are on Foot concerning what was imported by the last Advices. There are, it seems, Sixty Battalions and Seventeen Squadrons appointed to serve in the Siege of *Tournay*; the Garrison of which Place consists but of Eleven Battalions and Four Squadrons. Letters of the 29th of the last Month from *Berlin* have brought Advice, That the Kings of *Denmark*, *Prussia*, and his Majesty *Augustus*, were within few Days to come to an Interview at *Potsdam*. These Letters mention, That Two *Polish* Princes of the Family of *Sapieha* and *Lubermirsky*, lately arrived from *Paris*, confirm

the Reports of the Misery in *France* for Want of Provisions, and give a particular Instance of it, which is, That on the Day Monsieur *Rouille* returned to Court, the Common People gather'd in Crowds about the *Dauphin*'s Coach, crying, *Peace and Bread, Bread and Peace.*

Mrs. Distaff *has taken upon her, while she writes this Paper, to turn her Thoughts wholly to the Service of her own Sex, and to propose Remedies against the greatest Vexations attending Female Life. She has for this End written a small Treatise concerning the* Second Word, *with an Appendix on the Use of a* Reply, *very proper for all such as are married to Persons either ill-bred or ill-natured. There is in this Tract a Digression, for the Use of Virgins, concerning the Words,* I will.

A Gentlewoman, who has a very delicate Ear, wants a Maid who can whisper, and help her in the Government of her Family. If the said Servant can Clear-Starch, Lisp, and Tread softly, she shall have suitable Encouragement in her Wages.

The TATLER. [N° 38.

By Mrs. Jenny Distaff, *Half-Sister to Mr.* Bickerstaff.

From *Tuesd. July* 5. to *Thursd. July* 7. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I Find among my Brother's Papers the following Letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other End, but to show the good Effect his Writings have already had upon the ill Customs of the Age.

SIR,

SIR, *London, June* 23.

'THE End of all publick Papers ought to ' be the Benefit and Instruction, as well as ' the Diversion of the Readers: To which I see ' none so truly conducive as your late Perfor-' mances; especially those tending to the root-' ing out from among us that Unchristian-like ' and Bloody Custom of Duelling; which, that ' you have already in some Measure performed, ' will appear to the Publick in the following no ' less True than Heroick Story.

' A noble Gentleman of this City, who has ' the Honour of serving his Country as Major ' in the Train-Bands, being at that General Mart ' of Stock-Jobbers call'd *Jonathan's*, endeavour-' ing to raise himself (as all Men of Honour ' ought) to the Degree of Colonel at least; ' it happened that he bought the *Bear* of another ' Officer, who, though not Commissioned in the ' Army, yet no less eminently serves the Pub-' lick than the other, in raising the Credit of ' the Kingdom, by raising that of the Stocks. ' However, having sold the *Bear*, and Words ' arising about the Delivery, the most Noble ' Major, no less scorning to be outwitted in the ' Coffee-house, than to run into the Field, ' according to Method, abused the other with ' the Titles of, *Rogue, Villain, Bearskin-Man,* ' and the like. Whereupon Satisfaction was ' demanded, and accepted: So, forth the Major ' marched, commanding his Adversary to fol-' lowing. To a most spacious Room in the She-' riff's House, near the Place of Quarrel, they ' come; where, having due Regard to what ' you have lately published, they resolved not to ' shed one another's Blood in that barba-' rous Manner you prohibited; yet, not wil-

" ling to put up Affronts without Satisfaction, " they stripp'd, and in decent Manner fought " full fairly with their wrathful Hands. The " Combat lasted a Quarter of an Hour; in " which Time Victory was often doubtful, and " many a dry Blow was strenuously laid on by " each Side, till the Major finding his Adver- " sary obstinate, unwilling to give him further " Chastisement, with most shrill Voice cry'd out, " *I am satisfied, enough.* Whereupon the Com- " bat ceased, and both were Friends imme- " diately.

" Thus the World may see, how necessary it " is to encourage those Men, who make it their " Business to instruct the People in every Thing " necessary for their Preservation. I am in- " formed, a Body of worthy Citizens have agreed " on an Address of Thanks to you for what you " have writ on the foregoing Subject, whereby " they acknowledge one of their highly esteem'd " Officers preserved from Death.

Your Humble Servant,

A. B.

I fear the Word *Bear* is hardly to be under-stood among the polite People; but I take the Meaning to be, That one who ensures a Real Value upon an Imaginary Thing, is said to sell a *Bear*; and is the same Thing as a Promise among Courtiers, or a Vow between Lovers. I have writ to my Brother to hasten to Town; and hope, that printing the Letters directed to him, which I knew not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and therefore I add also the following:

Mr.

Mr. *Bickerstaff*, *July* 5. 1709.

'YOU having hinted a generous Intention 'of taking under your Consideration the 'Whisperers without Business, and Laughers 'without Occasion; as you tender the Welfare 'of your Country, I entreat you not to forget 'or delay so Publick-spirited a Work. Now or 'never is the Time. Many other Calamities 'may cease with the War; but I dismally 'dread the Multiplication of these Mortals un-'der the Ease and Luxuriousness of a settled 'Peace, half the Blessing of which may be de-'stroyed by 'em. Their Mistake lies certainly 'here, in a wretched Belief, That their Mi-'mickry passes for Real Business, or True Wit. 'Dear Sir, convince 'em, that it never was, is, 'or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, 'does, or to all Futurity ever can look like ei-'ther of them; but that it is the most cursed 'Disturbance in Nature, which is possible to 'be inflicted on Mankind, under the noble 'Definition of a Sociable Creature. In doing 'this, Sir, you will oblige more Humble Ser-'vants, than can find Room to subscribe their 'Names.

White's Chocolate-house, July 6.

In Pursuance of my last Date from hence, I am to proceed on the Accounts I promised of several Personages among the Men, whose conspicuous Fortunes, or Ambition in showing their Follies, have exalted them above their Fellows: The Levity of their Minds is visible in their every Word and Gesture, and there is not a Day passes but puts me in Mind of Mr. *Wycherley*'s Character of a Coxcomb: *He is ugly all over with the Affectation of the fine Gentleman.* Now though the Women may put on Softness in their

N 5 Looks,

Looks, or affected Severity, or impertinent Gaiety, or pert Smartneſs, their Self-Love and Admiration cannot, under any of theſe Diſguiſes, appear ſo invincible as that of the Men. You may eaſily take Notice, that in all their Actions there is a ſecret Approbation, either in the Tone of their Voice, the Turn of their Body, or Caſt of their Eye, which ſhows that they are extremely in their own Favour.

Take one of your Men of Buſineſs, he ſhall keep you half an Hour with your Hat off, entertaining you with his Conſideration of that Affair you ſpoke of to him laſt, till he has drawn a Crowd that obſerves you in this Grimace. Then when he is publick enough, he immediately runs into Secrets, and falls a whiſpering. You and he make Breaks with Adverbs; as, *But however, thus far*; and then you whiſper again, and ſo on, till they who are about you are diſperſed, and your buſy Man's Vanity is no longer gratified by the Notice taken of what Importance he is, and how inconſiderable you are; for your Pretender to Buſineſs is never in Secret, but in Publick.

There is my dear Lord *No-where*, of all Men the moſt gracious and moſt obliging, the Terror of all Valets de Chambre, whom he oppreſſes with good Breeding, in enquiring for my good Lord, and for my good Lady's Health. This imitable Courtier will whiſper a Privy-Counſellor's Lacquey with the utmoſt Goodneſs and Condeſcention, to know when they next ſit; and is throughly taken up, and thinks he has a Part in a Secret, if he knows that there is a Secret. *What it is*, he will whiſper you, *that Time will diſcover*; then he ſhrugs, and calls you back again--- *Sir, I need not ſay to you, That theſe Things are not to be ſpoken of--- And hark'ee, No Names, I would not be quoted*. What adds to the Jeſt is, that his Emptineſs has its Moods and Seaſons,

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and he will not condescend to let you into these his Discoveries, except he is in very good Humour, or has seen some Body in Fashion talk to you. He will keep his *Nothing* to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of 'em; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a Woman so inconsiderable as this frequent Character.

But my Mind (now I am in) turns to many no less observable: Thou dear *Will. Shoestring!* I profess my self in Love with thee? How shall I speak thee? How shall I address thee? How shall I draw thee? Thou dear Outside! Will you be combing your Wig, playing with your Box, or picking your Teeth? Or chusest thou rather to be Speaking; to be speaking for thy only Purpose in Speaking, to shew your Teeth? Rub 'em no longer, dear *Shoestring*: Do not premeditate Murder: Do not for ever whiten: Oh! That for my Quiet and his own they were rotten.

But I will forget him, and give my Hand to the courteous *Umbra*; He is a fine Man indeed, but the soft Creature bows below my Apron-String before he takes it; yet after the first Ceremonies, he is as familiar as my Physician, and his Insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my Doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the Messages of Ladies Ails in Town to their Midwives and Nurses. He understands too the Art of Medicine as far as to the Cure of a Pimple or a Rash. On Occasions of the like Importance, he is the most assiduous of all Men living, in consulting and searching Precedents from Family to Family; then he speaks of his Obsequiousness and Diligence in the Style of real Services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great Friendship, he bows, and says, *Madam, all the good*

Offices

Offices in my Power, while I have any Knowledge or Credit, ſhall be at your Service. The Conſideration of ſo ſhallow a Being, and the intent Application with which he purſues Trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that Sort of Men we uſually call an *Impertinent*: And I am, upon mature Deliberation, ſo far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aſide, and talk half an Hour upon Matters wholly inſignificant with the moſt ſolemn Air, yet I conſider, that theſe Things are of Weight in his Imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my Service. If therefore it be a juſt Rule, to judge of a Man by his Intention, according to the Equity of Good-breeding; he that is impertinently kind or wiſe, to do you Service, ought in Return to have a proportionable Place both in your Affection and Eſteem; ſo that the courteous *Umbra* deſerves the Favour of all his Acquaintance; for though he never ſerv'd 'em, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent Kindneſs is to be returned with all our Abilities to oblige; ſo impotent Malice is to be treated with all our Force to depreſs it. For this Reaſon, *Fly-Blow* (who is received in all the Families in Town through the Degeneracy and Iniquity of their Manners) is to be treated like a Knave, tho' he is one of the weakeſt of Fools: He has by Rote, and at Second-hand, all that can be ſaid of any Man of Figure, Wit, and Virtue, in Town. Name a Man of Worth, and this Creature tells you the worſt Paſſage of his Life. Speak of a beautiful Woman, and this Puppy will whiſper the next Man to him, tho' he has nothing to ſay of her. He is a *Fly* that feeds on the ſore Part, and would have nothing to live on, if the whole Body were in Health. You may know him by the Frequency of pro-

nouncing

nouncing the Particle *But*; for which Reaſon I never hear him ſpoke of with common Charity, without uſing my *But* againſt him: For a Friend of mine ſaying the other Day, Mrs. *Diſtaff* has Wit, good Humour, Virtue and Friendſhip; this Oaf added, *But* ſhe is not handſome. Coxcomb! The Gentleman was ſaying what I was, not what I was not.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 6.

The Approaches before *Tournay* have been carried on with great Succeſs; and our Advices from the Camp before that Place of the 11th Inſtant ſay, That they had already made a Lodgment on the Glacis. Two Hundred Boats were come up the *Scheld* with the heavy Artillery and Ammunition, which would be employed in diſmounting the Enemy's Defences, and rais'd on the Batteries the 15th. A great Body of Miners are ſummoned to the Camp to countermine the Works of the Enemy. We are convinced of the Weakneſs of the Garriſon, by a certain Account, That they called a Council of War, to conſult whether it was not adviſable to march into the Citadel, and leave the Town defenceleſs. We are aſſured, That when the Confederate Army was advancing towards the Camp of Marſhal *Villars*, that General diſpatched a Courier to his Maſter with a Letter, giving an Account of their Approach, which concluded with the following Words: *The Day begins to break, and your Majeſty's Army is already in Order of Battle. Before Noon, I hope to have the Honour of congratulating your Majeſty on the Succeſs of a great Action; and you ſhall be very well ſatisfied with the Marſhal* Villars.

It is to be noted, That when any Part of this Paper appears dull, there is a Deſign in it.

The

The TATLER. [N° 39.

By Isaac Bickerstaff Esq;

From *Thursd. July* 7. to *Saturd. July* 9. 1709.

Grecian-Coffee-house, July 7.

AS I am called forth by the immense Love I bear to my Fellow Creatures, and the warm Inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing Torrent of Vice and Ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble Impulse, than by setting forth the Excellence of Virtue and Knowledge in their native and beautiful Colours. For this Reason I made my late Excursion to *Oxford*, where those Qualities appear in their highest Lustre, and are the only Pretences to Honour and Distinction. Superiority is there given in Proportion to Men's Advancement in Wisdom and Learning; and that just Rule of Life is so universally received among those happy People, that you shall see an Earl walk bare-headed to the Son of the meanest Artificer, in Respect to seven Years more Worth and Knowledge than the Nobleman is possessed of. In other Places they bow to Men's Fortunes, but here to their Understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the Order, the Discipline, the Regularity of their Lives, is to a Philosopher, who has, by many Years Experience in the World, learn'd to contemn every Thing but what is rever'd in this Mansion of select and well-taught Spirits. The Magnificence of their Palaces, the Greatness of their Revenues, the Sweetness of their Groves and Retirements, seem equally adapted

adapted for the Residence of Princes and Philosophers; and a Familiarity with Objects of Splendour, as well as Places of Recess, prepares the Inhabitants with an Equanimity for their future Fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleas'd when I looked round at St. *Mary's*, and could, in the Faces of the ingenious Youth, see Ministers of State, Chancellors, Bishops, and Judges. Here only is Humane Life! Here only the Life of Man is a Rational Being! Here Men understand and are employed in Works worthy their noble Nature. This transitory Being passes away in an Employment not unworthy a future State, the Contemplation of the great Decrees of Providence. Each Man lives as if he were to answer the Questions made to *Job, Where wast thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Who shut up the Sea with Doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come; and no further?* Such Speculations make Life agreeable, make Death welcome.

But alas! I was torn from this noble Society by the Business of this dirty mean World, and the Cares of Fortune: For I was obliged to be in *London* against the 7th Day of the Term, and accordingly governed my self by my *Oxford* Almanack, and came last Night; but find, to my great Astonishment, that this ignorant Town began the Term on the 24th of the last Month, in Opposition to all the Learning and Astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which, the Term certainly was to commence on the 1st Instant. You may be sure, a Man who has turned his Studies as I have, could not be mistaken in Point of Time; for knowing I was come to Town in Term, I examined the passing Moments very narrowly, and called an eminent Astronomer to my Assistance. Upon very strict Observation

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we found, that the Cold has been ſo ſevere this laſt Winter, (which is allowed to have a benumming Quality) that it retarded the Earth in moving round from *Chriſtmas* to this Seaſon full Seven Days and Two Seconds. My Learned Friend aſſured me further, That the Earth had lately received a Shog from a Comet that croſs'd its Vortex, which, if it had come Ten Degrees nearer us, had made us loſe this whole Term. I was indeed once of Opinion, That the *Gregorian* Computation was the moſt regular, as being Eleven Days before the *Julian*; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be Seven Days after the Chancellor and Judges, and Eighteen before the Pope of *Rome*; and that the *Oxonian* Computation is the beſt of the Three.

Theſe are the Reaſons which I have gather'd from Philoſophy and Nature; to which I can add other Circumſtances in Vindication of the Account of this Learned Body who publiſhed this Almanack.

It is notorious to Philoſophers, that Joy and Grief can haſten and delay Time. Mr. *Lock* is of Opinion, That a Man in great Miſery may ſo far loſe his Meaſures, as to think a Minute an Hour; or in Joy, make an Hour a Minute. Let us examine the preſent Caſe by this Rule, and we ſhall find, that the Cauſe of this general Miſtake in the *Britiſh* Nation, has been the great Succeſs of the laſt Campaigne, and the following Hopes of Peace. Stocks ran ſo high at the *Change*, that the Citizens had gained Three Days of the Courtiers; and we have indeed been ſo happy this Reign, that if the Univerſity did not rectify our Miſtakes, we ſhould think our ſelves but in the Second Year of Her preſent Majeſty. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many Damages that have happened by this Ignorance of the

the Vulgar. All the Recognizances within the Diocese of *Oxford* have been forfeited, for not appearing on the First Day of this Fictitious Term. The University has been Nonsuited in their Action against the Booksellers for printing *Clarendon* in *Quarto*. Indeed, what gives me the most quick Concern, is the Case of a poor Gentleman my Friend, who was t'other Day taken in Execution by a Set of ignorant Bailiffs. He should, it seems, have pleaded in the first Week of Term; but being a Master of Arts of *Oxford*, he would not recede from the *Oxonian* Computation. He shew'd Mr. *Broad* the *Almanack*, and the very Day when the Term began; but the merciless ignorant Fellow, against all Sense and Learning, would hurry him away. He went indeed quietly enough; but he has taken exact Notes of the Time of Arrest, and sufficient Witnesses of his being carried into Gaol; and has, by Advice of the Recorder of *Oxford*, brought his Action; and we doubt not but we shall pay 'em off with Damages, and blemish the Reputation of Mr. *Broad*. We have one convincing Proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Justices are Witnesses of: The Dog that comes constantly to *Westminster* on the First Day of the Term, did not appear till the First Day according to the *Oxford Almanack*; whose Instinct I take to be a better Guide than Mens erroneous Opinions, which are usually byass'd by Interest. I judge in this Case, as King *Charles* II. victual'd his Navy, with the Bread which one of his Dogs chose of several Pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the Asseverations of the Victuallers. Mr. *Cowper*, and other learned Council, have already urged the Authority of this Almanack in Behalf of their Clients. We shall therefore go on with all Speed in our Cause; and doubt not, but Chancery will give at the End what

we loſt in the Beginning, by protracting the Term for us till *Wedneſday* come Se'nnight: And the Univerſity *Orator* ſhall for ever pray, *&c.*

From my own Apartment, July 7.

The Subject of Duels has, I find, been ſtarted with ſo good Succeſs, that it has been the frequent Subject of Converſation among polite Men; and a Dialogue of that Kind has been tranſmitted to me *verbatim*, as follows. The Perſons concerned in it are Men of Honour, and Experience in the Manners of Men, and have fallen upon the trueſt Foundation, as well as ſearched the Bottom of this Evil.

Mr. *Sage.* If it were in my Power, every Man that drew his Sword, unleſs in the Service, or purely to defend his Life, Perſon, or Goods, from Violence, (I mean abſtracted from all Puncto's or Whims of Honour) ſhould ride the Wooden Horſe in the *Tilt-Yard* for ſuch Firſt Offence, for the Second ſtand in the Pillory, and for the Third be Priſoner in *Bedlam* for Life.

Colonel *Plume.* I remember, that a Rencounter or Duel was ſo far from being in Faſhion among the Officers that ſerved in the Parliament Army, that on the contrary, it was as diſreputable, and as great an Impediment to Advancement in the Service, as being baſhful in Time of Action.

Sir *Mark.* Yet I have been informed by ſome old Cavaliers, of famous Reputation for brave and gallant Men, that they were much more in Mode among their Party, than they have been during this laſt War.

Col. *Plume.* That is true too Sir.

Mr.

Mr. *Sage.* By what you ſay, Gentlemen, one ſhould think that our preſent Military Officers are compounded of an equal Proportion of both thoſe Tempers; ſince Duels are neither quite diſcountenanc'd, nor much in vogue.

Sir *Mark.* That Difference of Temper, in Regard to Duels, which appears to have been between the Court and Parliament-Men of the Sword, was not (I conceive) for Want of Courage in the latter, nor of a liberal Education, becauſe there were ſome of the beſt Families in *England* engaged in that Party; but Gallantry and Mode, which glitter agreeably to the Imagination, were encouraged by the Court, as promoting its Splendour; and it was as natural that the contrary Party (who were to recommend themſelves to the Publick for Men of ſerious and ſolid Parts) ſhould deviate from every Thing Chimerical.

Mr. *Sage.* I have never read of a Duel among the *Romans*; and yet their Nobility uſed more Liberty with their Tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir *Mark.* Perhaps the *Romans* were of Opinion, that ill Language, and brutal Manners, reflected only on thoſe who were guilty of them; and that a Man's Reputation was not at all clear'd by cutting the Perſon's Throat who had reflected upon it: But the Cuſtom of thoſe Times had fixed the Scandal in the Action; whereas now it lies in the Reproach.

Mr. *Sage.* And yet the only Sort of Duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon Motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii.*

Sir *Mark.* Colonel *Plume*, Pray what was the Method of Single Combat in your Time among the Cavaliers? I ſuppoſe, that as the Uſe of Clothes continues, though the Faſhion of them has

has been mutable; so Duels, tho' still in Use, have had in all Times their particular Modes of Performance.

Col. *Plume.* We had no constant Rule, but generally conducted our Dispute and Tilt, according to the last that had happened between Persons of Reputation among the very Top Fellows for Bravery and Gallantry.

Sir *Mark.* If the Fashion of Quarrelling and Tilting was so often changed in your Time, Colonel *Plume*, a Man might fight, yet lose his Credit for want of understanding the Fashion.

Col. *Plume.* Why, Sir *Mark*, in the Beginning of *July*, a Man would have been censured for want of Courage, or been thought indigent of the true Notions of Honour, if he had put up Words; which in the End of *September* following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome Fellow.

Sir *Mark.* But Colonel, Were Duels or Rencounters most in Fashion in those Days?

Col. *Plume.* Your Men of nice Honour, Sir, were for avoiding all Censure of Advantage which they suppos'd might be taken in a Rencounter; therefore they us'd Seconds, who were to see that all was upon the Square, and make a faithful Report of the whole Combat; but in a little Time it became a Fashion for the Seconds to fight, and I'll tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage.* Pray do, Colonel *Plume*, and the Method of a Duel at that Time, and give us some Notion of the Puncto's upon which your nice Men quarrelled in those Days.

Col. *Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. *Sage*, That one Cornet *Modish* had desired his Friend, Captain *Smart*,'s Opinion in some Affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain *Smart* sent

Major

Major *Adroit*, (a very Topping Fellow of thoſe Times) to the Perſon that had ſlighted his Advice. The Major never enquired into the Quarrel, becauſe it was not the manner then among the very Topping Fellows; but got two Swords of an equal Length, and then waited upon Cornet *Modiſh*, deſiring him to chooſe his Sword, and meet his Friend Captain *Smart*. Cornet *Modiſh* came with his Friend to the Place of Combat; there the Principals put on their Pumps, and ſtriped to their Shirts, to ſhow they had nothing but what Men of Honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark*. And did the Seconds ſtand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume*. It was a received Cuſtom till that Time; but the Swords of thoſe Days being pretty long, and the Principals acting on both Sides upon the Defenſive, and the Morning being froſty, Major *Adroit* deſired that the other Second, who was alſo a very Topping Fellow, would try a Thruſt or Two only to keep them warm, till the Principals had decided the Matter, which was agreed to by *Modiſh*'s Second, who preſently whipt *Adroit* through the Body, diſarm'd him, and then parted the Principals, who had received no Harm at all.

Mr. *Sage*. But was not *Adroit* laugh'd at?

Col. *Plume*. On the contrary, the very Topping Fellows were ever after of Opinion, That no Man who deſerved, that Character, could ſerve as a Second, without Fighting; and the Smarts and Modiſhes finding their Account in it, the Humour took without Oppoſition.

Mr. *Sage*. Pray Colonel, How long did that Faſhion continue?

Col. *Plume*. Not long neither, Mr. *Sage*; for as ſoon as it became a Faſhion, the very Topping Fellows thought their Honour reflected upon,

on, if they did not proffer themſelves as Seconds when any of their Friends had a Quarrel; ſo that ſometimes there were a Dozen of a Side.

Sir *Mark.* Bleſs me! If that Cuſtom had continued, we ſhould have been at a Loſs now for our very Pretty Fellows; for they ſeem to be the proper Men to officer, animate, and keep up an Army: But, pray Sir, How did that ſociable Manner of Tilting grow out of Mode?

Col. *Plume.* Why, Sir, I'll tell you: It was a Law among the Combatants, That the Party which happened to have the firſt Man diſarm'd or kill'd, ſhould yield as vanquiſhed; which ſome People thought might encourage the Modiſhes and Smarts in quarrelling, to the Deſtruction of only the very Topping Fellows; and as ſoon as this Reflection was ſtarted, the very Topping Fellows thought it an Incumbrance upon their Honour to fight at all themſelves. Since that Time, the Modiſhes and the Smarts, throughout all *Europe*, have extoll'd the *French* King's Edict.

Sir *Mark.* Our very pretty Fellows, whom I take to be the Succeſſors of the very Topping Fellows, think a Quarrel ſo little Faſhionable, that they will not be expoſed to it by another Man's Vanity, or want of Senſe.

Mr. *Sage.* But, Colonel, I have obſerved in your Account of Duels, that there was a great Exactneſs in avoiding all Advantage that might poſſibly be between the Combatants.

Col. *Plume.* That's true, Sir; for the Weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage.* Yes, Sir; but ſuppoſe an active, adroit, ſtrong Man, had inſulted an aukward, or a feeble, or an unpractiſed Swords-man.

Col. *Plume.* Then, Sir, they fought with Piſtols.

Mr.

...ut, Sir, there might be a certain ... Way; for a good Marks-man ... it his Man at 20 Yards Diſtance; ... ſe Hand ſhakes (which is com- ... t debauch in Pleaſures, or have ... tols out of their Holſters) won't ... re, unleſs he touches the Perſon he ... at. Now, Sir, I am of Opinion, that one ... et no Honour in killing a Man (if one has ... all Rug) as the Gameſters ſay, when they have a Trick to make the Game ſecure, though they ſeem to play upon the Square.

Sir *Mark*. In Truth, Mr. *Sage*, I think ſuch a Fact muſt be Murder in a Man's own private Conſcience, whatever it may appear to the World.

Col. *Plume*. I have known ſome Men ſo nice, that they would not fight but upon a Cloak without Piſtols.

Mr. *Sage*. I believe a Cuſtom, well eſtabliſhed, would outdo the Grand Monarch's Edict.

Sir *Mark*. And Bullies would then leave off their long Swords; but I don't find that a very Pretty Fellow can ſtay to change his Sword when he is inſulted by a Bully with a long Diego, tho' his own at the ſame Time be no longer than a Pen-knife; which will certainly be the Caſe, if ſuch little Swords are in Mode. Pray Colonel, how was it between the Hectors of your Time and the very Topping Fellows?

Col. *Plume*. Sir, Long Swords happened to be generally worn in thoſe Times.

Mr. *Sage*. In anſwer to what you were ſaying, Sir *Mark*, give me Leave to inform you, that your Knights-Errant, (who were the very Pretty Fellows of thoſe ancient Times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own truſty Weapons to the Stumps; but would venture as boldly with the Pages Leaden Sword,

Sword, as if it had been of en[illegible] Whence I conceive, there must [illegible] Romantick Gallantry in the Com[illegible] very Pretty Fellow.

Sir *Mark.* I am of Opinion, M[illegible] Fashion governs a very pretty Fellow[illegible] or common Sense, your ordinary Person[illegible] sometimes Men of fine Parts.

Mr. *Sage.* But what is the Reason, that M[illegible] of the most excellent Sense and Morals (in other Points) associate their Understandings w[illegible] the very Pretty Fellows in that Chimæra of a Duel?

Sir *Mark.* There's no disputing against so great a Majority.

Mr. *Sage.* But there is one Sc[illegible]ple, (Col. *Plume*) and I have done: Don't you [illegible], there may be some Advantage even upon a [illegible] with Pistols? Which a Man of nice Honour would scruple to take.

Col. *Plume.* Faith, I can't tell, Sir; but since one may reasonably suppose, that (in such a Case) there can be but one so far in the Wrong as to occasion Matters to come to that Extremity, I think the Chance of being kill'd should fall but on one; whereas by their close and desperate Manner of Fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark.* Why Gentlemen, if they are Men of such nice Honour, (and must fight) there will be no fear of foul Play, if they threw up Cross or Pile who should be shot.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 40.

From *Saturday July* 9. to *Tueſd. July* 12. 1709.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 11.

LEtters from the City of *London* give an Account of a very great Conſternation that Place is in at preſent, by reaſon of a late Enquiry made at *Guildhall*, Whether a Noble Perſon has Parts enough to deſerve the Enjoyment of the great Eſtate of which he is poſſeſs'd? The City is apprehenſive, that this Precedent may go further than was at firſt imagin'd. The Perſon againſt whom this Inquiſition is ſet up by his Relations, is a Peer of a neighbouring Kingdom, and has in his Youth made ſome few Bulls, by which it is inſinuated, that he has forfeited his Goods and Chattels. This is the more aſtoniſhing, in that there are many Perſons in the ſaid City who are ſtill more guilty than his Lordſhip, and who, though they are Ideots, do not only poſſeſs, but have alſo themſelves acquired great Eſtates, contrary to the known Laws of the Realm, which veſts their Poſſeſſions in the Crown.

There is a Gentleman in the Coffee-houſe at this Time exhibiting a Bill in *Chancery* againſt his Father's younger Brother, who by ſome ſtrange Magick has arrived at the Value of half a Plumb, as the Citizens call an Hundred Thouſand Pounds; and in all the Time of growing up to that Wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary Words or Actions to diſcover any Proof

of Reaſon. Upon this Foundation my Friend has ſet forth, that he is illegally Maſter of his Coffers, and has writ two Epigrams to ſignify his own Pretenſions and Sufficiency for ſpending that Eſtate. He has inſerted in his Plea ſome Things which I fear will give Offence, for he pretends to argue, that tho' a Man has a little of the Knave mix'd with the Fool, he is nevertheleſs liable to the Loſs of Goods; and makes the Abuſe of Reaſon as juſt an Avoidance of an Eſtate as the total Abſence of it. This is what can never paſs; but witty Men are ſo full of themſelves, that there is no perſwading 'em; and my Friend will not be convinc'd, but that upon quoting *Solomon*, who always uſed the Word *Fool* as a Term of the ſame Signification with Unjuſt, and makes all Deviation from Goodneſs and Virtue to come under the Notion of *Folly*, I ſay he doubts not, but by the Force of this Authority, let his Ideot Uncle appear never ſo great a Knave, he ſhall prove him a Fool at the ſame Time.

This Affair led the Company here into an Examination of theſe Points; and none coming here but Wits, what was aſſerted by a young Lawyer, that a Lunatick is in the Care of the *Chancery*, but a Fool in that of the Crown, was received with general Indignation. 'Why that? 'ſays old *Renault*. Why that? Why muſt a 'Fool be a Courtier more than a Madman? This 'is the Iniquity of this dull Age: I remember the 'Time when it went on the mad Side; all your 'Top Wits were Scowrers, Rakes, Roarers, and 'Demoliſhers of Windows. I knew a mad 'Lord who was drunk five Years together, and 'was the Envy of that Age; who is faintly imitated by the dull Pretenders to Vice and Madneſs in this. Had he lived to this Day, there 'had not been a Fool in Faſhion in the whole 'King-

‘ Kingdom. When *Renault* had done ſpeaking, a very worthy Man aſſumed the Diſcourſe: This is (ſaid he) Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, a proper Argument for you to treat in your Article from this Place; and if you would ſend your *Pacolet* into all our Brains, you would find, that a little Fibre or Valve, ſcarce diſcernable, makes the Diſtinction between a Politician and an Ideot. We ſhould therefore throw a Veil upon thoſe unhappy Inſtances of humane Nature, who ſeem to breath without the Direction of Reaſon and Underſtanding, as we ſhould avert our Eyes with Abhorrence from ſuch as live in perpetual A[illegible] and Contradiction to theſe noble Faculties. Shall this unfortunate Man be diveſted of his Eſtate, becauſe he is tractable and indolent, [illegible] no Man's Debt, invades no Man's Bed, [illegible]ends the Eſtate he owes his Children and his Character; when one who ſhews no Senſe above him, but in ſuch Practices, ſhall be eſteem'd in his Senſes, and poſſibly may pretend to the Guardianſhip of him who is no Ways his Inferior, but in being leſs wicked? We ſee old Age brings us indifferently into the ſame Impotence of Soul, wherein Nature has plac'd this Lo:d.

There is ſomething very fantaſtical in the Diſtribution of Civil Power and Capacity among Men. The Law certainly gives theſe Perſons into the Ward and Care of the Crown, becauſe that is beſt able to protect 'em from Injuries, and the Impoſ[illegible]ons of Craft and Knavery; that the Life of an [illegible]ay not ruin the Intail of a noble Houſe, and his Weakneſs may not fruſtrate the Induſtry or Capacity of the Founder of his Family. But when one of bright Parts, as we ſay, with his Eyes open, and all Men's Eyes upon him, deſtroys thoſe Purpoſes, there is no Remedy. Folly and Ignorance are puniſh'd! Folly and Guilt are

tolerated! Mr. *Lock* has ſomewhere made a Diſtinction between a Madman and a Fool: A Fool is he that from right Principles makes a wrong Concluſion; but a Madman is one who draws a juſt Inference from falſe Principles. Thus the Fool who cut off the Fellow's Head that lay aſleep, and hid it, and then waited to ſee what he would ſay when he awak'd and miſs'd his Head-piece, was in the Right in the firſt Thought, that a Man would be ſurprized to find ſuch an Alteration in Things ſince he fell aſleep; but he was a little miſtaken to imagine he could awake at all after his Head was off. A Madman fancies himſelf a Prince; but upon his Miſtake he acts ſuitably to that Character; and tho' he is out in ſuppoſing he has Principalities, while he drinks Gruel, and lies in Straw, yet you [illegible] him keep the Port of a diſtreſſed Monarch in all his Words and Actions. Theſe Two Perſons are equally taken into Cuſtody: But what muſt be done to half this good Company, who every Hour of their Life are knowingly and wittingly both Fools and Madmen, and yet have Capacities both of forming Principles, and drawing Concluſions, with the full Uſe of Reaſon?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

This Evening ſome Ladies came to viſit my Siſter *Jenny*; and the Diſcourſe, after very many frivolous and publick Matters, turned upon the main Point among the Women, the Paſſion of Love. *Sappho*, who always reads on this Occaſion, began to ſhow her Reading, and told us, That Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* had, upon a parallel Occaſion, ſaid the tendereſt Things ſhe had ever read. The Circumſtance, ſaid ſhe, is ſuch as gives us a Notion of that Protecting Part which is the Duty of Men in their honourable Deſigns upon, or Poſſeſſion of Women.

Women. In *Suckling*'s Tragedy of *Brennoralt*, he makes the Lover ſteal into his Miſtreſs's Bed-chamber, and draw the Curtains; then, when his Heart is full of her Charms, as ſhe lies ſleeping, inſtead of being carried away by the Violence of his Deſires into Thoughts of a warmer Nature, Sleep, which is the Image of Death, gives this generous Lover Reflections of a different Kind, which regard rather her Safety than his own Paſſion. For, beholding her as ſhe lies ſleeping, he utters theſe Words:

‘ So Miſers look upon their Gold,
‘ Which, wh[illegible] they joy to ſee, they fear to loſe:
‘ The Pleaſure of the Sight ſcarce equalling
‘ The Jealouſy of b[illegible]g diſpoſſeſs'd by others.
‘ Her Face is [illegible] *Milky Way* i'th' Sky,
‘ A Meeting of ge[illegible] Lights without Name!

Heav'ns! Shall this freſh Ornament of the World,
Theſe precious Love-Lines, paſs with other common
Things
Amongſt the Waſts of Time? What Pity 'twere!

When *Milton* makes *Adam* leaning on his Arm, beholding *Eve*, and lying in the Contemplation of her Beauty, he deſcribes the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Guardian Affection in one Word:

Adam *with Looks of Cordial Love*
Hung over her enamour'd.

This is that Sort of Paſſion which truly deſerves the Name of Love, and has ſomething more generous than Friendſhip it ſelf; for it has a conſtant Care of the Object beloved, abſtracted from its own Intereſts in the Poſſeſſion of it. *Sappho* was proceeding on the Subject, when my Siſter produced a Letter ſent to her in the Time of my Abſence, in Celebration of the Marriage State, which is the Condition

wherein only this Sort of Passion reigns in full Authority. The Epistle is as follows:

Dear Madam,

'YOur Brother being absent, I dare take the
' Liberty of writing to you my Thoughts
' of that State, which our whole Sex either is or
' desires to be in: You'll easily guess I mean Ma-
' trimony, which I hear so much decry'd, that
' it was with no small Labour I maintained my
' Ground against Two Opponents; but as your
' Brother observ'd of *Socrates*, I drew them into
' my Conclusion from their own Concessions;
' thus:

In Marriage are Two happ[illegible] *allow'd,*
A Wife in Wedding Sheets, [illegible] *a Shrowd.*
How can a Marriage State then be accurs'd,
Since the last Day's as happy as the First?

' If you think they were too easily confuted,
' you may conclude them not of the First Sense,
' by their talking against Marriage.

Yours,

Mariana.

I observed *Sappho* began to redden at this Epistle; and turning to a Lady, who was playing with a Dog she was so fond of, as to carry him Abroad with her; Nays, says she, I cannot blame the Men if they have mean Ideas of our Souls and Affections, and wonder [illegible] many are brought to take us for Companions for Life, when they see our Endearments so triflingly placed: For, to my Knowledge, Mr. *Truman* would give half his Estate for half the Affection you have shown to that *Shock*: Nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the Cholick last Week

with

with lapping sour Milk. What more could you do for your Lover himself? What more! replied the Lady. There is not a Man in *England* for whom I could lament half so much. Then she stifled the Animal with Kisses, and call'd him, Beau, Life, Dear, Monsieur, Pretty Fellow, and what not, in the Hurry of her Impertinence. *Sappho* rose up; as she always does at any Thing she observes done, which discovers in her own Sex a Levity of Mind, which renders 'em inconsiderable in the Opinion of ours.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 11.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 16th Instant, *N. S.* say, That the Siege of *Tournay* went on with all imaginable Success; and that there has been no manner of Interruption given to the Attempts of the Confederates since they undertook it, except that by an Accident of Firing a Piece of Ordnance it burst, and kill'd 15 or 16 Men. The *French* Army is still in the Camp of *Lens*, and goes on in improving their Intrenchments. When the last Advices came away, it was believed the Town of *Tournay* would be in the Hands of the Confederates by the End of this Month. Advices from *Brussels* inform us, That they have an Account of a great Action between the Malecontents in the *Vivarez*, and the *French* King's Forces under the Command of the Duke of *Roquelaure*, in which Engagement there were Eighteen Hundred Men kill'd on the Spot. They add, That all Sorts of People who are under any Oppression or Discontent do daily join the *Vivarois*; and that their present Body of Men in Arms consisted of Six Thousand. This sudden Insurrection has put the Court of *France* under great Difficulties; and the King has given Orders, That the main Body of his Troops in *Spain* shall withdraw into his own Domini-

ons, where they are to be quartered in such Countries as have of late discovered an Inclination to take up Arms: The Calamities of that Kingdom being such, that the People are not by any Means to be kept in Obedience, except by the Terror of Military Execution. What makes the Distresses still greater, is, That the Court begins to be doubtful of their Troops, some Regiments in the Action of the *Cevennes* having faced about against their Officers; and after the Battle was over, join'd the Malecontents. Upon receiving Advice of this Battle, the Duke of *B[illegible]wick* detached Twelve Battalions into those Parts, and began to add new Works to his Intrenchments near *Brianzon*, in order to defend his Camp, after being weakened by sending so great a Reinforcement into the *Cevennes*. [illegible] from *Spain* say, That the Dutchess of [illegible] was lately delivered of a Second Son. They write from *Madrid* of the 25th of *June*, That the Blockade of *Olivenza* was continued; but acknowledge, that the late Provisions which were thrown into the Place, make them doubt whether they shall be Masters of it this Campaign; though it is at present so closely blocked up, that it appears impracticable to send in any more Stores or Succours. They are preparing with all Expedition to repair the Fortifications of *Alicant*, for the Security of the Kingdom of *Valencia*.

The

The TATLER. [N° 41.

—— Celebrare Domestica Facta.

From *Tuesd.* *July* 12. to *Thursd.* *July* 14. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 12.

THere is no one Thing more to be lamented in our Nation, than their general Affectation of every Thing that is Foreign; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own Countrymen when they have crossed the Seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous Condition before our Eyes at Home: Else how is it possible, that on the 29th of the last Month, there should have been a Battle fought in our very Streets of *London*, and no Body at this End of the Town have heard of it. I protest, I, who make it my Business to enquire after Adventures, should never have known this, had not the following Account been sent me inclosed in a Letter. This, it seems, is the Way of giving out of Orders in the Artillery Company; and they prepare for a Day of Action with so little Concern, as only to call it, *An Exercise of Arms.*

An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery Company, to be performed on Wednesday June 29. 1709. *under the Command of Sir* Joseph Woolf, *Knight and Alderman, General*; Charles Hopson, *Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-General*; *Captain* Richard Synge, *Major*; *Major* John Shorey, *Captain of Granadiers*; *Capt.* William Grayhurst, *Capt.* John Butler, *Capt.* Robert Carellis, *Captains.*

'THE Body march from the *Artillery-Ground* through *Moregate, Coleman street, Lothbury, Broad street, Finch-Lane, Cornhill Cheapside,* St. *Martins,* St. *Anne's-Lane,* Halt the Pikes under the Wall in *Noble-street,* Draw up the Firelocks facing the *Goldsmiths* [illegible] Hall, make Ready and Face to the Left [illegible], and so *ditto* Three Times. Beat to Arms, and March round the Hall, as up *Lad-Lane, Gutter-Lane, Honey Lane,* and so Wheel to the Right, and make your Salute to my Lord, and so down St. *Anne's Lane,* up *Aldersgate-street, Barbican,* and draw up in *Red-Cross street,* the Right at St. *Paul's-Alley* in the Rear. March off Lieutenant-General with Half the Body up *Beech-Lane*: He sends a Sub-Division up *Kings-Head-Court,* and takes Post in it, and marches Two Divisions round into *Red-Lion-Market,* to defend that Pass, and succour the Division in *Kings-Head-Court,* but keeps in *White-Cross-street,* facing *Beech-Lane,* the rest of the Body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up *Beech-Lane,* is attacked, but forces the Division in the Court into the Market, and enters with Three Divisions while he presses the Lieutenant-General's Main Body; and at the same Time, the Three Divisions force those of the Revolters out of the Market, and so all the Lieutenant-General's Body retreats into *Chiswel-street,* and lodges Two Divisions in *Grub-*

street;

'*ſtreet*; and as the General marches on, they fall
'on his Flank, but ſoon made to give Way; but
'having a Retreating-Place in *Red-Lion-Court*,
'but could not hold it, being put to Flight thro'
'*Paul's-Alley*, and purſued by the General's Gra-
'nadiers, while he marches up and attacks their
'main Body, but are oppoſed again by a Party
'of Men as lay in *Black-Raven-Court*; but they
'are forced alſo to Retire ſoon in the utmoſt
'Confuſion, and at the ſame Time thoſe Brave
'Diviſions in *Paul's-Alley* ply their Rear with
'Granadiers, that with Precipitation they take
'to the [illegible] along *Bunhill-Row*: So the General
'marches into the *Artillery-Ground*, and being
'drawn up, finds the Revolting Party to have
'found [illegible], and makes a [illegible] as if for a
'Battle, and [illegible] Armies ſoon Engage in Form,
'and Fire by Platoons.

Much might be ſaid for the Improvement of this Syſtem; which, for its Style and Invention, may inſtruct Generals and their Hiſtorians, both in fighting a Battle, and deſcribing it when 'tis over. Theſe elegant Expreſſions, *Ditto---- And ſo---- But ſoon---- But having---- But could not---- But* [illegible]*---- But they---- Finds the Party to have found*, &c. --- do certainly give great Life and Spirit to the Relation.

Indeed I am extremely concerned for the Lieutenant-General, who, by his Overthrow and Defeat, is made a deplorable Inſtance of the Fortune of War, and Viciſſitudes of humane Affairs. He, alas! has loſt in *Beech-Lane* and *Chiſwel-ſtreet*, all the Glory he lately [illegible] and about *Holborn* and St. *Giles's*. The Art of Subdividing firſt, and Dividing afterwards, is new and ſurpriſing; and according to this Method, the Troops are diſpoſed in *Kings-Head-Court* and *Red-Lion-Market*: Nor is the Conduct of theſe Leaders leſs conſpicuous in their Choice of the

Ground

Ground or Field of Battle. Happy was it, that the greateſt Part of the Atchievements of this Day was to be performed near *Grub-ſtreet*, that there might not be wanting a ſufficient Number of faithful Hiſtorians, who being Eye-Witneſſes of theſe Wonders, ſhould impartially tranſmit them to Poſterity: But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the Dark as to the Name and Title of that extraordinary Hero who commanded the Diviſions in *Paul's-Alley*; eſpecially becauſe thoſe Diviſions are juſtly ſtyled Brave, and accordingly were to puſh the Enemy along *Bunhill-Row*, and thereby occaſion a general Battle. But *Pallas* appeared in the Form of a Shower of Rain, and prevented the Slaughter and Deſolation which were threatned by theſe extraordinary Expeditions.

Hi Motus Animorum atq; hæc Certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 13.

Some Part of the Company keep up the old Way of Converſation in this Place, which uſually turned upon the Examination of Nature, and an Enquiry into the Manners of Men. There is one in the Room ſo very judicious, that he manages Impertinents with the utmoſt Dexterity. It was diverting this Evening to hear a Diſcourſe between him and one of theſe Gentlemen. He told me before that Perſon join'd us, that he was a *Queſtioner*, who, according to his Deſcription, is one who asks Queſtions, not with a Deſign to receive Information, but an Affectation to ſhow his Uneaſineſs for Want of it. He went on in aſſerting, that there are Crowds of that modeſt Ambition, as to aim no further than to demonſtrate that they are in Doubt. By this Time *Will. Why-not* was ſate

sate down by us. *So Gentlemen,* (says he) *In how many Days, think you, shall we be Masters of* Tournay? *Is the Account of the Action of the* Vivarois *to be depended upon? Could you have imagined* England *had so much Money in it as you see was produced? Pray Sirs, What do you think? Will the Duke of* Savoy *make an Irruption into* France? *But* (says he) *Time will clear all these Mysteries.* His Answer to himself gave me the Altitude of his Head, and to all his Questions I thus answered very satisfactorily—— *Sir, have you heard that this* Slaughterford *never own'd the Fact for which he died? Have the News-Papers mentioned that Matter? But, pray, Can you tell me what Method will be taken to provide for these* Palatines? *But this,* as you say, *Time will clear. Ay, ay,* says he, and whispers me, *They will never let us into these Things before-hand.* I whispered him again, *We shall know it as soon as there is a Proclamation*—— He tells me in t'other Ear, *You are in the Right of it.* Then he whispered my Friend to know what my Name was; then made an obliging Bow, and went to examine another Table. This led my Friend and me to weigh this wandring Manner in many other Incidents, and he took out of his Pockets several little Notes or Tickets to sollicit for Votes to Employments: As, "Mr. *John Taplash* having 'served all Offices, and being reduced to great 'Poverty, desires your Vote for Singing-Clerk 'of this Parish. Another has had Ten Chil-'dren, all whom his Wife has suckled her self; 'therefore humbly desires to be a Schoolma-'ster.

There is nothing so frequent as this Way of Application for Offices. It is not that you are fit for the Place, but because the Place would be convenient for you, that you claim a Merit to it.

But

But commend me to the great *Kirleus*, who has lately ſet up for Midwifery, and to help Child-birth, for no other Reaſon, but that he is himſelf the *Unborn* Doctor. The Way is to hit upon ſomething that puts the Vulgar upon the Stare, or that touches their Compaſſion, which is often the weakeſt Part about us. I know a good Lady, who has taken her Daughters from their old Dancing-maſter, to place them with another, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the new Man has broke his Leg, which is ſo ill ſet, that he can never dance more.

From my own Apartment, July 13.

As it is a frequent Mortification to me to receive Letters, wherein People tell me, without a Name, they know I meant them in ſuch and ſuch a Paſſage; ſo that very Accuſation is an Argument, That there are ſuch Beings in Humane Life, as fall under our Deſcription, and our Diſcourſe is not altogether fantaſtical and groundleſs. But in this Caſe I am treated as I ſaw a Boy was t'other Day, who gave out pocky Bills: Every plain Fellow took it that paſs'd by, and went on his Way without further Notice: At laſt came one with his Noſe a little abridg'd; who knocks the Lad down, with a, *Why you Son of a W---e, do you think I am p---d?* But *Shakeſpear* has made the beſt Apology for this Way of Talking againſt the Publick Errors: He makes *Jaques*, in the Play, call'd, *As you like it*, expreſs himſelf thus:

Why, Who cries out on Pride,
That can therein tax any private Party?
What Woman in the City do I name?
When that I ſay the City Woman bears
The Coſt of Princes on unworthy Shoulders.
Who can come in and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her Neighbour?

Or,

Or, What is he of baſeſt Function,
That ſays his Bravery is not on my Coſt?
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His Folly to the Mettle of my Speech.
There [illegible]n! How then? Then let me ſee wherein
My Tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himſelf: If he be free,
Why then my Taxing like a wild Gooſe flies,
Uncl[illegible] of any Man.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 13.

We have received, by Letters of the 18th Inſtant from the Camp before *Tournay*, an Account, That we were in a fair Proſpect of being Maſters of the Town within ſeven Days after that Date. Our Batteries had utterly overthrown thoſe of the Enemy. On the 16th Inſtant, *N. S.* General *Schuylemburgh* had made a Lodgment on the Counterſcarp of the Tenaille; which Poſt was ſo weakly defended, that we loſt but Six Men in gaining it. So that there ſeems Reaſon to hope, that the Citadel will alſo be in the Hands of the Confederates about the 6th of *Auguſt*, O. S. Theſe Advices inform us further, That Marſhal *Villars* had ordered large Detachments to make Motions towards *Douay* and *Condé*. The ſwift Progreſs of this Siege has ſo much alarmed the other Frontier Towns of *France*, that they were throwing down ſome Houſes in the Suburbs of *Valenciennes*, which they think may ſtand commodiouſly for the Enemy in caſe that Place ſhould be inveſted. The Elector of *Cologne* is making all imaginable Haſte to remove from hence to *Rheims*.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 42.

Celebrare Domeſtica Facta.

From *Thurſd. July* 14. to *Saturd. July* 16. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

LOoking over ſome old Papers, I found a little Treatiſe, written by my Great-Grandfather, concerning *Bribery*, and thought his Manner of treating that Subject not unworthy my Remark. He there has a Digreſſion concerning a Poſſibility, that in ſome Circumſtances a Man may receive an Injury, and yet be conſcious to himſelf that he deſerves it. There are abundance of fine Things ſaid on the Subject; but the whole wrap'd up in ſo much Jingle and Pun, (which was the Wit of thoſe Times) that it is ſcarce intelligible; but I thought the Deſign was well enough in the following Sketch of the old Gentleman's Poetry: For in this Caſe, where Two are Rivals for the ſame Thing, and propoſe to obtain it by Preſents, he that attempts the Judge's Honeſty, by making him Offers of Reward, ought not to complain when he loſes his Cauſe by a better Bidder. The good old Dogrel runs thus:

A Poor Man once a Judge beſought,
To judge aright his Cauſe,
And with a Pot of Oil ſalutes
This Judger of the Laws.

My Friend, quoth he, thy Cauſe is good:
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy Foe did come
Before this partial Judge.

An

An Hog well fed this Churl presents,
And craves a Strain of Law;
The Hog receiv'd, the Poor Man's Right
Was judg'd not worth a Straw.

Therewith he cry'd, O! Partial Judge,
Thy Doom has me undone;
When Oil I gave, my Cause was good,
But now to Ruin run.

Poor Man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And turn'd thy Cause of Foil;
An Hog came since into my House,
And broke thy Pot of Oil.

Will's Coffee-house, July 15.

The Discourse happen'd this Evening to fall upon Characters drawn in Plays, and a Gentleman remark'd, That there was no Method in the World of knowing the Taste of an Age, or Period of Time so good, as by the Observations of the Persons represented in their Comedies. There were several Instances produced, as *Ben. Johnson*'s bringing in a Fellow smoaking as a Piece of Foppery; but, said the Gentleman, (who entertain'd us on this Subject) this Matter is no where so observable as in the Difference of the Characters of Women on the Stage in the last Age, and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a Poverty of Genius in *Shakespear*, that his Women made so small a Figure in his Dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew Women as they then were in Life; for that Sex had not in those Days that Freedom in Conversation; and their Characters were only, that they were Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, and Wives. There were not then among the Ladies, shining Wits, Politicians, Virtuosæ, Free-Thinkers, and Disputants; nay, there was then hardly such a Creature ev'n as a Coquet: But Vanity had quite another Turn, and the most conspicuous

Woman

Woman at that Time of Day was only the beſt Houſewife. Were it poſſible to bring into Life an Aſſembly of Matrons of that Age, and introduce the learned Lady *Woodby* into their Company, they would not believe the ſame Nation could produce a Creature ſo unlike any thing they ever ſaw in it.

But theſe Ancients would be as much aſtoniſh'd to ſee in the ſame Age ſo illuſtrious a Pattern to all who love Things Praiſe-worthy, as the divine *Aſpaſia*. Methinks, I now ſee her walking in her Garden like our firſt Parents, with unaffected Charms, before Beauty had Spectators, and bearing celeſtial conſcious Virtue in her Aſpect. Her Countenance is the lively Picture of her Mind, which is the Seat of Honour, Truth, Compaſſion, Knowledge, and Innocence.

There dwells the Scorn of Vice and Pity too.

In the Midſt of the moſt ample Fortune, and Veneration of all that behold and know her, without the leaſt Affectation, ſhe conſults Retirement, the Contemplation of her own Being, and that ſupreme Power which beſtowed it. Without the Learning of Schools, or Knowledge of a long Courſe of Arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady Courſe of uninterrupted Piety and Virtue, and adds to the Severity and Privacy of the laſt Age all the Freedom and Eaſe of this. The Language and Mien of a Court ſhe is poſſeſſed of in the higheſt Degree; but the Simplicity and humble Thoughts of a Cottage are her more welcome Entertainments. *Aſpaſia* is a Female Philoſopher, who does not only live up to the Reſignation of the moſt retired Lives of the ancient Sages, but alſo to the Schemes and Plans which they thought beautiful, tho' inimitable. This Lady is the moſt exact Oeconomiſt, without appearing buſie; the moſt ſtrictly virtuous,

tuous, without tasting the Praise of it; and shuns Applause with as much Industry, as others do Reproach. This Character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that k[illegible] her: But I dare say, she will be the last th[illegible] finds it out.

But, alas! If we have One or Two such Ladies, How many Dozens are there like the restless *Polugl[illegible]*, who is acquainted with all the World [illegible] self; who has the Appearance of all, and Possession of no one Virtue: She has indeed in her Practice the Absence of Vice, but her Discourse is the continual History of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal Gratifications of others, that her Innocence is only a Restraint, with a certain Mixture of Envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the Character of *Aspasia*, that as Vice is terrible to her only as it is the Object of Reproach, so Virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with Applause.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 15.

It is now Twelve a Clock at Noon, and no Mail come in; therefore I am not without Hopes, that the Town will allow me the Liberty which [illegible] Brother News-Writers take, in giving th[illegible] what may be for their Information in another Kind, and indulge me in doing an Act of Friendship, by publishing the following Account of Goods and Moveables.

This is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great Variety of Gardens, Statues, and Water-Works, may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forrests, Fountains and Country Seats, with very pleasant Prospects on all Sides of them; being the Moveables of *Ch——r R——ch* Esq; who is breaking

ing up Houſe-keeping, and has many curious Pieces of Furniture to be diſpoſed of, which may be ſeen between the Hours of Six and Ten in the Evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of Right *Nants* Brandy, for Lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three Bottles and a Half of Light[illegible]

One Shower of Snow in the w[illegible] *French* Paper.

Two Showers of a browner Sort.

A Sea, conſiſting of a Dozen large Waves; the Tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little dammaged.

A Dozen and a half of Clouds, trimm'd with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A Set of Clouds after the *French* Mode, ſtreaked with Lightning, and furbelow'd.

A New-Moon ſomething decay'd.

A Pint of the fineſt *Spaniſh* Waſh, being all that is left of Two Hogſheads ſent over laſt Winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little uſed, with a Pair of Dragons, to be ſold cheap.

A Setting-Sun, a Pennyworth.

An Imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Cæſar*, *Bajazet*, King *Henry* the Eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Basket-Hilt Sword, very convenient to carry Milk in.

Roxana's Night-Gown.

Othello's Handkerchief.

The Imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A Wild-Boar, kill'd by Mrs. *Tofts* and *Dioclesian*.

A

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra.*

A Mustard-Bowl to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger Sort, by Mr. *D——is*'s Directions, little used.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-Dances, with Six Flower-Pots for their Partners.

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

The Complexion of a Murderer in a Band-box; consisting of a large Piece of burnt Cork, and a Cole-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghost, *viz.* a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiously pink'd, and a Coat with Three great Eyelet-Holes upon the Breast.

A Bale of Red *Spanish* Wool.

Modern Plots, commonly know by the Name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Visard-Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree; all bought for the Use of Mr. *Penkethman.*

Materials for Dancing; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of Ten Rounds.

Aurengezebe's Scymeter, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly.*

A Plume of Feathers, never used but by *Oedipus* and the Earl of *Essex.*

There are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-Hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally Pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-Wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-Piece, a Brest-Plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a Jointed-Baby.

These are the hard Shifts we Intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuse us, if a Westerly Wind blowing for a Fortnight together, generally fills every Paper with an Order of Battle; when we show our Martial Skill in each Line, and, according to the Space

Space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever observing, that no Muster is to be made, but when the Wind is in a cross Point, which often happens at the End of a Campaign, when half the Men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes Ten deep, his Ranks close: The *Post-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater Exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* Way, Sword in Hand, Pell-mell, without Form or Discipline; but sure to bring Men enough into the Field; and where-ever they are raised, never to lose a Battle for Want of Numbers.

The TATLER. [N° 43.

— *Bene Nummatum decorat Swadela Venusque.*
Hor.

From *Saturd. July* 16. to *Tuesd. July* 19. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 18.

I Write from hence at present to complain, That Wit and Merit are so little encouraged by People of Rank and Quality, that the Wits of the Age are obliged to run within *Temple-Bar* for Patronage. There is a deplorable Instance of this in the Case of Mr. *D——y*, who has dedicated his inimitable Comedy, called, *The Modern Prophets*, to a worthy Knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his Plan, which was, *To Ridicule the Ridiculers of our establish'd Doctrine.* I have elsewhere celebrated the Contrivance of this excellent *Drama*; but was

not,

not, till I read the Dedication, wholly let into the Religious Design of it. I am afraid it has suffered Discontinuance at this gay End of the Town, for no other Reason but the *Piety* of the Purpose. There is however in this Epistle the true Life of Panegyrical Performance; and I do not doubt but, if the Patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good Pretensions to it; *viz.* of *Uncommon Understanding*, who would give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a Noble Person to whom these Words (which are the Body of the Panegyrick) would fit to a Hair.

Your Easiness of Humour, or rather your harmonious Disposition, is so admirably mixed with your Composure, that the rugged Cares and Disturbance that Publick Affairs brings with it, which does so vexatiously affect the Heads of other great Men of Business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded Brow so much as with a Frown. And what above all is Praise-worthy, you are so far from thinking your self better than others, that a flourishing and opulent Fortune, which by a certain natural Corruption in its Quality, seldom fails to infect other Possessors with Pride, seems in this Case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your Humility.

But I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large Field, where tho' I could with great Ease raise a Number of Plants in Relation to your Merit of this plauditory Nature; yet for Fear of an Author's general Vice, and that the plain Justice I have done you should, by my Proceeding and others mistaken Judgment, be imagined Flattery, a Thing the Bluntness of my Nature does not care to be concern'd with, and which I also know you abominate.

It is wonderful to see how many Judges of these fine Things spring up every Day by the Rise of Stocks, and other elegant Methods of abridging the Way to Learning and Criticism. But I do hereby forbid all Dedications to any Persons within the City of *London*, except Sir *Francis*, Sir *Stephen*, and the Bank, will take Epigrams and Epistles as Value received for their Notes; and the *East-India* Companies accept of Heroick Poems for their Seal'd Bonds. Upon which Bottom, our Publishers have full Power to treat with the City in Behalf of us Authors, to enable Traders to become Patrons and Fellows of the Royal Society, as well as receive certain Degrees of Skill in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, according to the Quantity of the Commodities which they take off our Hands.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.

The Learned have so long laboured under the Imputation of Dryness and Dulness in their Accounts of their Phænomena, that an ingenious Gentleman of our Society has resolved to write a System of Philosophy in a more lively Method, both as to the Matter and Language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the Plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his Account, by Way of Fable of the Worlds about us, had so much Vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his Hypothesis, to give the Reader a Taste of my Friend's Treatise, which is now in the Press.

' The Inferior Deities having designed on a ' Day to play a Game at Football, knead toge- ' ther a numberless Collection of dancing Atoms ' into the Form of Seven rowling Globes: And ' that Nature might be kept from a dull In- ' activity, each separate Particle is endued with ' a Principle of Motion, or a Power of Attra- ' ction,

'ction, whereby all the ſeveral Parcels of Matter draw each other proportionably to their Magnitudes and Diſtances, into ſuch a remarkable Variety of different Forms, as to produce all the wonderful Appearances we now obſerve in Empire, Philoſophy, and Religion. But to proceed.

'At the Beginning of the Game, each of the Globes being ſtruck forward with a vaſt Violence, ran out of Sight, and wander'd in a ſtraight Line thro' the infinite Spaces. The nimble Deities purſue, breathleſs almoſt, and ſpent in the eager Chace; each of them catched hold of one, and ſtamped it with his Name; as, *Saturn, Jupiter, Mars*, and ſo of the reſt. To prevent this Inconvenience for the future, the Seven are condemned to a Precipitation, which in our inferior Style we call *Gravity*. Thus the Tangential and Centripetal Forces, by their Counter-ſtruggle, make the Celeſtial Bodies deſcribe an exact Ellipſis.

There will be added to this, an Appendix, in Defence of the Firſt Day of the Term according to the Oxford Almanack, *by a learned Knight of this Realm, with an Apology for the ſaid Knight's Manner of Dreſs; proving, That his Habit, according to this Hypotheſis, is the true* Modern *and* Faſhionable; *and that Buckles are not to be worn, by this Syſtem, till the* 10*th of* March, *in the Year* 1714, *which, according to the Computation of ſome of our greateſt Divines, is to be the firſt Year of the* Millennium; *in which bleſſed Age, all Habits will be reduced to a Primitive Simplicity; and whoever ſhall be found to have perſevered in a Conſtancy of Dreſs, in Spight of all the Allurements of prophane and heathen Habits, ſhall be rewarded with a never-fading Doublet of a Thouſand Years. All Points in the*

System which are doubted, shall be attested by the Knight's Extemporary Oath, for the Satisfaction of his Readers.

Will's Coffee-house, July 18.

We were upon the Heroick Strain this Evening, and the Question was, What is the True Sublime? Many very good Discourses happened thereupon; after which a Gentleman at the Table, who is, it seems, writing on that Subject, assumed the Argument; and though he ran through many Instances of Sublimity from the ancient Writers, said, He had hardly known an Occasion wherein the true Greatness of Soul, which animates a General in Action, is so well represented, with Regard to the Person of whom it was spoken, and the Time in which it was writ, as in a few Lines in a modern Poem: There is (continued he) nothing so forc'd and constrain'd, as what we frequently meet with in Tragedies; to make a Man under the Weight of a great Sorrow, or full of Meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a Simile to what he himself is, or the Thing which he is going to act: But there is nothing more proper and natural for a than Poet, whose Business it is to describe, and who is Spectator of one in that Circumstance when his Mind is working upon a great Image, and that the Idea's hurry upon his Imagination; I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a Poet to relieve and clear himself from the Burthen of Thought at that Time, by uttering his Conception in Simile and Metaphor. The highest Act of the Mind of Man, is to possess it self with Tranquility in eminent Danger, and to have its Thoughts so free, as to act at that Time without Perplexity. The ancient Authors have compared this sedate Courage to a Rock that remains immoveable amidst

amidſt the Rage of Winds and Waves; but that is too ſtupid and inanimate a Similitude, and could do no Credit to the Hero. At other Times they are all of 'em wonderfully obliged to a *Lybian* Lion, which may give indeed very agreeable Terrors to a Deſcription; but is no Compliment to the Perſon to whom it is applied: Eagles, Tygers, and Wolves, are made Uſe of on the ſame Occaſion, and very often with much Beauty; but this is ſtill an Honour done to the Brute, rather than the Hero. *Mars, Pallas, Bacchus,* and *Hercules,* have each of 'em furniſhed very good Similes in their Time, and made, doubtleſs, a greater Impreſſion on the Mind of a Heathen, than they have on that of a modern Reader. But the ſublime Image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever enter'd into the Thought of Man, is in the Poem called, *The Campaign*; where the Simile of a miniſtring Angel ſets forth the moſt ſedate and the moſt active Courage, engaged in an Uproar of Nature, a Confuſion of Elements, and a Scene of Divine Vengeance. Add to all, That theſe Lines compliment the General and his Queen at the ſame Time, and have all the natural Horrors, heighten'd by the Image that was ſtill freſh in the Mind of every Reader.

'Twas then Great Marlbro'*s mighty Soul was (prov'd,*
That, in the Shock of charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia *past,*
Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm.

The whole Poem is so exquisitely Noble and Poetick, that I think it an Honour to our Nation and Language. The Gentleman concluded his Critick on this Work, by saying, that he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful Attempt to keep up the ordinary Idea's of a March of an Army, just as they happen'd in so warm and great a Style, and yet be at once Familiar and Heroick. Such a Performance is a Chronicle as well as a Poem, and will preserve the Memory of our Hero, when all the Edifices and Statues erected to his Honour are blended with common Dust.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 18.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 23d Instant, *N. S.* say, That the Allies are so forward in the Siege of *Tournay*, that they were preparing for a general Assault, which, it was supposed, would be made within a few Days. Deserters from the Town gave an Account, That the Garrison was carrying their Ammunition and Provisions into the Citadel, which occasioned a Tumult among the Inhabitants of the Town. The *French* Army had laid Bridges over the *Scarp*, and made a Motion as if they intended to pass that River; but tho' they are joined by the Reinforcement expected from *Germany*, it was not believed they would make any Attempt towards relieving *Tournay*. Letters from *Brabant* say, There has been a Discovery made of a Design to deliver up *Antwerp* to the Enemy. The States of *Holland* have agreed to a general Naturalization of all Protestants who shall fly into their

their Dominions; to which Purpose, a Proclamation was to be issued within few Days.

They write from *France*, That the great Misery and Want under which that Nation has so long laboured, has ended in a Pestilence, which began to appear in *Burgundy* and *Dauphine*. They add, That in the Town of *Mazon*, Three Hundred Persons had died in the Space of Ten Days. Letters from *Lisle* of the 24th Instant advise, That great Numbers of Deserters came daily into that City, the most Part of whom are Dragoons. We are advised from *France*, That the *Loire* having overflowed it's Banks, hath laid the Country under Water for 300 Miles together.

The TATLER. [N° 44.

—— *Nullis Amor est medicabilis Herbis.*

From *Tuesd. July* 19. to *Thursd. July* 21. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 19.

THIS Day, passing through *Covent-Garden*, I was stopp'd in the Piazza by *Pacolet*, to observe what he called the Triumph of Love and Youth. I turned to the Object he pointed at; and there I saw a gay gilt Chariot drawn by fresh prancing Horses; the Coachman with a new Cockade, and the Lacques with Insolence and Plenty in their Countenances. I asked immediately, What young Heir or Lover own'd that glittering Equipage? But my Companion interrupted: Do not you see there the mourning *Æsculapius*? The Mourning! said I. Yes *Isaac*, said *Pacolet*, He is in deep Mourning, and is the languishing hopeless Lover of the divine *Hebe*, the Emblem of Youth and Beauty. The excellent and

learned Sage you behold in that Furniture, is the ſtrongeſt Inſtance imaginable, that Love is the moſt powerful of all Things.

You are not ſo ignorant as to be a Stranger to the Character of *Æſculapius*, as the Patron and moſt ſucceſsful of all who profeſs the Art of Medicine. But as moſt of his Operations are owing to a natural Sagacity or Impulſe, he has very little troubled himſelf with the Doctrine of Drugs; but has always given Nature more Room to help her ſelf, than any of her learned Aſſiſtants; and conſequently has done greater Wonders than is in the Power of Art to perform: For which Reaſon he is half deify'd by the People; and has ever been juſtly courted by all the World, as if he were a Seventh Son.

It happen'd, that the charming *Hebe* was reduced, by a long and violent Fever, to the moſt extreme Danger of Death; and when all Skill failed, they ſent for *Æſculapius*. The renowned Artiſt was touched with the deepeſt Compaſſion to ſee the faded Charms and faint Bloom of *Hebe*; and had a generous Concern in beholding a Struggle, not between Life, but rather between Youth and Death. All his Skill and his Paſſion tended to the Recovery of *Hebe*, beautiful even in Sickneſs: But, alas! the unhappy Phyſician knew not, that in all his Care he was only ſharpening Darts for his own Deſtruction. In a Word, his Fortune was the ſame with that of the Statuary, who fell in Love with the Image of his own making; and the unfortunate *Æſculapius* is become the Patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this Diſaſter, *Æſculapius* was far gone in the unneceſſary and ſuperfluous Amuſements of old Age, in increaſing unweildy Stores, and providing in the midſt of an Incapacity of Enjoyment of what he had, for a Supply of more Wants than he had Calls for in Youth it ſelf. But theſe low Conſiderations are

are now no more, and Love has taken Place of Avarice, or rather is become an Avarice of another Kind, which ſtill urges him to purſue what he does not want. But behold the Metamorphoſis; the anxious mean Cares of an Uſurer are turned into the Languiſhments and Complaints of a Lover. Behold, ſays the aged *Æſculapius*, I ſubmit, I own, great Love, thy Empire: Pity, *Hebe*, the Fop you have made: What have I to do with Guilding but on Pills? Yet, O Fair! For thee I ſit amidſt a Crowd of painted Dieties on my Chariot, button'd in Gold, claſp'd in Gold, without having any Value for that beloved Metals, but as it adorns the Perſon, and laces the Hat of thy dying Lover. I ask not to live, O *Hebe!* Give me but gentle Death: *Euthanaſia*, *Euthanaſia*, that is all I implore. When *Æſculapius* had finiſhed his Complaint, *Pacolet* went on in deep Morals on the Incertainty of Riches with this remarkable Exclamation; O Wealth! How impotent art thou? And how little doſt thou ſupply us with real Happineſs, when the Uſurer himſelf can forget thee for the Love of what is as foreign to his Felicity as thou art?

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 19.

The Company here, who have all a delicate Taſte of Theatrical Repreſentations, had made a Gathering to purchaſe the Moveables of the neighbouring Play-houſe, for the Encouragement of one which is ſetting up in the *Hay-Market*. But the Proceedings at the Auction (by which Method the Goods have been ſold this Evening) have been ſo unfair, that the generous Deſign has been fruſtrated; for the *Imperial Mantle made for Cyrus* was miſſing, as alſo the *Chariot and Two Dragons:* But upon Examination it was found, that a Gentleman of *Hampſhire* had clandeſtinely bought them both, and is gone down to his Country Seat; and that on

Saturday laſt he paſſed through *Staines* attired in that Robe, and drawn by the ſaid *Dragons*, aſſiſted by Two only of his own Horſes. This Theatrical Traveller has alſo left Orders with Mr. *Hall* to ſend the faded Rainbow to the Scowrers, and when it comes home, to diſpatch it after him. At the ſame Time *C*—— *R*—— Eſq; is invited to bring down his *Setting Sun* himſelf, and be Box-keeper to a Theatre erected by this Gentleman near *Southampton*. Thus there has been nothing but Artifice in the Management of this Affair; for which Reaſon I beg Pardon of the Town, that I inſerted the Inventory in my Paper, and ſolemnly proteſt, I knew nothing of this artful Deſign of vending theſe Rarities: But I meant only the Good of the World in that and all other Things which I indulge.

And now I am upon this Subject, I muſt do my ſelf Juſtice in Relation to an Article in a former Paper, wherein I made Mention of a Perſon who keeps a Puppet-Show in the Town of *Bath*; I was tender of naming Names, and only juſt hinted, that he makes larger Promiſes, when he invites People to his Dramatick Repreſentations, than he is able to perform: But I am credibly informed, that he makes a prophane lewd Jeſter, whom he calls *Punch*, ſpeak to the Diſhonour of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* with great Familiarity; and before all my learned Friends in that Place, takes upon him to diſpute my Title to the Appellation of *Eſquire*. I think I need not ſay much to convince all the World, that this Mr. *Powell* (for that is his Name) is a pragmatical and vain Perſon to pretend to argue with me on any Subject. *Meum certaſſe feretur*; that is to ſay, It will be an Honour to him to have it ſaid he contended with me; but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his Wires, and know very well the whole

whole Trick of his Art, and that it is only by these Wires that the Eye of the Spectator is [illegible]cated, and hinder'd from seeing that there is a Thread on one of *Punch*'s Chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the Discretion of the said *Powell*, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak sawcily of his Betters. He! To pretend to make Prologues against me! —— But a Man never behaves himself with Decency in his own Case; therefore I shall command my self, and never trouble me further with this little Fellow, who is himself but a tall Puppet, and has not Brains enough to make even Wood speak as it ought to do: And I, that have heard the Groaning Board, can despise all that his Puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis Ligno non fit Mercurius*. He has pretended to write to me also from the *Bath*, and says, He thought to have deferred giving me an Answer till he came *to his Books*; but that my Writings might do well with the Waters: Which are pert Expressions that become a School-boy, better than one that is to teach others: And when I have said a civil Thing to him, he cries, *Oh! I thank you for that---- I am your humble Servant for that*. Ah! Mr. *Powell*, these smart Civilities will never run down Men of Learning: I know well enough your Design is to have all Men *Automata*, like your Puppets; but the World is grown too wise, and can look through these thin Devices. I know you design to make a Reply to this; but be sure you stick close to my Words; for if you bring me into Discourses concerning the Government of your Puppets, I must tell you, *I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at Leisure to answer you*. It is really a burning Shame this Man should be tolerated in abusing the World with such Representations of Things: But his Parts

P 5 decay,

decay, and he is not much more alive than *Partridge.*

From my own Apartment, July 14.

I must beg Pardon of my Readers that for this Time I have, I fear, huddled up my Discourse, having been very busy in helping an old Friend of mine out of Town. He has a very good Estate, is a Man of Wit; but he has been Three Years absent from Town, and can't bear a Jest; for which Reason I have, with some Pains, convinc'd him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright Bankrupt. He was so fond of dear *London,* that he began to fret only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laugh'd at, I took a Place in the Northern Coach for him and his Family; and hope he is got to Night safe from all Sneerers in his own Parlour.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.

This Morning we received by Express, the agreeable News of the Surrender of the Town of *Tournay* on the 28th Instant, *N. S.* The Place was assaulted at the Attacks of General *Schuylemberg*, and that of General *Lottum*, at the same Time. The Action at both those Parts of the Town was very obstinate, and the Allies lost a considerable Number at the Beginning of the Dispute; but the Fight was continued with so great Bravery, that the Enemy observing our Men to be Masters of all the Posts which were necessary for a general Attack, beat the *Chamade*, and Hostages were received from the Town, and others sent from the Besiegers, in order to come to a formal Capitulation for the Surrender of the Place. We have also this Day received Advice, That Sir *John Leak*, who lies off of *Dunkirk*, had intercepted several Ships laden with Corn from the *Baltick*; and that the

Dutch

Dutch Privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into *Holland*. The *French* Letters advise, That the young Son to the Duke of *Anjou* lived but Eight Days.

The TATLER. [N° 45.

Credo Pudicitiam Saturno Rege moratam
In Terris. ——

From *Thursd. July* 21. to *Saturd. July* 23. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 22.

THE other Day I took a Walk a Mile or Two out of Town, and strolling wherever Chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a By-Road, along which was a very agreeable Quickset, of an extraordinary Height, which surrounded a very delicious Seat and Garden. From one Angle of the Hedge, I heard a Voice cry, Sir, Sir —— This rais'd my Curiosity, and I heard the same Voice say, but in a gentle Tone, Come forward, come forward. I did so, and one through the Hedge called me by my Name, and bad me go on to the Left, and I should be admitted to visit an old Acquaintance in Distress. The Laws of Knight Errantry made me obey the Summons without Hesitation; and I was let in at the Back-Gate of a lovely House by a Maid-Servant, who carried me from Room to Room, till I came into a Gallery; at the End of which, I saw a fine Lady dressed in the most sumptuous Habit, as if she were going to a Ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate Sorrow in her Face that

that I ever beheld. As I came near, ſhe burſt into Tears, and cry'd, Sir, Do not you know the unhappy *Teraminta*? I ſoon recollected her whole Perſon: But (ſaid I) Madam, The Simplicity of Dreſs, in which I have ever ſeen you at your good Father's Houſe, and the Chearfulneſs of Countenance with which you always appeared, are ſo unlike the Faſhion and Temper you are now in, that I did not eaſily recover the Memory of you. Your Habit was then decent and modeſt, your Looks ſerene and beautiful: Whence then this unaccountable Change? Nothing can ſpeak ſo deep a Sorrow as your preſent Aſpect; yet your Dreſs is made for Jollity and Revelling. It is (ſaid ſhe) an unſpeakable Pleaſure to meet with one I know, and to bewail my ſelf to any that is not an utter Stranger to Humanity.

When your Friend my Father died, he left me to a wide World, with no Defence againſt the Inſults of Fortune; but rather, a Thouſand Snares to intrap me in the Dangers to which Youth and Innocence are expoſed, in an Age wherein Honour and Virtue are become mere Words, and uſed only as they ſerve to betray thoſe who underſtand them in their native Senſe, and obey them as the Guides and Motives of their Being. The wickedſt of all Men living, the abandoned *Decius*, who has no Knowledge of any good Art or Purpoſe of Humane Life, but as it tends to the Satisfaction of his Appetites, had Opportunities of frequently ſeeing and entertaining me at a Houſe where mixed Company boarded, and where he placed himſelf for the baſe Intention which he has ſince brought to paſs. *Decius* ſaw enough in me to raiſe his brutal Deſires, and my Circumſtances gave him Hopes of accompliſhing them. But all the glittering Expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private Terrors of Poverty,

verty it ſelf, could not for ſome Months prevail upon me; yet however I hated his Intention, I ſtill had a ſecret Satisfaction in his Courtſhip, and always expoſed my ſelf to his Solicitations. See here the Bane of our Sex! Let the Flattery be never ſo apparent, the Flatterer never ſo ill thought of, his Praiſes are ſtill agreeable, and we contribute to our own Deceit. I was therefore ever fond of all Opportunities and Pretences of being in his Company. In a Word, I was at laſt ruined by him, and brought to this Place, where I have been ever ſince immur'd; and from the fatal Day after my Fall from Innocence, my Worſhipper became my Maſter and my Tyrant.

Thus you ſee me habited in the moſt gorgeous Manner, not in Honour of me as a Woman he loves, but as this Attire charms his own Eye, and urges him to repeat the Gratification he takes in me, as the Servant of his brutiſh Luſts and Appetites. I know not where to fly for Redreſs; but am here pining away Life in the Solitude and Severity of a Nun, but the Conſcience and Guilt of an Harlot. I live in this lewd Practice with a Religious Awe of my Miniſter of Darkneſs, upbraided with the Support I receive from him, for the ineſtimable Poſſeſſion of Youth, of Innocence, of Honour, and of Conſcience. I ſee, Sir, my Diſcourſe grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint in ſo ſtrong Colours, as to let *Decius* ſee I am diſcovered to be in his Poſſeſſion, that I may be turned out of this deteſtable Scene of regular Iniquity, and either think no more, or ſin no more. If your Writings have the good Effect of gaining my Enlargement, I promiſe you I will attone for this unhappy Step, by preferring an innocent laborious Poverty, to all the guilty Affluence the World can offer me.

Will's

Will's Coffee-house, July 21.

To ſhow that I do not bear an irreconcilable Hatred to my mortal Enemy, Mr. *Powell* at *Bath*, I do his Function the Honour to publiſh to the World, that Plays repreſented by Puppets are permitted in our Univerſities, and that Sort of *Drama* is not wholly thought unworthy the Critick of learned Heads: But as I have been converſant rather with the greater Ode, as I think the Criticks call it, I muſt be ſo humble as to make a Requeſt to Mr. *Powell*, and deſire him to apply his Thoughts to anſwering the Difficulties with which my Kinſman, the Author of the following Letter, ſeems to be embaraſſed.

To my Honoured Kinſman Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq*;

Dear Couſin,

'HAD the Family of the *Beadleſtaffs*, whereof I, tho' unworthy, am one, known of 'your being lately at *Oxon*, we had in our own 'Name, and in the Univerſities, (as it is our 'Office) made you a Compliment: But your 'ſhort Stay here robbed us of an Opportunity 'of paying our due Reſpects, and you of re'ceiving an ingenious Entertainment, with 'which we at preſent divert our ſelves and 'Strangers. A *Puppet-Show* at this Time ſup'plies the Want of an *ACT*. And ſince the 'Nymphs of this City are diſappointed of a luſ'cious Muſick-Speech, and the Country Ladies 'of hearing their Sons or Brothers ſpeak Ver'ſes; yet the vocal Machines, like them, by 'the Help of a Prompter, ſay Things as much 'to the Benefit of the Audience, and almoſt as 'properly their own. The Licence of *Terræ-'Filius* is refined to the well-bred Satyr of *Pun'chenello*. Now, Couſin *Bickerſtaff*, tho' *Punch* 'has

'has neither a *French* Nightcap, nor Long 'Pockets, yet you must own him to be a Pret'ty Fellow, a *very* Pretty Fellow: Nay, since 'he seldom leaves the Company, without cal'ling, Son of a Whore, demanding Satisfaction, 'and Duelling, he must be owned a *Smart* 'Fellow too. Yet, by some Indecencies towards 'the Ladies, he seems to be of a Third Cha'racter, distinct from any you have yet touch'd 'upon. A young Gentleman who sate next me '(for I had the Curiosity of seeing this Enter'tainment) in a tufted Gown, red Stockings, 'and long Wig, (which I pronounce to be 'tantamount to red Heels, and a dangling 'Cane) was enraged when *Punchenello* distur'bed a soft Love-Scene with his Ribaldry. 'You would oblige us mightily by laying down 'some Rules for adjusting the extravagant Beha'viour of this *Almanzor* of the Play, and by wri'ting a Treatise on this Sort of Dramatick Poe'try, so much favoured, and so little understood, 'by the learned World.

'From its being conveyed in a Cart after the '*Thespian* Manner, all the Parts being recited 'by one Person, as the Custom was before *Æs'chilus*, and the Behaviour of *Punch* as if 'he had won the Goal, you may possibly deduce 'its Antiquity, and settle the Chronology, as 'well as some of our Modern Criticks. In its 'natural Transitions, from Mournful to Merry; 'as, from the Hanging of a Lover, to Dancing 'upon the Rope; from the Stalking of a 'Ghost, to a Lady's presenting you with a Jig; 'you may discover such a Decorum, as is not 'to be found elsewhere than in our *Tragi-Come'dies*. But I forget my self; 'tis not for me to 'dictate: I thought fit, dear Cousin, to give 'you these Hints, to shew you, that the *Beadle'staffs* don't walk before Men of Letters to no

'Pur-

' Purpose; and that tho' we do but hold up the ' Train of Arts and Sciences, yet like other ' Pages, we are now and then let into our La- ' dies Secrets. I am

Your most

Affectionate

Kinsman,

Benjamin Beadlestaff.

From Mother *Gourdon*'s, at *Hedington* near *Oxon*, *June* 18.

From own Apartment, July 22.

I am got hither safe, but never spent Time with so little Satisfaction as this Evening; for you must know, I was Five Hours with Three *Merry*, and Two *Honest Fellows*. The former sang Catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the Noise they made. Well, (says *Tom Belfrey*) You Scholars, Mr. *Bickerstaff*, are the worst Company in the World. Ay, (says his Opposite) You are dull to Night; prithee be merry. With that I huzza'd, and took a Jump cross the Table, then came clever upon my Legs, and fell a laughing. Let Mr. *Bickerstaff* alone (says one of the *Honest Fellows*), when he's in a good Humour, he's as good Company as any Man in *England*. He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his Hat off his Head, and clap'd it upon my own, and burst out a laughing again; upon which we all fell a laughing for half an Hour. One of the *Honest Fellows* got behind me in the Interim, and hit me a sound Slap on the Back; upon which he got the Laugh out of my Hands, and it was such a Twang on my Shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good Humour of

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the Company; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a Bumper of Claret, that made me stare again. Nay, (says one of the *Honest Fellows*) Mr. *Isaac* is in the Right, there is no Conversation in this; What signifies Jumping, or hitting one another on the Back? Let's drink about. We did so from Seven a Clock till Eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the Manner of the wise *Pythagoras*, begin to reflect upon the Passages of the Day. I remember nothing, but that I am bruised to Death; and as it is my Way to write down all the good Things I have heard in the last Conversation to furnish my Paper, I can from this only tell you my Sufferings, and my Bangs.

I named *Pythagoras* just now, and I protest to you, as he believed Men after Death enter'd into other Species, I am now and then tempted to think other Animals enter into Men, and could name several on Two Legs, that never discover any Sentiment above what is common with the Species of a lower Kind; as we see in these bodily Wits whom I was with to Night, whose Parts consist in Strength and Activity; but their boisterous Mirth gives me great Impatience for the Return of such Happiness as I enjoyed in a Conversation last Week. Among others in that Company, we had *Florio*, who never interrupted any Man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His Discourse ever arises from a Fulness of the Matter before him, and not from Ostentation or Triumph of his Understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that End in View; and his Forbearance of Calumny or Bitterness, is owing rather to his good Nature than his Discretion; for which Reason, he is esteemed a Gentleman perfectly qualified for

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Converſation, in whom a general Good-will to Mankind takes off the Neceſſity of Caution and Circumſpection.

We had at the ſame Time that Evening the beſt Sort of Companion that can be, a good-natured old Man. This Perſon meets, in the Company of young Men, Veneration for his Benevolence, and is not only valued for the good Qualities of which he is Maſter, but reaps an Acceptance from the Pardon he gives to other Mens Faults: And the ingenious Sort of Men with whom he converſes, have ſo juſt a Regard for him, that he rather is an Example, than a Check to their Behaviour. For this Reaſon, as *Senecio* never pretends to be a Man of Pleaſure before Youth, ſo young Men never ſet up for Wiſdom before *Senecio*; ſo that you never meet, where he is, thoſe Monſters of Converſation, who are grave or gay above their Years. He never converſes but with Followers of Nature and good Senſe, where all that is uttered is only the Effect of a communicable Temper, and not of Emulation to excel their Companions; all Deſire of Superiority being a Contradiction to that Spirit which makes a juſt Converſation, the very Eſſence of which is mutual Good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a Rule, that the natural, and not the acquired Man, is the Companion. Learning, Wit, Gallantry, and good Breeding, are all but ſubordinate Qualities in Society, and are of no Value, but as they are ſubſervient to Benevolence, and tend to a certain Manner of being or appearing equal to the reſt of the Company; for Converſation is compoſed of an Aſſembly of Men, as they are Men, and not as they are diſtinguiſhed by Fortune: Therefore he that brings his Quality with him into Converſation, ſhould always pay the Reckoning; for he came to receive Homage, and not to meet his Friends.—— But the

the Din about my Ears from the Clamour of the People I was with this Evening, has carried me beyond my intended Purpose, which was to explain upon the Order of *Merry Fellows*; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good *Senecio*, with a Spice of the Wit of the last Age, says, *viz.* That a *Merry Fellow* is the *Saddest Fellow* in the World.

The TATLER. [N° 46.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una Sede morantur,
Majestas & Amor. ——

From *Saturd. July* 23. to *Tuesd. July* 26. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 25.

WE see every Day Volumes written against that Tyrant of Humane Life called *Love*, and yet there is no Help found against his Cruelties, or Barrier against the Inroads he is pleased to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Instances of what I have asserted. That Expectation cannot be raised too high for the Novelty of the History, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengezebe*, who has resided for some Years in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentleman. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, appeared from the Hour of Twelve till that of Two at a Coffee-house near the *Change*, and had a Seat (though without a Canopy) sacred to himself, where

where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Usury and Abatement, with all Things necessary for helping the Distressed, who are willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the rest; or such joyous Youths, whose Philosophy is confined to the present Hour, and were desirous to call in the Revenue of next half Year to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himself after this Manner: And as Alliances are necessary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Interests of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When all Mankind were attacking that unhappy Monarch, and those who had neither Valour or Wit to oppose against him, would be still showing their impotent Malice by laying Wagers in Opposition to his Interests, *Aurengezebe* ever took the Part of his Contemporary, and laid immense Treasures on his Side in Defence of his important Magazine of *Toulon*. *Aurengezebe* also had all this while a constant Intelligence with *India*; and his Letters were answered in Jewels, which he soon made Brillant, and caused to be affixed to his Imperial Castor, which he always wears cock'd in Front, to show his Defiance; with an Heap of Imperial Snuff in the Middle of his ample Visage, to show his Sagacity. The Zealots, for this little Spot called *Great-Britain*, fell universally into this Emperor's Policies, and paid Homage to his superior Genius, in forfeiting their Coffers to his Treasury.

But Wealth and Wisdom are Possessions too solemn not to give Weariness to active Minds, without the Relief (in vacant Hours) of Wit, and Love, which are the proper Amusements of the Powerful and the Wise: This Emperor therefore, with great Regularity, every Day at Five in the After-

Afternoon, leaves his Money-Changers, his Publicans, and little Hoarders of Wealth, to their low Purſuits, and aſcends his Chariot to drive to *Will*'s; where the Taſte is refined, and a Reliſh given to Mens Poſſeſſions, by a polite Skill in gratifying their Paſſions and Appetites. There it is that the Emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a Miſer, to gaze only on his Ingots or his Treaſures; but with a nobler Satiſfaction, to live the Admiration of others, for his Splendour and Happineſs in being Maſter of them. But a Prince is no more to be his own Caterer in his Love, than in his Food; therefore *Aurengezebe* has ever in Waiting Two Purveyors for his Diſhes, and his Wenches for his retired Hours, by whom the Scene of his Diverſion is prepared in the following Manner.

There is near *Covent-Garden* a Street known by the Name of *Drury*, which, before the Days of Chriſtianity, was purchaſed by the Queen of *Paphos*, and is the only Part of *Great-Britain* where the Tenure of Vaſſalage is ſtill in Being. All that long Courſe of Building is under particular Diſtricts or Ladiſhips, after the Manner of Lordſhips in other Parts, over which Matrons of known Abilities preſide, and have, for the Support of their Age and Infirmities, certain Taxes paid out of the Rewards of the amorous Labours of the Young. This Seraglio of *Great Britain* is diſpoſed into convenient Allies and Apartments, and every Houſe, from the Cellar to the Garret, inhabited by Nymphs of different Orders: that Perſons of every Rank may be accommodated with an immediate Conſort, to allay their Flames, and partake of their Cares. Here it is, that when *Aurengezebe* thinks fit to give a Looſe to Dalliance, the Purveyors prepare the Entertainment; and what makes it more

auguſt

august is, that every Person concerned in the Interlude has his set Part, and the Prince sends before-hand Word what he designs to say, and directs also the very Answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this Emperor has a continual Commerce with *India*; and it is to be noted, that the largest Stone that rich Earth has produced, is in our *Aurengezebe*'s Possession.

But all Things are now disposed for his Reception. At his Entrance into the *Seraglio*, a Servant delivers him his Bever of State and Love, on which is fixed this inestimable Jewel as his Diadem. When he is seated, the Purvoyors, *Pandarus* and *Nuncio*, marching on each Side of the Matron of the House, introduce her into his Presence. In the midst of the Room, they bow all together to the Diadem.

When the Matron ——

Whoever thou art, (as thy awful Aspect speaks thee a Man of Power) be propitious to this Mansion of Love, and let not the Severity of thy Wisdom disdain, that by the Representation of naked Innocence, or pastoral Figures, we revive in thee the Memory at least of that Power of Venus, *to which all the Wise and the Brave are some Part of their Lives devoted.* *Aurengezebe* consents by a Nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy Nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the Hands of a Ravisher, with her Tresses dishevel'd, runs into the Room with a Dagger in her Hand, and falls before the Emperor.

Pity! Oh, pity! whoever thou art, an unhappy Virgin, whom one of thy Train has robbed of her Innocence; her Innocence, which was all her Por-

Portion---- Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia----- Upon which ſhe ſtabs her ſelf. The Body is immediately examined after the Manner of our Coroners. *Lucretia* recovers by a Cup of right *Nants*; and the Matron, who is her next Relation, ſtops all Proceſs at Law.

This unhappy Affair is no ſooner over, but a naked Mad-woman breaks into the Room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies *Aurengezebe*, the Object of all her Fury and Love, ſhe calls for Petticoats, is ready to ſink with Shame, and is dreſſed in all haſte in new Attire at his Charge. This unexpected Accident of the Mad-woman, makes *Aurengezebe* curious to know, whether others who are in their Senſes can gueſs at his Quality. For which Reaſon the whole Convent is examined one by one. The Matron marches in with a tawdry Country Girl---- Pray *Winifred*, (ſays ſhe) Who do you think that fine Man with thoſe Jewels and Pearls is?---- I believe (ſays *Winifred*) it is our Landlord---- It muſt be the 'Squire himſelf---- The Emperor laughs at her Simplicity---- Go Fool, ſays the Matron: Then turning to the Emperor---- Your Greatneſs will pardon her Ignorance! After her, ſeveral others of different Characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is in the ſame Manner: Then the whole Siſterhood are called together, and the Emperor riſes, and cocking his Hat, declares, He is the *Great Mogul*, and they his Concubines. A general Murmur goes through the Aſſembly, and *Aurenzegebe* certifying, that he keeps them for State rather than Uſe; tells them, they are permitted to receive all Men into their Apartments; then proceeds through the Crowd, among whom he throws Medals ſhaped like Half-Crowns, and returns to his Chariot.

This

This being all that paſſed the laſt Day in which *Aurengezebe* viſited the Women's Apartments, I conſulted *Pacolet* concerning the Foundation of ſuch ſtrange Amuſements in old Age: To which he anſwered; You may remember, when I gave you an Account of my good Fortune in being drowned on the 30th Day of my Humane Life, I told you of the Diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe have met with before I arrived at the End of my *Stamen*, which was Sixty Years. I may now add an Obſervation to you, That all who exceed that Period, except the latter Part of it is ſpent in the Exerciſe of Virtue and Contemplation of Futurity, muſt neceſſarily fall into an Indecent old Age, becauſe, with Regard to all the Enjoyments of the Years of Vigour and Manhood, Childhood returns upon them: And as Infants ride on Sticks, build Houſes in Dirt, and make Ships in Gutters, by a faint Idea of Things they are to act hereafter; ſo old Men play the Lovers, Potentates, and Emperors, from the decaying Image of the more perfect Performances of their ſtronger Years: Therefore be ſure to inſert *Æſculapius* and *Aurengezebe* in your next Bill of Mortality of the Metaphorically Defunct.

Will's Coffee-houſe, July 24.

As ſoon as I came hither this Evening, no leſs than Ten People produced the following Poem, which they all reported was ſent to each of them by the Penny-Poſt from an unknown Hand All the Battle-Writers in the Room were in Debate, who could be the Author of a Piece ſo martially written; and every Body applauded the Addreſs and Skill of the Author, in calling it a *Poſtſcript*: It being the Nature of a Poſt-

a Poſtſcript to contain ſomething very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expreſſed in the Letter it ſelf. Thus, the Verſes being occaſion'd by a March without Beat of Drum, and that Circumſtance being no ways taken Notice of in any of the Stanza's, the Author calls it a Poſtſcript; not that it is a Poſtſcript, but figuretively, becauſe it wants a Poſtſcript. Common Writers, when what they mean is not expreſſed in the Book it ſelf, ſupply it by a Preface; but a Poſtſcript ſeems to me the more juſt Way of Apology; becauſe otherwiſe a Man makes an Excuſe before the Offence is committed. All the Heroick Poets were gueſſed at for its Author; but though we could not find out his Name, yet one repeated a Couplet in *Hudibras* which ſpoke his Qualifications.

I'th' Midſt of all this Warlike Rabble,
Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

The Poem is admirably ſuited to the Occaſion: For to write without diſcovering your Meaning, bears a juſt Reſemblance to Marching without Beat of Drum.

On the March to Tournay *without Beat of Drum.*

The *Bruſſels* POSTSCRIPT.

Could I with plaineſt Words expreſs
That great Man's wonderful Addreſs,
His Penetration, and his tow'ring Thought;
It would the gazing World ſurprize,
To ſee one Man at all Times wiſe,
To view the Wonders he with Eaſe has wrought.

Refining Schemes approach his Mind,
Like Breezes of a Southern Wind,
To temperate a ſultry glorious Day;
Whoſe Fannings, with an uſeful Pride,
Its mighty Heat doth ſoftly guide,
And having cleared the Air, glide ſilently away.

Thus his Immenſity of Thought,
Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,
His Temper always ſoftning Life's Diſeaſe;
That Fortune, when ſhe does intend
To rudely frown, ſhe turns his Friend,
Admires his Judgment, and applauds his Eaſe,

His great Addreſs in this Deſign,
Does now, and will for ever ſhine,
And wants a Waller *but to do him Right:*
The whole Amuſement was ſo ſtrong,
Like Fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay*'s took by a peculiar Slight.*

Thus, Madam, all Mankind behold
Your vaſt Aſcendant, not by Gold,
But by your Wiſdom, and your pious Life:
Your Aim no more, than to deſtroy
That which does Europe's *Eaſe annoy,*
And ſuperſede a Reign of Shame and Strife.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, July 24.

My Brethren of the Quill, the ingenious Society of News-writers, having with great Spirit and Elegance already informed the World, that the Town of *Tournay* capitulated on the 28th Inſtant, there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good Company here, that we have Reaſon to hope for an Opportunity of thanking Mr. *Withers* next Winter in this Place, for the Service he has done his Country. No Man deſerves better of his Friends than

than that Gentleman, whose distinguishing Character it is, that he gives his Orders with the Familiarity, and enjoys his Fortune with the Generosity, of a Fellow-Soldier. His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* had also an eminent Part in the Reduction of this important Place. That illustrious Youth discovers the peculiar Turn of Spirit and Greatness of Soul, which only make Men of high Birth and Quality useful to their Country; and considers Nobility as an imaginary Distinction, unless accompanied with the Practice of those generous Virtues by which it ought to be obtained. But that our Military Glory is arrived at its present Height, and that Men of all Ranks so passionately affect their Share in it, is certainly owing to the Merit and Conduct of our glorious General: For as the great Secret in Chymistry, though not in Nature, has occasioned many useful Discoveries; and the fantastick Notion of being wholly disinterested in Friendship, has made Men do a Thousand generous Actions above themselves; so, though the present Grandeur and Fame of the Duke of *Marlborough* is a Station of Glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their Actions to an higher Pitch, by having that great Example laid before them.

The TATLER. [Nº 47.

Quicquid agunt Homines nostri Farrago Libelli.

From *Tuesd. July* 26. to *Thursd. July* 28. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, July 27.

MY Friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his Letters from *Epsom* of the 25th Instant, which give, in general, a very good Account of the present Posture of Affairs in that Place; but that the Tranquillity and Correspondence of the Company begins to be interrupted by the Arrival of Sir *Taffety Trippet*, a Fortune-hunter, whose Follies are too gross to give Diversion; and whose Vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a publick Offence. If People will indulge a splenatick Humour, it is impossible to be at Ease, when such Creatures as are the Scandal of our Species set up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more easy therefore to laugh Sir *Taffety* into Reason, than convert him from his Foppery by any serious Contempt. I knew a Gentleman that made it a Maxim to open his Doors, and ever run into the Way of Bullies, to avoid their Insolence. The Rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: They are never mortified, but when they see you receive, and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your Ignorance makes them out of your good Graces; or, that 'tis only Want of Admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shun'd and avoided. But Sir *Taffety* is a Fop of so sanguine a Complexion, that I fear it will be

be very hard for the fair One he at present pursues to get rid of the Chace, without being so tired, as for her own Ease to fall into the Mouth of the Mungrel she runs from. But the History of Sir *Taffety* is as pleasant as his Character.

It happened, that when he first set up for a Fortune-hunter, he chose *Tunbridge* for the Scene of Action; where were at that Time two Sisters upon the same Design. The Knight believed of Course the Elder must be the better Prize; and consequently makes all his Sail that Way. People that want Sense, do always in an egregious Manner want Modesty, which made our Hero triumph in making his Amour as publick as was possible. The adored Lady was no less vain of his publick Addresses. An Attorney with one Cause is not half so restless as a Woman with one Lover. Where-ever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other Partner at Balls, saluted at the most conspicuous Parts of the Service at Church, and practised in Honour of each other all the remarkable Particularities which are usual for Persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the World. These two Lovers seem'd as much made for each other as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounced it a Match of Nature's own making; but the Night before the Nuptials, (so universally approved) the younger Sister, envious of the good Fortune even of her Sister, who had been present at most of their Interviews, and had an equal Tast for the Charms of a Fop (as there are a Set of Women made for that Order of Men); the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a Prize pass by her, discovered to Sir *Taffety*, that a Coquet Air, much Tongue, and three Suits, was all the Portion of his Mistress. His Love vanished that Moment, himself and Equipage

the next Morning. It is uncertain where the Lover has been ever ſince engag'd; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his Character as a Follower of Love and Fortune till he arrived at *Epſom*, where there is at preſent a young Lady of Youth, Beauty, and Fortune, who has alarmed all the Vain and the Impertinent to infeſt that Quarter. At the Head of this Aſſembly, Sir *Taffety* ſhines in the brighteſt Manner, with all the Accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the Heart of Woman; with this particular Merit, (which often is of great Service) that he is laughed at for her Sake. The Friends of the fair One are in much Pain for the Sufferings ſhe goes through from the Perſeverance of this Hero; but they may be much more ſo from the Danger of his ſucceeding, toward which they give him an helping Hand, if they diſſwade her with Bitterneſs; for there is a fantaſtical Generoſity in the Sex, to approve Creatures of the leaſt Merit imaginable, when they ſee the Imperfections of their Admirers are become Marks of Deriſion for their Sakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a Woman in her own Judgment, has won her by being too violently oppoſed by others.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, July 27.

In the ſeveral Capacities I bear, of Aſtrologer, Civilian, and Phyſician, I have with great Application ſtudied the publick Emolument: To this End ſerve all my Lucubrations, Speculations, and whatever other Labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this Motive am I induced to publiſh a never-failing Medicine for the Spleen: My Experience in this Diſtemper came from a very remarkable Cure on my ever worthy Friend *Tom Spindle*, who through exceſſive Gaiety, had exhauſted that

that natural Stock of Wit and Spirits he had long been bleſſed with: He was ſunk and flattened to the lower Degree imaginable, ſitting whole Hours over the *Book of Martyrs*, and *Pilgrims Progreſs*; his other Contemplations never riſing higher than the Colour of his Urine, or Regularity of his Pulſe. In this Condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. *Drachm*, and a good old Nurſe. *Drachm* had preſcribed Magazines of Herbs, and Mines of Steel. I ſoon diſcovered the Malady, and deſcanted on the Nature of it, till I convinced both the Patient and his Nurſe, that the Spleen is not to be cured by Medicine, but by Poetry. *Apollo*, the Author of Phyſick, ſhone with diffuſive Rays the beſt of Poets as well as of Phyſicians; and it is in this double Capacity that I have made my Way, and have found ſweet, eaſy, flowring Numbers, are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt Medicines. When the Spirits are low, and Nature ſunk, the Muſe, with ſprightly and harmonious Notes, gives an unexpected Turn with a Grain of Poetry, which I prepare without the Uſe of Mercury. I have done Wonders in this Kind; for the Spleen is like the *Tarantula*, the Effects of whoſe malignant Poiſon are to be prevented by no other Remedy but the Charms of Muſick: For you are to underſtand, that as ſome noxious Animals carry Antidotes for their own Poiſons; ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in Poetry: For though it is ſomtimes a Diſeaſe, it is to be cured only by it ſelf. Now I knowing *Tom Spindle*'s Conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty Gentleman, but alſo a pretty Poet, found the true Cauſe of his Diſtemper was a violent Grief that moved his Affections too ſtrongly: For during the late Treaty of Peace, he had writ a moſt excellent Poem on that Subject;

and when he wanted but two Lines in the last Stanza for finishing the whole Piece, there comes News that the *French* Tyrant would not sign. *Spindle* in a few Days took his Bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great Probability the *French* would now sue to us for Peace. I saw immediately a new Life in his Eyes; and knew, that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing Verses which he would believe worse than his own; I read him therefore the *Brussels Postscript.* After which I recited some Heroick Lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the Tympanum of his Ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other Sounds for a Fortnight; and have Reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the Day before his Poem.

This (you see) is a particular Secret I have found out, *viz.* That you are not to chuse your Physician for his Knowledge in your Distemper, but for having it himself. Therefore I am at Hand for all Maladies arising from Poetical Vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other Day to one in Love, I took indeed their three Guinea's, and gave them my Advice; which was, to send for *Æsculapius. Æsculapius*, as soon as he saw the Patient, cries out, 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Oh! the unequal Pulse! These are the Symptoms a Lover feels; such Sighs, such Pangs, attend the uneasy Mind; nor can our Art, or all our boasted Skill, avail —— Yet, O Fair! for thee —— Thus the Sage ran on, and owned the Passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater Pain than ever he cured: After which he concluded, All I can advise, is Marriage: Charms and Beauty will give new Life and Vigour, and turn the Course of Nature to its better Prospect. This is the new Way; and

thus

thus *Æsculapius* has left his beloved Powders, and writes a *Recipe* for a Wife at Sixty. In short; my Friend followed the Prescription, and married Youth and Beauty in its perfect Bloom.

Supine in Silvia's *snowy Arms he lies,*
And all the busy Care of Life defies:
Each happy Hour is fill'd with fresh Delight,
While Peace the Day, and Pleasure crowns the [Night.

From my own Apartment, July 27.

Tragical Passion was the Subject of the Discourse where I last visited this Evening; and a Gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep Tragedy, directed his Discourse in a particular Manner to me. It is the common Fault (said he) of you, Gentlemen, who write in the Buskin Style, that you give us rather the Sentiments of such who behold Tragical Events, than of such who bear a Part in 'em themselves. I would advise all who pretend this Way, to read *Shakespear* with Care, and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called Tragedy. The Way of common Writers in this Kind, is rather the *Description* than the *Expression* of Sorrow. There is no Medium in these Attempts; and you must go to the very Bottom of the Heart, or it is all mere Language; and the Writer of such Lines is no more a Poet, than a Man is a Physician for knowing the Names of Distempers, without the Causes of them. Men of Sense are professed Enemies to all such empty Labours: For he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a Wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a Tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The

Gentleman went on with much Warmth ; but all he could ſay had little Effect upon me : But when I came hither, I ſo far obſerved his Counſel, that I looked into *Shakeſpear*. The Tragedy I dipped into, was *Harry the Fourth*. In the Scene where *Morton* is preparing to tell *Northumberland* of his Son's Death, the old Man does not give him Time to ſpeak, but ſays,

The Whiteneſs of thy Cheeks
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell thy Errand;
Even ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo Woe--- Be gone.
Drew Priam's *Curtain at the dead of Night,*
And would have told him half his Troy *was burnt :*
But Priam *found the Fire, e're he his Tongue,*
And I my Percy's *Death e're thou report'ſt it.*

The Image in this Place is wonderfully noble and great ; yet this Man in all this is but riſing towards his great Affliction, and is ſtill enough himſelf, as you ſee, to make a Simile ? But when he is certain of his Son's Death, he is loſt to all Patience, and gives up all the Regards of this Life ; and ſince the laſt of Evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the World.

Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confined ; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage,
To feed Contention in a ling'ring Act ;
But let one Spirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the wide Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead.

Read-

Reading but this one Scene has convinced me, that he who describes the Concern of great Men, must have a Soul as noble, and as susceptible of high Thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my *Drama* for some Time, and turn my Thoughts to Cares and Griefs, somewhat below that of Heroes, but no less moving. A Misfortune proper for me to take Notice of, has too lately happened: The disconsolate *Maria* has three Days kept her Chamber for the Loss of the beauteous *Fidelia*, her Lap-dog. *Lesbia* her self did not shed more Tears for her Sparrow. What makes her the more concern'd, is, that we know not whether *Fidelia* was kill'd or stolen; but she was seen in the Parlour-Window when the Train-bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives Notice of her, dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a Kiss of her Lady.

The TATLER. [Nº 48.

—*Virtutem Verba putant, ut*
Lucum Ligna— Hor.

From *Thursd. July* 28. to *Saturd. July* 30. 1709.

From my own Apartment, July 29.

THIS Day I obliged *Pacolet* to entertain me with Matters which regarded Persons of his own Character and Occupation. We chose to take our Walk on *Tower-Hill*; and as we were coming from thence in order to stroll as far as *Garraway*'s, I observed two Men, who had but just landed, coming from the Waterside. I thought there was something uncom-

mon

mon in their Mien and Aſpect; but though they ſeemed by their Viſage to be related, yet was there a Warmth in their Manner, as if they differed very much in their Sentiments of the Subject on which they were talking. One of them ſeem'd to have a natural Confidence, mixed with an ingenuous Freedom in his Geſture, his Dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming: The other, in the Midſt of an over-bearing Carriage, betrayed (by frequently looking round him) a Suſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he feared they would make ſome Attack upon him. This Perſon was much taller than his Companion, and added to that Height the Advantage of a Feather in his Hat, and Heels to his Shoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been ſupported by his Friend. They made a full Stop as they came within a few Yards of the Place where we ſtood. The plain Gentleman bowed to *Pacolet*; the other looked on him with ſome Diſpleaſure: Upon which I asked him, Who they both were? When he thus informed me of their Perſons and Circumſtances.

You may remember, *Iſaac*, that I have often told you, there are Beings of a ſuperior Rank to Mankind, who frequently viſit the Habitations of Men, in order to call them from ſome wrong Purſuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from Methods which will lead them into Errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the Occurrences of his Life, will find he has been ſometimes extricated out of Difficulties, and received Favours where he could never have expected ſuch Benefits; as well as met with croſs Events from ſome unſeen Hand, which have diſappointed

pointed his best laid Designs. Such Accidents arrive from the Interventions of Aerial Beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the Nature of Man, and attend his Steps in the Tracts of Ambition, of Business, and of Pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the Manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your Evening Walks, and have often, by throwing some Accident in your Way, as the passing by of a Funeral, or the Appearance of some other solemn Object, given your Imagination a new Turn, and changed a Night you had destined to Mirth and Jollity, into an Exercise of Study and Contemplation. I was the old Soldier who met you last Summer in *Chelsea*-Fields, and pretended that I had broken my Wooden-Leg, and could not get Home; but I snap'd it short off on purpose that you might fall into the Reflections you did on that Subject, and take me into your Hack. If you remember, you made your self very merry on that Fracture, and asked me, Whether I thought I should next Winter feel Cold in the Toes of that Leg? As is usually observed, that those who lose Limbs, are sensible of Pains in the extreme Parts, even after those Limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the Story of the Battle of the *Boin*, prevented an Assignation, which would have led you into more Disasters than I then related.

To be short: Those two Persons you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real Men, but are mere Shades and Figures: One is named *Alethes*, the other *Verisimilis*. Their Office is to be the Guardians and Representatives of *Conscience* and *Honour*. They are now going to visit the several Parts of the Town, to see how their Interests in the World decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the

many

many falſe Imputations they daily meet with in the Commerce and Converſation of Men. You obſerved *Veriſimilis* frowned when he firſt ſaw me. What he is provoked at, is, that I told him one Day, though he ſtrutted and dreſſed with ſo much Oſtentation, if he kept himſelf within his own Bounds, he was but a Lacquey, and wore only that Gentleman's Livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the Heart; for you muſt know, he has pretended a long Time to ſet up for himſelf, and gets among a Crowd of the more unthinking Part of Mankind, who take him for a Perſon of the firſt Quality; though his Introduction into the World was wholly owing to his preſent Companion.

This Encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was reſolved to dog them, and deſired *Pacolet* to accompany me. I ſoon perceived what he told me in the Geſture of the Perſons: For when they look'd at each other in Diſcourſe, the well-dreſs'd Man ſuddenly caſt down his Eyes, and diſcovered that the other had a painful Superiority over him. After ſome further Diſcourſe, they took Leave. The plain Gentleman went down towards *Thames-ſtreet*, in order to be preſent, at leaſt, at the Oaths taken at the *Cuſtom-Houſe*; and the other made directly for the Heart of the City. It is incredible how great a Change there immediately appeared in the Man of Honour when he got rid of his uneaſie Companion: He adjuſted the Cock of his Hat a-new, ſettled his Sword-Knot, and had an Appearance that attracted a ſudden Inclination for him and his Intereſts in all who beheld him. For my Part (ſaid I to *Pacolet*) I cannot but think you are miſtaken in calling this Perſon, of the Lower Quality; for he looks much more like a Gen-

tleman

tleman than the other. Don't you obſerve all Eyes are upon him as he advances: How each Sex gazes at his Stature, Aſpect, Addreſs, and Motion? *Pacolet* only ſmiled, and ſhaked his Head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further Obſervation. We kept on our Way after him till we came to *Exchange-Alley* where the plain Gentleman again came up to the other; and they ſtood together after the Manner of eminent Merchants, as if ready to receive Application; but I could obſerve no Man talk to either of them. The One was laughed at as a Fop; and I heard many Whiſpers againſt the other, as a whimſical Sort of Fellow, and a great Enemy to Trade. They croſſed *Cornhill* together, and came into the full *Change*, where ſome bowed, and gave themſelves Airs in being known to ſo fine a Man as *Veriſimilis*, who, they ſaid, had great Intereſt in all Princes Courts; and the other was taken Notice of by ſeveral as one they had ſeen ſomewhere long before. One more particularly ſaid, He had formerly been a Man of Conſideration in the World; but was ſo unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by ſome ſtrange Infatuation or other, had a Way of cutting off their own Bills, and were prodigiouſly ſlow in improving their Stock. But as much as I was curious to obſerve the Reception theſe Gentlemen met with upon *Change*, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every Body made their Compliments. He was of the common Height, and in his Dreſs there ſeemed to be great Care to appear no Way particular, except in a certain exact and feat Manner of Behaviour and Circumſpection. He was wonderfully careful that his Shoes and Cloathes ſhould be without the leaſt Speck upon them; and

and ſeem'd to think, that on ſuch an Accident depended his very Life and Fortune. There was hardly a Man on *Change* who had not a Note upon him; and each ſeem'd very well ſatisfied that their Money lay in his Hands, without demanding Payment. I asked *Pacolet*, What great Merchant that was, who was ſo univerſally addreſſed to, yet made too familiar an Appearance to command that extraordinary Deference? *Pacolet* anſwer'd, This Perſon is the Dæmon or Genius of Credit; his Name is *Umbra*. If you obſerve, he follows *Alethes* and *Veriſimilis* at a Diſtance; and indeed has no Foundation for the Figure he makes in the World, but that he is thought to keep their Caſh; though at the ſame Time, none who truſt him, would truſt the other for a Groat. As the Company rolled about, the three Spectres were jumbled into one Place: When they were ſo, and all thought there was an Alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the Buſineſs of the whole *Change*. But their Affairs ſoon encreaſed to ſuch an unwieldy Bulk, that *Alethes* took his Leave, and ſaid, He would not engage further than he had an immediate Fund to anſwer. *Veriſimilis* pretended, that though he had Revenues large enough to go on his own Bottom, yet it was below one of his Family to condeſcend to trade in his own Name; therefore he alſo retired. I was extremely troubled, to ſee the glorious Mart of *London* left with no other Guardian, but him of Credit. But *Pacolet* told me, That Traders had nothing to do with the *Honour* or *Conſcience* of their Correſpondents, provided they ſupported a general Behaviour in the World, which could not hurt their Credit or their Purſes: For (ſaid he) you may in this one Tract of Building of *London* and *Weſtminſter* ſee the imaginary

Motives

Motives on which the greateſt Affairs move, as well as in rambling over the Face of the Earth. For though *Alethes* is the real Governor, as well as Legiſlator of Mankind, he has very little Buſineſs but to make up Quarrels, and is only a general Referree, to whom every Man pretends to appeal; but is ſatisfied with his Determinations no further than they promote his own Intereſt. Hence it is, that the Soldier and the Courtier model their Actions according to *Veriſimilis*'s Manner, and the Merchant according to that of *Umbra*. Among theſe Men, Honour and Credit are not valuable Poſſeſſions in themſelves, or purſued out of a Principle of Juſtice; but merely as they are ſerviceable to Ambition and to Commerce. But the World will never be in any Manner of Order or Tranquillity, till Men are firmly convinced, that Conſcience, Honour, and Credit, are all in one Intereſt; and that without the Concurrence of the former, the latter are but Impoſitions upon our ſelves and others. The Force theſe deluſive Words have, is not ſeen in the Tranſactions of the buſie World only, but alſo have their Tyranny over the Fair Sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, What Pangs of Reflection, preferring the Conſideration of her Honour to her Conſcience, has given her? She could tell you, That it has forced her to drink up half a Gallon this Winter of *Tom Daſſapa*'s Potions; That ſhe ſtill pines away for fear of being a Mother; and knows not, but the Moment ſhe is ſuch, ſhe ſhall be a Murdereſs: But if Conſcience had as ſtrong a Force upon her Mind as Honour, the firſt Step to her unhappy Condition had never been made; ſhe had ſtill been innocent, as ſhe is beautiful. Were Men ſo enlighten'd and ſtudious of their own Good, as to act by the Dictates of their Reaſon and Re-

Reflection, and not the Opinion of others, Conſcience would be the ſteady Ruler of humane Life; and the Words, *Truth, Law, Reaſon, Equity*, and *Religion*, would be but Synonymous Terms, for that only Guide which makes us paſs our Days in our own Favour and Approbation.

The TATLER. [Nº 49.

Quicquid agunt Homines noſtri Farrago Libelli.

From *Saturd. July* 30. to *Tueſd. Aug.* 2. 1709.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 1.

THE Impoſition of honeſt Names and Words upon improper Subjects, has made ſo regular a Confuſion amongſt us, that we are apt to ſit down with our Errors, well enough ſatisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our ſelves from the Tyranny under which we are reduc'd by ſuch Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of Humane Life, none has ſuffered ſo much in this Kind, as Love; under which rever'd Name, a brutal Deſire call'd Luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; tho' they differ as much as a Matron from a Proſtitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other Day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome Time ſince quoted thoſe excellent Lines of the Satyriſt:

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

How

How could you (said he) leave such a Hint so coldly? How could *Aspasia* and *Semphronia* enter into your Imagination at the same Time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave 'em?

The Figures which the ancient Mythologists and Poets put upon Love and Lust in their Writings, are very Instructive. Love is a beauteous Blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without Design or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Person beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with; but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondness, tho' the Child so regarded is as insensible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your Benevolence. On the other Side, the Sages figured Lust in the Form of a Satyr; of Shape, part Humane, part Bestial; to signify, that the Followers of it prostitute the Reason of a Man to pursue the Appetites of a Beast. This Satyr is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood-Nymphs and Shepherdesses, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Resorts of retired Virgins) to show, that lawless Desire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and shuns the Object it lov'd, as soon as it has made it like it self. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it self, and weeps for Assistance, without an Immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Lust, a watchful Thief which seizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same Time.

From

From this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satyr*, we may settle our Notion of these different Desires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aspasia* must therefore be allow'd to be the first of the beauteous Order of Love, whose unaffected Freedom, and conscious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Distance which we bear towards her in all our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, are certain Instances of her being the truest Object of Love of any of her Sex. In this accomplish'd Lady, Love is the constant Effect, because it is never the Design. Yet, tho' her Mien carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to loose Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Person in the Lover, a Regard for *Aspasia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Leucippe* could but see her Train of Fops assembled, and *Aspasia* move by them, she would be mortified at the Veneration with which she is beheld, even by *Leucippe*'s own unthinking Equipage, whose Passions have long taken Leave of their Understandings.

As Charity is esteemed a Conjunction of the good Qualities necessary to a virtuous Man, so Love is the happy Composition of all the Accomplishments that make a Fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is seen in all his Actions; and such as have the Beauteous Boy for their Inspirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenness of Desire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Bosoms; while they who are instigated by the Satyr, are ever tortured by Jealousies of the Object of their Wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often con-

consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous Husband, and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which these Desires produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Instances of her Husband's Friendship, and sees it the End of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and *Amanda*'s Relish of the Goods of Life is all that makes them pleasing to *Florio*: They behave themselves to each other when present with a certain apparent Benevolence, which transports above Rapture; and they think of each other in Absence with a Confidence unknown to the highest Friendship: Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows lessen'd by Participation.

On the other Hand, *Corinna*, who is the Mistress of *Limberham*, lives in constant Torment: Her Equipage is, an old Woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham*'s Father; and a Chamber-Maid, who is *Limberham*'s Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this Guard, and in this Conversation, *Corinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dress, make her the Envy of all the strolling Ladies in the Town; but *Corinna* knows she her self is but Part of *Limberham*'s Houshold Stuff, and is as capable of being dispos'd of elsewhere, as any other Moveable. But while her Keeper is perswaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within his Doors since his last Visit, no *Persian* Prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brockade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile is a Cupboard

board of Plate. All this is shar'd between *Corinna* and her Guard in his Absence. With this great Oeconomy and Industry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchase the constant Tortures of Jealousie, the Favour of spending his Estate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers, and *Corinna* is a Wench but of common Size of Wickedness, were you to know what passes under the Roof where the fair *Messalina* reigns with her humble Adorer!

Messalina is the profess'd Mistress of Mankind; she has left the Bed of her Husband and her beauteous Offspring, to give a Loose to Want of Shame and Fulness of Desire. Wretched *Nocturnus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fribbles in his Gate, and skuttles from Place to Place to dispatch his necessary Affairs in painful Day-light, that he may return to the constant Twilight preserv'd in that Scene of Wantonness, *Messalina*'s Bed-chamber! How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Porter's Shoulders, the spruce Nightcap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry, this the Freedom of our Fine Gentlemen: For this they preserve their Liberty, and keep clear of that Bugbear, Marriage. But he does not understand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow, that Life without the Rules of Morality is a wayward uneasie Being, with Snatches only of Pleasure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reasonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment. I have seen in a Play of old *Haywood*'s, a Speech at the End of an Act, which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married

Man

Man in the Play, upon ſome endearing Occaſion, look at his Spouſe with an Air of Fondneſs, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition:

Oh Marriage! Happieſt, eaſieſt, ſafeſt State;
Let Debauchees and Drunkards ſcorn thy Rights,
Who, in their nauſeous Draughts and Luſts, profane
Both thee and Heaven by whom thou wer't ordain'd.
How can the Savage call it Loſs of Freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous Friend?
Bluſh not, my fair One, that thy Love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
That my full Heart o'erflows in Praiſe of thee.
Thou art by Law, by Intereſt, Paſſion, mine:
Paſſion and Reaſon join in Love of thee.
Thus, through a World of Calumny and Fraud,
We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's Intereſt and Happineſs,
We without Art all Faculties employ,
And all our Senſes without Guilt enjoy.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 1.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That there daily arrive at our Camp Deſerters in conſiderable Numbers; and that ſeveral of the Enemy concealed themſelves in the Town of *Tournay* when the Garriſon marched into the Citadel; after which, they preſented themſelves to the Duke of *Marlborough*; ſome of whom were Commiſſioned Officers. The Earl of *Albemarle* is appointed Governour of the Town. Soon after the Surrender, there aroſe a Diſpute about a conſiderable Work, which was aſſerted by the Allies to be Part of the Town, and by the *French* to belong

to

to the Citadel. It is ſaid, Monſieur *de Survill* was ſo ingenuous as to declare, he thought it to be comprehended within the Limits of the Town; but Monſieur *de Meſgrigny*, Governor of the Citadel, was of a contrary Opinion. It is reported, That this Affair occaſioned great Difficulties, which ended in a Capitulation for the Citadel it ſelf; the principal Article of which is, That it ſhall be ſurrender'd on the 5th of *September* next, in caſe they are not in the mean Time relieved. This Circumſtance gives Foundation to believe, that the Enemy have acted in this Manner, rather from ſome Hopes they conceive of a Treaty of Peace before that Time, than any Expectation from their Army, which has retired towards their former Works between *Lens* and *La Baſſee.* Theſe Advices add, That his Excellency the Czariſh Ambaſſador has communicated to the States General, and the Foreign Miniſters reſiding at the *Hague*, a Copy of a Letter from his Maſter's Camp, which gives an Account of the entire Defeat of the *Swediſh* Army. They further ſay, That Count *Piper* is taken Priſoner, and that it is doubted whether the King of *Sweden* himſelf was not kill'd in the Action. We hear from *Savoy*, That Count *Thaun* having amus'd the Enemy by a March as far as the *Tarantaiſe*, had ſuddenly repaſſed Mount *Cennis*, and moved towards *Brianzon*. This unexpected Diſpoſition is apprehended by the Enemy as a Piece of the Duke of *Savoy*'s Dexterity; and the *French* adding this Circumſtance to that of the Confederate Squadron's lying before *Toulon*, convince themſelves, that his Royal Highneſs has his Thoughts upon the Execution of ſome great Deſign in thoſe Parts.

The

The TATLER. [Nº 50.

From *Tuesd. Aug.* 2. to *Thursd. Aug.* 4. 1709.

White's Chocolate-house, August 2.

The History of Orlando *the Fair.* Chap. I.

WHatever malicious Men may say of our Lucubrations, we have no Design but to produce unknown Merit, or place in a proper Light the Actions of our Contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by Vice or Virtue. For we shall never give Accounts to the World of any Thing, but what the Lives and Endeavours of the Persons (of whom we treat) make the Basis of their Fame and Reputation. For this Reason it is to be hoped, that our Appearance is reputed a publick Benefit; and tho' certain Persons may turn what we mean for Panegyrick into Scandal, let it be answered once for all, That if our Praises are really design'd as Raillery, such malevolent Persons owe their Safety from it only to their being too inconsiderable for History. It is not every Man who deals in Ratsbane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn Story like *Æsculapius*; nor every Stock-Jobber of the *India* Company can assume the Port, and personate the Figure of *Aurengezebe*. My noble Ancestor Mr. *Shakespear*, who was of the Race of the *Staffs*, was not more fond of the memorable Sir *John Falstaff*, than I am of those Worthies; but the *Latins* have an admirable Admonition express'd in two Words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging my self on those delightful

Subjects, and calls me to do Justice to others, who make no less Figures in our Generation: Of such, the first and most renown'd is, that eminent Hero and Lover, *Orlando* the Handsome, whose Disappointments in Love, in Gallantry, and in War, have banished him from publick View, and made him voluntarily enter into a Confinement, to which the ungrateful Age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *Lustra* and more are wholly pass'd since *Orlando* first appeared in the Metropolis of this Island; His Descent noble, his Wit humourous, his Person charming. But to none of these Recommendatory Advantages was his Title so undoubted as that of his Beauty. His Complexion was fair, but his Countenance manly; his Stature of the tallest, his Shape the most exact; and tho' in all his Limbs he had a Proportion as delicate as we see in the Works of the most skilful Statuaries, his Body had a Strength and Firmness little inferior to the Marble of which such Images are form'd. This made *Orlando* the universal Flame of all the Fair Sex; Innocent Virgins sigh'd for him, as *Adonis*; experienced Widows, as *Hercules*. Thus did this Figure walk alone the Pattern and Ornament of our *Species*, but of Course the Envy of all who had the same Passions, without his superior Merit and Pretences to the Favour of that enchanting Creature, *Woman*. However, the generous *Orlando* believ'd himself form'd for the World, and not to be engross'd by any particular Affection. He sigh'd not for *Delia*, for *Chloris*, for *Chloe*, for *Betty*, nor my Lady, nor for the ready Chamber-maid, nor distant Baroness: *Woman* was his Mistress, and the whole Sex his Seraglio. His Form was always irresistable: And if we consider, that not One of Five hundred can bear the least Favour from a Lady without being exalted above himself;

ſelf; if alſo we muſt allow, that a Smile from a Side-Box has made *Jack Spruce* half mad, we can't think it wonderful that *Orlando*'s repeated Conqueſts touch'd his Brain: So it certainly did, and *Orlando* became an Enthuſiaſt in Love; and in all his Addreſs, contracted ſomething out of the ordinary Courſe of Breeding and Civility. However, (powerful as he was) he would ſtill add to the Advantages of his Perſon, that of a Profeſſion which the Ladies alwayes favour, and immediately commenced Soldier. Thus equipp'd for Love and Honour, our Hero ſeeks diſtant Climes and Adventures, and leaves the deſpairing Nymphs of *Great Britain* to the Courtſhip of Beaus and Witlings till his Return. His Exploits in Foreign Nations and Courts, have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report 'em with that Veracity which we profeſs in our Narrations: But after many Feats of Arms, (which thoſe who were Witneſſes to them have ſuppreſs'd out of Envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own Mouth in our publick Streets) *Orlando* returns home full, but not loaded with Years. Beaus born in his Abſence made it their Buſineſs to decry his Furniture, his Dreſs, his Manner; but all ſuch Rivalry he ſuppreſſed (as the Philoſopher did the Sceptick, who argued there was no ſuch Thing as Motion) by only moving. The Beauteous *Villaria*, who only was formed for his Paramour, became the Object of his Affection. His firſt Speech to her was as follows.

Madam, *It is not only that Nature has made us Two the moſt accompliſhed of each Sex, and pointed to us to obey her Dictates in becoming One; but that there is alſo an Ambition in following the mighty Perſons you have favoured. Where Kings*

 and

and Heroes, as great as Alexander, *or ſuch as could perſonate* Alexander, *have bowed, permit your General to lay his Lawrels:*

According to *Milton*;

The Fair with conſcious Majeſty approv'd
His pleaded Reaſon. ———

Fortune having now ſupplied *Orlando* with Neceſſaries for his high Taſte of Gallantry and Pleaſure, his Equipage and Oeconomy had ſomething in them more ſumptuous and gallant than could be receiv'd in our degenerate Age; therefore his Figure (tho' highly graceful) appeared ſo exotick, that it aſſembled all the *Britons* under the Age of Sixteen, who ſaw his Grandeur to follow his Chariot with Shouts and Acclamations, which he regarded with the Contempt which great Minds affect in the midſt of Applauſes. I remember I had the Honour to ſee him one Day ſtop, and call the Youths about him, to whom he ſpake as follows:

'Good Baſtards——Go to School, and don't 'loſe your Time in following my Wheels: I 'am loth to hurt you, becauſe I know not but 'you are all my own Offſpring: Hark'ee, you 'Sirrah with the white Hair, I am ſure you 'are mine: There's Half a Crown. Tell your 'Mother, This, with the Half Crown I gave 'her when I got you, comes to Five Shillings. 'Thou haſt coſt me all that, and yet thou art 'good for nothing. Why, you young Dogs, 'did you never ſee a Man before? *Never ſuch a one as you,* Noble General, *replied a Truant from* Weſtminſter. 'Sirrah, I belive thee: 'There is a Crown for thee. Drive on Coach-'man.

This Vehicle, tho' ſacred to Love, was not adorn'd with Doves. Such an Hieroglyphick denoted

noted too languiſhing a Paſſion. *Orlando* therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a Conſtitution which inclined him rather to ſeize his Prey with Talons, than pine for it with Murmurs.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt. 2

I have received the following Letter from Mr. *Powell* of the *Bath*, who, I think, runs from the Point between us, which I leave the whole World to judge.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

SIR,

'HAving a great deal of more advantagious 'Buſineſs at preſent on my Hands, I 'thought to have deferr'd anſwering your *Tatler* 'of the 21ſt Inſtant, till the Company was gone, 'and Seaſon over; but having reſolved not to re-'gard any Impertinences of your Paper, except 'what relate particularly to me, I am the more 'eaſily induc'd to anſwer you (as I ſhall find 'Time to do it). Firſt, partly leſt you ſhould 'think your ſelf neglected, which I have Reaſon 'to believe you would take heinouſly ill. Se-'condly, partly becauſe it will increaſe my Fame, 'and conſequently my Audience, when all the 'Quality ſhall ſee with how much Wit and Rail-'lery I ſhow you —— I dont care a Farthing for 'you. Thirdly, partly becauſe being *without* '*Books*, if I don't ſhow much Learning, it will 'not be imputed to my having none.

'I have travelled *Italy*, *France*, and *Spain*, 'and fully comprehend whatever any *German* 'Artiſt in the World can do; yet cannot I ima-'gine, why you ſhou'd endeavour to diſturb "the Repoſe and Plenty which (tho' unworthy) 'I enjoy at this Place. It cannot be, that you 'take Offence at my Prologues and Epilogues, 'which you are pleas'd to miſcall Fooliſh and

'Abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I 'shall not forbear thinking, that the true Rea-'son of your picking a Quarrel with me was, 'because it is more agreeable to your Prin-'ciples, as well as more to the Honour of 'your assured Victory, to attack a Governour. 'Mr. *Isaac*, Mr. *Isaac*, I can see into a Mill-stone 'as far as another (as the Saying is). You 'are for sowing the Seeds of Sedition and 'Disobedience among my Puppets, and your 'Zeal for the (good old) Cause would make 'you perswade *Punch* to pull the String from 'his Chops, and not move his Jaw when I 'have a Mind he should harangue. Now I 'appeal to all Men, if this is not contrary to 'that uncontroulable, unaccountable Dominion, 'which by the Laws of Nature I exercise 'over them; for all Sorts of Wood and Wire 'were made for the Use and Benefit of Man: 'I have therefore an unquestionable Right to 'frame, fashion, and put them together, as I 'please; and having made them what they 'are, my Puppets are my Property, and there-'fore my Slaves: Nor is there in Nature any 'Thing more just, than the Homage which is 'paid by a less to a more excellent Being: So 'that, by the Right therefore of a superior Ge-'nius I am their supreme Moderator, although 'you would insinuate (agreeably to your level-'ling Principles) that I am my self but a great 'Puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordi-'nate Jurisdiction with them. I suppose I have 'now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a 'paternal Right to keep a Puppet-Show, and 'this Right I will maintain in my Prologues on 'all Occasions.

'And therefore, if you write a Defence of 'your self against this my Self-Defence, I ad-'monish you to keep within Bounds; for 'every

'every Day will not be so propitious to you as 'the 29th of *April*; and perhaps my Resent-'ment may get the better of my Generosity, and 'I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not 'my Equal with unequal Weapons: There are 'such Things as *Scandalums Magnatums*; there-'fore take heed hereafter how you write such 'Things as I cannot easily answer, for that will 'put me in a Passion.

'I order you to handle only these Two Pro-'positions, to which our Dispute may be redu-'ced: The First, Whether I have not an Abso-'solute Power, whenever I please, to light a 'Pipe with one of *Punch*'s Legs, or warm my 'Fingers with his whole Carcass? The Second, 'Whether the Devil would not be in *Punch*, 'should he by Word or Deed oppose my Sove-'reign Will and Pleasure? And then, perhaps, 'I may (if I can find Leisure for it) give you 'the Trouble of a second Letter.

'But if you intend to tell me of the Original 'of Puppet-Shows, and the several Changes, 'and Revolutions that have happened in them, 'since *Thespis*, and I don't care who, that's '*Noli me tangere*; I have solemnly engaged 'to say nothing of what I can't approve. Or, 'if you talk of certain Contracts with the 'Mayor and Burgesses, or Fees to the Con-'stables, for the Privilege of Acting, I will 'not write one single Word about any such 'Matters; but shall leave you to be mumbled 'by the learned and very ingenious Author of 'a late Book, who knows very well what's to 'be said and done in such Cases. He is now 'shuffling the Cards, and dealing to *Timothy*; 'but if he wins the Game, I will send him to 'play at Backgammon with you; and then 'he will satisfy you, that Deuce-Ace makes 'Five.

'And so, submitting my self to be try'd by 'my Country, and allowing any Jury of 12 'good Men, and true, to be that Country; not 'excepting any (unless Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff*) 'to be of the Pannel, for you are neither good 'nor true; I bid you heartily farewel; and 'am,

SIR,

Bath,
July 28.

Your Loving Friend,

Powell.

The End of the First Volume.

A Faithful

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Dull as well as ingenious Passages

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